FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. XII.—No. 4. OCTOBER, 1881. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

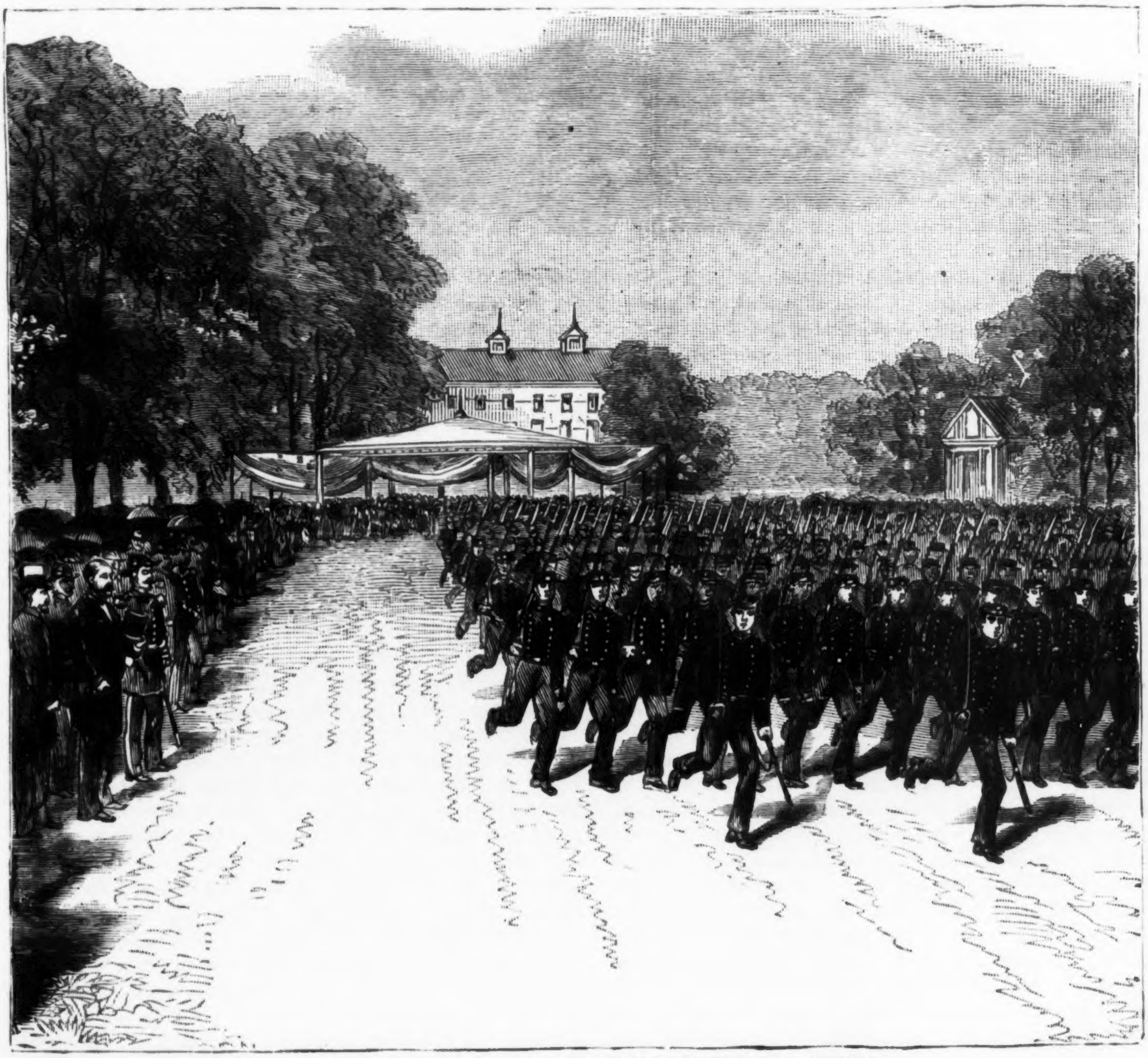
ANNAPOLIS NAVAL ACADEMY.

BY N. ROBINSON.

A QUAINT old city is Annapolis, the county seat of Anne Arundel, and capital of the State of Maryland. So rich is it in historical reminiscences that it is known as "ye ancient citye." The town was founded in 1649, and was selected as the most desirable site for "ye greate citye of ye Southe"; but events changed the current of progressive development, and Baltimore seized the crown.

The city is charmingly situated on the south bank of the River Severn, and is but two miles distant from the Chesapeake Bay. The original settlement was called Providence, and was founded by Puritan refugees from Virginia, under a ruling elder, named Durand.

In 1650, Brooke, under a commission from Lord Baltimore, organized the county under its present appellation,



LAST REVIEW OF THE NAVAL CADETS, ANNAPOLIS, BY PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

and gallantly called the settlement Anne Arundel Town, in honor of Lady Baltimore. A few years later it was again known as Providence, and the seat of a Protestant Council, disputing the legislative authority with the Catholic Council at St. Mary's. The latter was finally abandoned in 1694, and the government was established at the settlement on the Severn, where a town had been regularly laid out, and called Annapolis, after Queen Anne, who gave it some valuable presents. A City Charter was granted in 1708.

At the close of the Revolution Maryland offered to cede Annapolis at the Federal Capital. During the negotiations for a permanent site it was resolved in 1783 that Congress should meet alternately at Annapolis and Trenton; the first Session to be held at Annapolis.

It was at this first Session, and in the noble State House, that Washington surrendered his commission as Commander-in-chief of the American Army; and within the State House grounds is the land office wherein are kept the original records of the Colonial Government. Many of the houses in Annapolis are pre-Revolution, and built of English red brick, the doors and windows being of the "severe classic" so much admired ere the House of Hanover reached the throne of England. These Old-World mansions are rich in mantelpieces, and oaken staircases, and deep embrasured windows, with seats therein, where belles in farthingales and powder whilom listened to the sweet whisperings of beaus in the bravery of silken smallclothes and the discomfort of Ramillies wigs.

The plan of the city bears some resemblance to that of the national capital, all the streets radiating from two points—the State House and the Episcopal Church. Its appearance is interesting from its air of quiet seclusion; and the antique look of many of the houses, with their peculiar style of architecture, gives the stranger an impression of some old European town rather than that of an American city.

For a long period before Baltimore was at all noted, Annapolis was the seat of wealth, refinement, and extensive trade. It was formerly a port of entry, but it is now chiefly distinguished as the seat of the United States Naval Academy, and as an oyster "shucking" depot, one firm alone "shucking" over ten thousand bushels a week of the celebrated bivalves for which the Chesapeake is so gratefully remembered.

Annapolis awakens just once a year—during graduation at the Naval Academy. The Old-World houses are smartened by dabs of paint and whitewash; the grass, which comes up a luminous green through the red bricks of the sidewalks is, in most of the principal streets, carefully removed. Stores, over the doors of which hang cobwebs strong enough to bear the meanderings of all the descendants of Silvio Pellico's spider, yawn for the expected incursion of the public. Fathers groan dismally when daughters apply for shekels for personal adornment with a view to the functions in the "Yard," and the cherished cadets' hop. Professors relax their grimness, and repairing to the railway-depot, return to their quarters with parcels bearing mysterious resemblance to bottles and cigar-boxes. Officers' wives hang out the full-dress uniforms of their liege lords for an airing, and polish the gilt buttons in so dutiful a way, that, what signifies a month's pay to Lieutenant Nelson Collingwood Deadeye, if Mrs. N. C. Deadeye's toilet is fully as resplendent as that of Mrs. Captain Joseph Porter—or a quarter's rations to Commodore Blake Frobisher, if Mrs. Commodore B. F. can cut out Mrs. Admiral Pinafore's latest confection from Paris? Baltimore is invaded by the "woke-up" citizens of Annapolis, who return by the evening trains laden with purchases; and the oldest inhabitants, who speak of George Washington as a gentleman of their acquaintance, become galvanized into an alarming but very distinct vitality. As for the cadets, they are to be met with at every street-corner, importance written upon their bronzed brows, as they hurry in pairs on errands seemingly connected with questions of life and death, or in the superb consciousness of "buttons" make the gables of the Georgian houses shake again with their joyous and sixteen-year-old laughter. And what an honest guffaw a lad of sixteen can raise!

Armed with a message from the fond mother of a cadet—a fine young fellow, by-the-way, who is heir-presumptive to one of the oldest baronetcies in England—I entered the "Yard," as the inclosure where are situated the extensive buildings of the United States Naval Academy is somewhat irreverently termed, upon a lovely morning of last June, and sought my youthful "salt" at the cadets' quarters in "the new building," the most striking of the numerous "establishments" within the inclosure.

While the "cadet orderly" of the day goes in search of my friend, I shall take a brief glance at the history of the Naval Academy.

In January, 1826, a resolution was adopted by the Maryland House of Delegates, in session in Annapolis, which is of curious interest in connection with the history of the Academy:

> "*Resolved*, by the General Assembly of Maryland, That our Senators and Representatives in Congress be, and they are hereby, requested to call the attention of their respective houses to the superior advantages which the City of Annapolis and its neighborhood possesses as a situation for a naval academy, and that they use their best exertions in favor of the establishment of such an institution."

By this resolution Annapolis drew attention to her superior claims as a fitting locality for a Naval School. But it was not until seventeen years later that the school was transferred thither from Philadelphia, and Fort Severn actually utilized by the Government. Fort Severn was an old army post, the site of which had been bought by the Government in 1808, at a time when Annapolis was considered a point of military importance. The ground comprised about ten acres, nearly square in shape, inclosed on two sides by a brick wall, the other sides being open to the water. At the angle of the water front stood the battery, a small circular rampart, mounting *en barbette* ten heavy guns, with a magazine in the centre. The point upon which it stood projected into the water, with the Severn River on one side and an arm of Chesapeake Bay forming the harbor of Annapolis on the other.

The United States Naval Academy was founded in 1845, by Hon. George Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy, in the administration of President James K. Polk. It was formally opened October 10th of that year, under the name of the Naval School, with Commander Franklin Buchanan as Superintendent. It was placed at Annapolis, Md., on the land occupied by Fort Severn, which was given up by the War Department for the purpose. The course was fixed at five years, of which the first and last only were spent at the School, the intervening three being passed at sea. This arrangement was not strictly adhered to, the exigencies of the service making it necessary, in many cases, to shorten the period of study. In January, 1846, four months after the opening of the School, the students consisted of 36 Midshipmen, of the date of 1840, who were preparing for the examination for promotion; 13 of the date of 1841, who were to remain until drafted for service at sea; and 7 Acting Midshipmen, appointed since the September of the previous year. The Midshipmen of the date of 1840 were the first to be graduated, finishing their limited course in July, 1846, and they were followed in order by the subsequent dates until the reorganization of the School, in 1851.

In September, 1849, a Board was appointed to revise the plan and regulations of the Naval School. The Board was composed of the following officers : Commodore William B. Shubrick, Commander Franklin Buchanan, Commander Samuel F. Dupont, Commander George P. Upshur, Surgeon W. S. W. Ruschenberger, Professor William Chauvenet, and Captain Henry Brewerton, U. S. A.

The plan reported by the Board was approved, and went in operation July 1st, 1850.

The new organization provided for a course of seven years, the first two and last two at the School and the three intermediate years at sea. The School was placed under the supervision of the Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography, and its name was changed to the United States Naval Academy. The corps of professors was enlarged, the course was extended, and the system of separate departments, with executive heads, was fully adopted. It was provided that a Board of Visitors should make an annual inspection of the Academy, and report upon its condition to the Secretary of the Navy. A suitable vessel was attached to the Academy as a practice-ship, and the annual practice-cruises were begun.

After the system had been in operation a year new changes were proposed, and the recommendations of the Academic Board on the subject were referred to the Board of Examiners of the year 1851.

The change recommended by the Board of Examiners, and adopted by the Department, consisted mainly in leaving out the requirement of three years of sea-service in the middle of the course, thus making the four years of study consecutive. The practice-cruise supplied the place of the omitted sea-service, and gave better opportunities of training. The change went into operation in November, 1851, together with other improvements recommended by the Board. The system has continued, with slight modifications, to the present time. The first class to receive the benefit of it was that which entered in 1851. Six members of this class completed the course in three years, and were graduated in June 1854; the rest of the class followed in 1855.

In May, 1861, on the outbreak of the war, the Academy was removed to Newport, R. I. The three upper classes were detached and ordered to sea, and the remaining acting midshipmen were quartered in the Atlantic House and on board the frigates *Constitution* and *Santee*. In September, 1865, the Academy was moved back to Annapolis, where it has since remained.

When the Bureau of Navigation was established, July 5th, 1862, the Academy was placed under its supervision; March 1st, 1867, it was placed under the direct care and supervision of the Navy Department, the administrative routine and financial management being still conducted through the Bureau. On the 11th of March, 1869, all official connection with the Bureau came to an end.

The term of the academic course was changed by law, March 3d, 1873, from four to six years. The change took effect with the class which entered in the following Summer.

In 1866, a class of Acting Third Assistant Engineers was ordered to the Academy for instruction. The course embraced the subjects of steam-engineering, iron manufacture, chemistry and mechanics, and practical exercises with the steam-engine and in the machine-shop. This class was graduated in June, 1868, together with two Cadet-Engineers who had entered the Academy in 1867. After an interval of four years, in October, 1871, a new class of Cadet-Engineers was admitted. This class followed a two years' course, somewhat more extended than that of the class of 1868, and was graduated in 1873. In 1872 and 1873 new classes were admitted, the first of which left the Academy in 1874 and the second in 1875. By an act of Congress approved February 24th, 1874, the course of instruction for Cadet-Engineers was made four years instead of two; and the new provision was first applied to the class entering the Academy in the year 1874. This class was graduated in June, 1878.

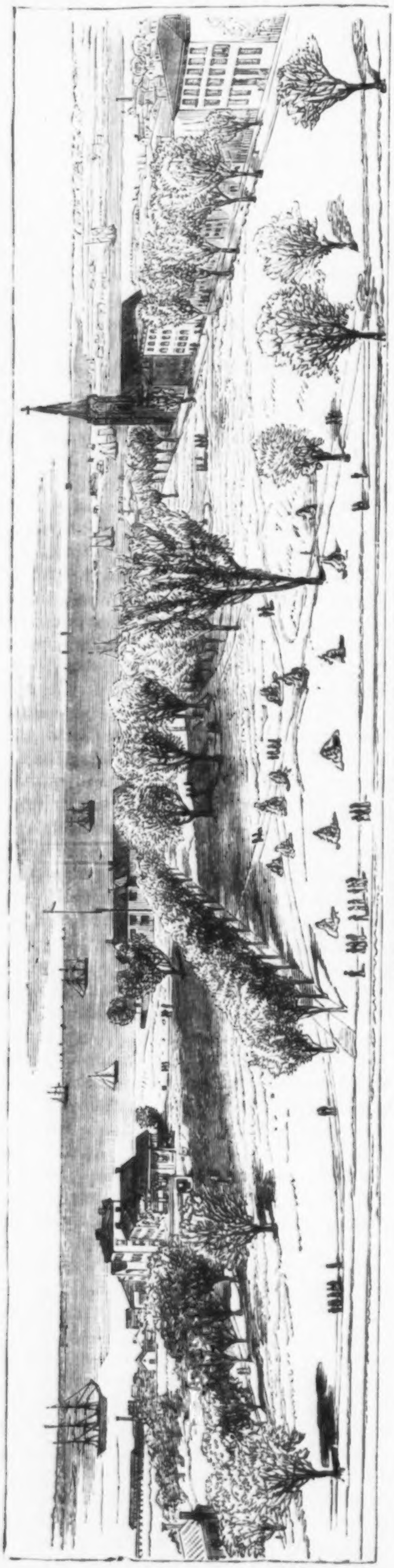
The superintendents of the Naval Academy since its foundation have been successively Commander Franklin Buchanan, Commander George P. Upshur, Commander Cornelius K. Stribling, Commander Louis M. Goldsborough, Captain George S. Blake, Rear-Admiral David D. Porter, Commodore John L. Worden, Rear-Admiral C. R. P. Rodgers, Commodore Foxhall A. Parker, Rear-Admiral George B. Balch.

The Naval Academy is under the direct care and supervision of the Secretary of the Navy. The Superintendent is a line officer of the Navy, of a rank not below that of Captain. He is appointed by the Secretary, and is charged with the general superintendence and government of the Academy, and all officers, professors, instructors, and cadets are under his command. He has charge of the grounds, buildings and vessels belonging to the institution, and he may appoint and remove all persons employed in it, except those for whose appointment or discharge special provision is made by the laws or regulations for the government of the Navy, or of the Academy.

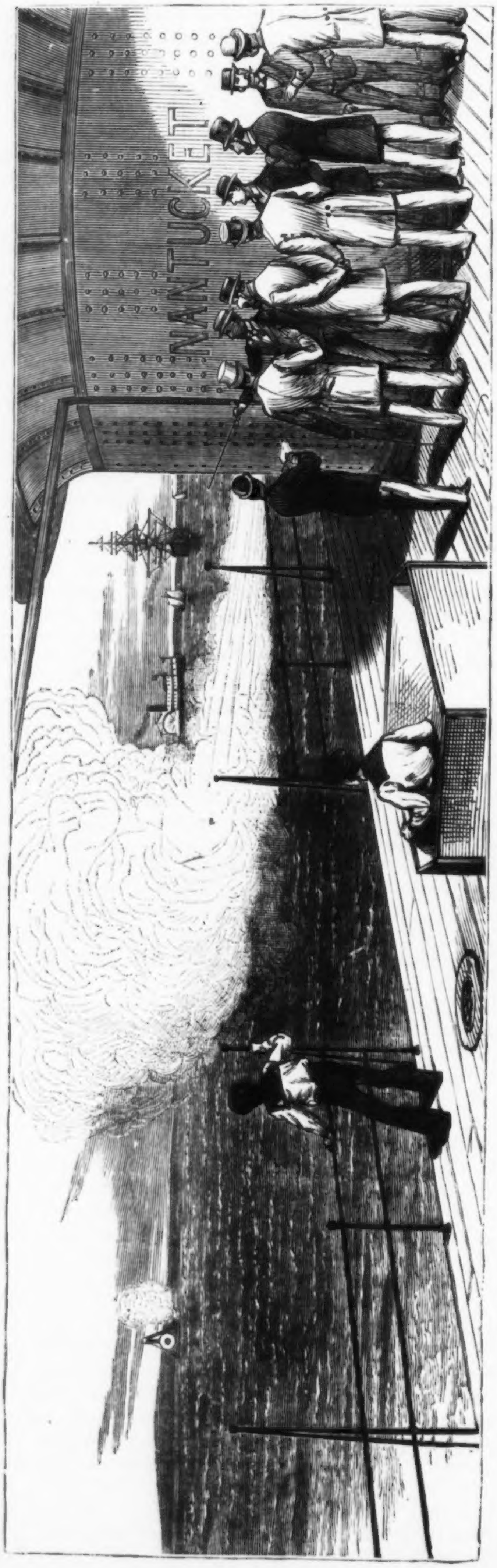
The Commandant of Cadets is a line officer of the Navy, and is next in authority to the Superintendent. He has immediate charge, under the Superintendent, of the police and discipline; and the drills and tactical instruction in the departments of seamanship and gunnery are under his general direction. The officers in these departments are the assistants of the commandant in carrying out the discipline. The Senior Aid, a line officer of the Navy, has special charge of the grounds, and buildings, of purchases and accounts relating to the public property, and of the workmen employed upon the grounds and about the buildings.

The Academic Staff, engaged specially in the work of instruction, comprises line officers, officers of Engineer Corps, and professors of mathematics, in the Navy, and a number of professors and assistant professors appointed from civil life. The branches taught are divided into groups, and these groups of studies are in charge of separate departments. Each department has an executive head, a naval officer or civil professor, as the case may be, and several assistants. The heads of departments arrange the details of the courses of study, and have general supervision of the work of their assistants, giving personal instruction when it may be desirable. The work of actual instruction is performed by the officers, professors, and assistant professors attached to the several departments.

The Academic Board, or faculty, of the Academy is composed of the superintendent, the commandant of cadets, and the heads of departments. The board prescribes the subjects and arrangement of the course of instruction, and the text-books to be used (subject to the approval of the Secretary of the Navy), the time of examinations, the relative weight of recitations and examinations, and the relative weight of different branches of study. The board also makes recommendations to the Department in the cases of deficient cadets, and "Cadets found deficient shall not be continued at the Academy, or in the service, unless upon the recommendation of the Academic Board."



GENERAL VIEW OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS.



GUNNERY PRACTICE BY CADETS AT ANNAPOLIS.

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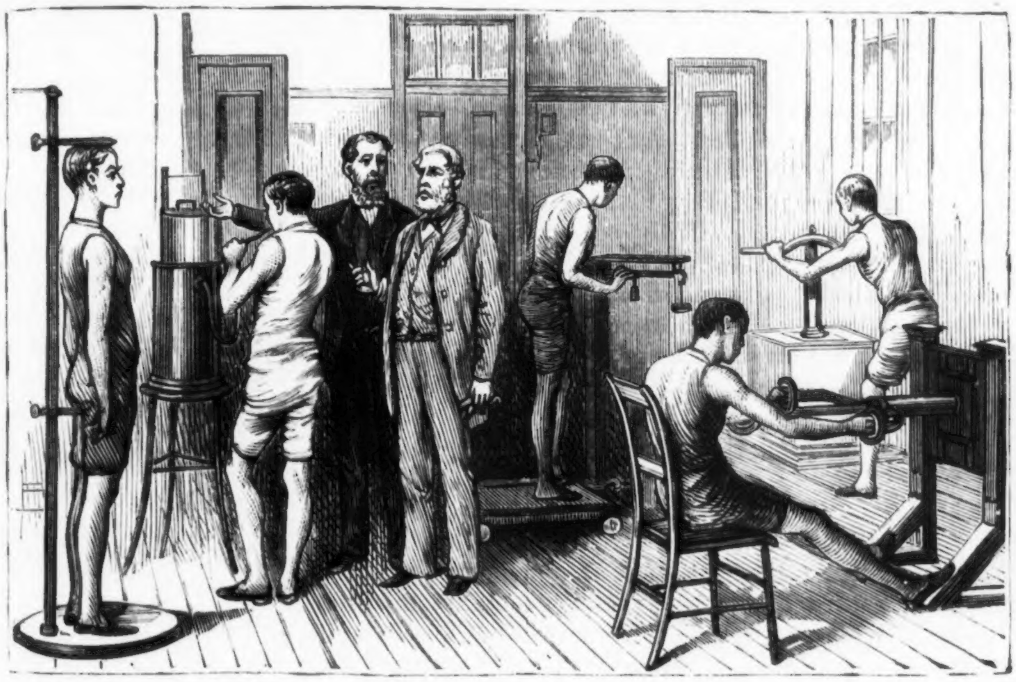
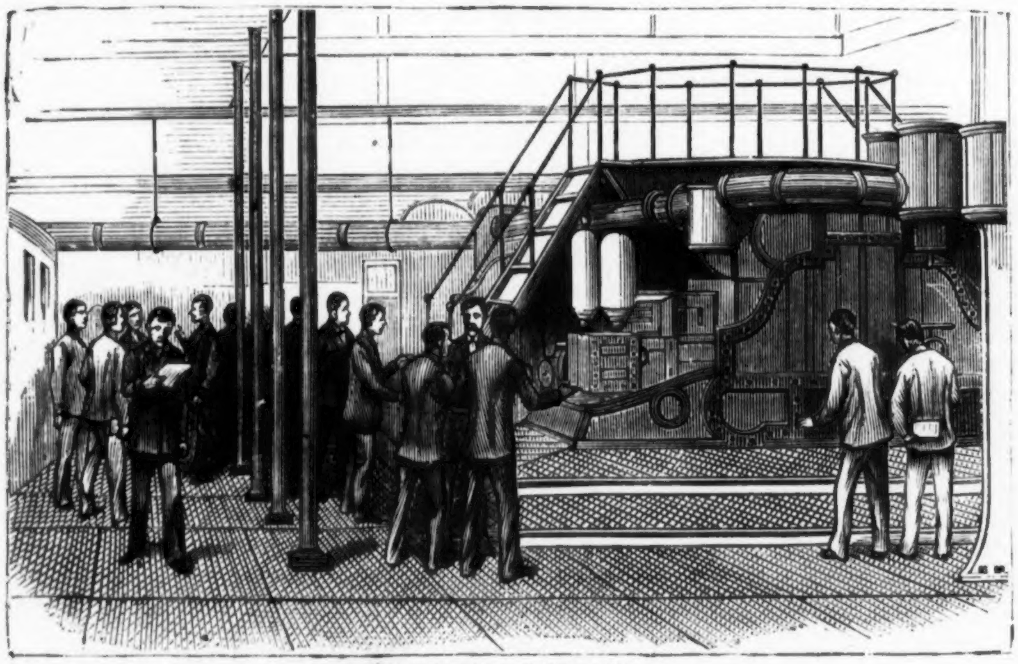
Outside of the Academic Staff, there are attached to the Academy a chaplain, a number of officers of the Medical Pay Corps of the Navy, and four officers of the Marine Corps in charge of the Marine Guard, and three civil *attachés*—the librarian, commissary, and secretary.



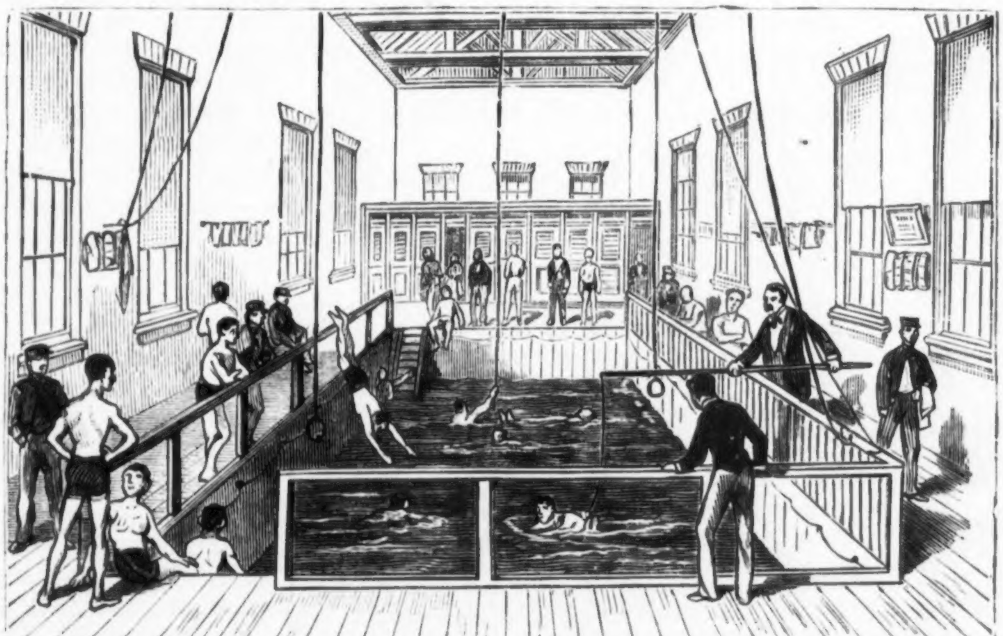
THE MEDICAL EXAMINATION.



ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT.

There are two classes of students—the Cadet-Midshipmen and the Cadet-Engineers, destined for two different branches of the service—the line-officers and the engineer corps. The examinations for admission are distinct for the two corps, but the four years' course is pursued in many branches in common. In these branches, as well as in matters of daily routine and discipline, the same organization and regulations apply to both.

The academic year begins on the 20th of September, and ends on the 20th of June, consisting of two terms—the first term from September 20th to the Saturday nearest to January 30th, and the second term from the close of the first term to June 20th. At the close of the academic year, the members of the graduating class are granted leave of absence until ordered to sea, or some other duty, by the Navy Department. During the three months of Summer, the cadets of the newly formed first and third classes go on the practice cruise, and those of the new second class have leave of absence until the beginning of the next year. The candidates that have passed successfully the June examination for admission are quartered on the *Santee*, a black ship always at anchor in the Severn, as the nucleus of the fourth class, and have a light course of study and drill.



THE NATATORIUM.

At the beginning of each academic year, the cadet organization for the year is prescribed. This organization is retained throughout the year, and is followed in all the drills and in all formations. All the cadets are arranged in four divisions for great-gun exercise, each division containing an equal number of

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guns'-crews. Each gun's-crew is composed of sixteen men, distributed as nearly as possible among the several classes. For exercises in seamanship, the guns'-crews are grouped in watches. The cadet officers are appointed from the first class, as far as practicable, and are chosen with special reference to their fitness for the positions; and they hold office during good behavior and efficiency. They are—one lieutenant-commander, 4 lieutenant-cadets, 5 cadet-masters, 4 cadet-majors, and cadet petty officers according to the number of the guns'-crews. These latter act as first and second captains of guns'-crews in the great-gun drills, and as sergeants and corporals in the infantry drills. Each table in the mess-hall is occupied by a gun's-crew, the first and second captains being placed at the head and foot of the table.

The cadet of whom I was in search having been unearthed by the petty officer, came tearing down a flight of stairs three at a time, and, after a pow-wow of a purely domestic nature, in which a prospective but immediate addition to his personal comforts was mooted, and most cheerfully entertained, he proposed to take me up to his room.

"This is called the new building," he said; "and all the cadets are quartered here, except the Cadet Engineers and the second class. I am on the third story."

Following my guide, philosopher and friend up three flights of stairs, I found myself in a splendidly ventilated and lofty corridor, on which was his apartment.

"There are two of us in every room; and if one's chum is nice, it's all very well; but if he's one of those 'toughs' which we sometimes get from the West, it's the very reverse of agreeable."

The furniture of the whitewashed room consisted of two iron beds, the same number of wooden presses, groaning under the weight of books piled on top; a table, the tattooing of which through the medium of pocket-knives would put Captain Costentius to the blush; two sets of galvanized iron toilet-ware; and a brace of wall mirrors. The occupants of the room alternate weekly as superintendent of the apartment, and the superintendent for the time being is responsible for its cleanliness and order, as well as for the safety of the Government property.

"An officer of the Academic staff is on duty day and night. He makes inspections of the rooms at any time he likes to drop on us, and woe to us if we are caught cooking any tid-bit over the gas-jet, or smoking, or playing at cards. We sometimes dodge the smoking by lying on our backs, with our heads under the grates, and puff up the chimney."

"What outfit do you bring in with you?" I asked.

"Just read that," replied the cadet, handing me a printed card, "and you'll see the pile of things we must get and their prices."

One parade suit, $37.72; one undress suit, $20.95; one working suit, $2.42; one overcoat, $23.30; one rubber coat, $4.68; one pair of rubber leggings, $1.05; two pairs white duck leggings, $2.24; one pair gymnastic slippers, 92 cents; one parade cap, $5.69; one undress cap, $1.71; *two pairs high shoes, $11.50; *eight white shirts, $10.16; *two nightshirts, 1.76; *four undershirts, $2.24; twelve linen collars, $1.68; *eight pairs socks, $1.84; *four pairs drawers, $2.24; *six handkerchiefs, $1.38; *eight towels, $; two pairs drill gloves, $2.26; two pairs lisle-thread gloves, 50 cents; *one pair suspenders, 38 cents; one necktie, 50 cents; two clothes-bags, 50 cents; one hair mattress, $6.68; one straw mattress, $1.32; one hair pillow, 93 cents; one pair blankets, $3.78; two bedspreads, $2.24; six sheets, $3.66; four pillow-cases, $1; *one tooth-brush, 22 cents; *one hair-brush, 73 cents; *one whisk, 23 cents; *one coarse comb, 10 cents; one fine comb, 31 cents; one mug, 9 cents; *one cake soap, 10 cents; one soap-dish, 9 cents; one requisition-book, 32 cents; one laundry-book, 27 cents; one pass-book, 27 cents; one stencil and ink, one brush, 41 cents; one bottle indelible ink, 17 cents; one rug, $1.55; one wash-basin and pitcher, $1.05; one looking-glass, 35 cents; one water-pail, 70 cents; one slop-bucket, 70 cents; one broom, 27 cents—total, $144.86.

The articles marked *, not being required to conform to a standard pattern, may be brought by the cadet from home.

"And now, my excellent young friend," I observed, "tell me all about this Academy. Expound unto me cadet life, from the time the raw, unlicked cub, the grub, receives his notice requesting him to appear here, until he goes forth the gorgeous butterfly, to gladden the hearts of merry maidens in the various seaports of the world by his prowess in the dance—ay, and perchance to break a few, through that perfidy which is the inheritance of man, especially of the sons of the briny."

"I don't want to break any hearts," said the cadet. "I ain't going to the graduation hop, I belong to the Bachelors' Club."

"The what?" I exclaimed, as I gazed at the handsome features of the sun-kissed lad, now set in dead earnest.

"There is a club in the yard been called the Bachelors' Club," he continued, with the moody air of a St. Senanus. "I belong to it. There are over forty members. We will never marry."

"What, *never?*"

"Never!" apparently receiving no stimulus from my very novel facetiousness.

Drawing him away from a subject on which he seemed inclined to indulge in a "cogitabundity of cogitation," I induced him to talk about cadet life, and from him I learned much that I mean to set down here.

The number of Cadet Midshipmen allowed at the Academy is one for every member and delegate of the House of Representatives; one for the District of Columbia, and ten appointed at large. According to the Act of Congress approved June 17th, 1878, "There shall not be at any time more in said Academy appointed at large than ten."

The nomination of candidates for admission from the District of Columbia and at large is made by the President. The nomination of a candidate from any Congressional District or Territory is made on the recommendation of the member or delegate from actual residents of his district or territory.

Each year, as soon after the 5th of March as possible, members and delegates are notified in writing of vacancies that may exist in their districts. If such members or delegates neglect to recommend candidates by the 1st of July in that year, the Secretary of the Navy is required by law to fill the vacancies existing in districts actually represented in Congress. They are filled by appointments from the districts in which the vacancies exist.

The nomination of candidates is made annually between the 5th of March and the 1st of July. Candidates who are nominated in time to enable them to reach the Academy on the 11th of June receive permission to present themselves at that time to the Superintendent of the Naval Academy for examination as to their qualifications for admission. Those who are nominated prior to July 1st, but not in time to attend the June examination, will be examined on the 22d of September following; and should any candidate fail to report, or be found physically or mentally disqualified for admission, in June, the member or delegate from whose district he was nominated is notified to recommend another candidate, who shall be examined on the 22d of September following.

Students from the Empire of Japan are received for instruction, under a resolution of the Senate and House of

Representatives of the United States, approved July 27th, 1868.

Each candidate for appointment as Cadet Midshipman must present to the Academic Board satisfactory testimonials of good moral character, and must certify *on honor* to his precise age, which must be over fourteen and less than eighteen years at the time of the examination.

Candidates must be physically sound, well-formed and of robust constitution; they are required to pass a satisfactory examination before a medical board composed of the surgeon of the Naval Academy and two other medical officers to be designated by the Secretary of the Navy.

Attention is also paid to the stature of the candidate. Five feet is the minimum height of the candidate.

The candidates must pass a satisfactory examination before the Academic Board in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and English grammar.

All the examinations, except in reading, are written. Candidates who fall below the standard receive a second and final examination in the subjects in which they fail. Deficiency in any one of the subjects at the second examination insures rejection.

Candidates who pass the physical and mental examinations receive appointments as Cadet Midshipmen, and become inmates of the Academy. Each cadet is required to sign articles by which he binds himself to serve in the United States Navy eight years (including his time of probation at the Naval Academy), unless sooner discharged. The pay of a Cadet Midshipman is $500 a year, commencing at the date of his admission.

Each Cadet Midshipman, on admission, deposits with the paymaster the sum of $20, for which he is credited on the books of that officer, to be expended by direction of the superintendent in the purchase of text-books and other authorized articles.

All the deposits for clothing and the entrance-deposit of $20 must be made before a candidate can be received into the Academy.

Each Cadet Midshipman, one month after admission, is credited with the amount of his actual expenses in traveling from his home to the Academy.

A Cadet Midshipman who voluntarily resigns his appointment within a year of the time of his admission to the Academy, is refunded the amount paid by him for traveling expenses.

"You receive a letter from the Secretary of the Navy," observed my cadet, "ordering you to come here to be examined on a certain day. The first official you meet with when you get here, is James Holliday, a colored messenger as old as the hills, who is attached to the Secretary's office—I mean, the Secretary to the 'Yard.' He cheers you with his chat, as you go up-stairs to the Secretary. You present your letter, and you are ordered off to the hospital, where you are weighed, your lungs tested, your muscle tried, and your eyes examined for color-blindness. If you pass this physical examination, you go in for the mental before the Academic Board, in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and English grammar; and this passed, you get your bed and ware, which you must carry from the store to your quarters right here in this building."

"Any hazing?"

"Well, *I* had to eat soap, and I made the acquaintance of cold water under abnormal circumstances. But," he added, gloomily, "that sort of fun has all died out; and it is only some Western greenhorn who suffers nowadays—some chap that blows a little too much."

"I suppose your time is kept pretty well occupied."

"I should say so," he replied, with a grim smile, "I'll just read out the time-table. Listen to this;" and he read as follows:

Morning gun-fire and reveille	6 00 a m.
Morning roll-call and prayers	6 45 a m.
Breakfast	7 00 a.m.
Sick-call	7 30 a.m.
Morning call to studies	7 56 a.m.
Call to first morning-recitation (first period)	8 26 a.m.
Call to second morning-recitation (first period)	9 26 a.m.
Recall (first period)	10 26 a.m.
Call to third morning-recitation (second period)	10 41 a.m.
Call to fourth morning-recitation (second period)	11 41 a.m.
Recall (second period)	12 45 p m.
Dinner formation	12 55 p.m.
Call to first afternoon-recitation (third period)	1 56 p.m.
Call to second afternoon-recitation (third period)	2 56 p.m.
Recall (third period)	3 56 p m.
Call to drill	4 05 p.m.
Preparatory recall	5 10 p.m.
Recall	5 15 p.m.
Call to dress-parade on Tuesday and Thursday	5 50 p.m.
Evening roll-call and parade before supper, September 2 th to October 20th, and April 20th to end of term	6 30 p m.
October 20th to November 20th, and March 20th to April 20th	6 00 p.m.
Call to exercises in gymnasium, fifteen minutes after supper.	
Call to evening studies	7 30 or 8 30 p.m.
(As directed by the Superintendent.)	
Gun-fire and tattoo	9 30 p.m.
Warning-roll	9 55 p.m.
Taps	10 00 p.m.
Saturday forenoon drill-call	10 35 a m.

"What do you think of *that?*"

"That means business; and on Sundays?"

He read:

Morning gun-fire and reveille	6 30 or 6 45 a m.
Morning roll-call and prayers	7 15 or 7 30 a.m.
Breakfast	7 30 or 7 45 a.m
Sick-call	8 00 or 8 15 a.m
Church-call, first Sunday in the month	10 26 a m.
Church-call, other Sundays	10 40 a m.
Dinner formation	12 55 p.m.
Call to afternoon meditation	2 56 p.m.
Recall	3 56 p.m.
Evening roll-call and parade before supper	5 30 or 6 00 p.m.
Retreat-call	7 30 or 8 00 p.m.
Gun-fire and tattoo	9 30 p.m
Warning-roll	9 55 p m
Taps	10 00 p.m

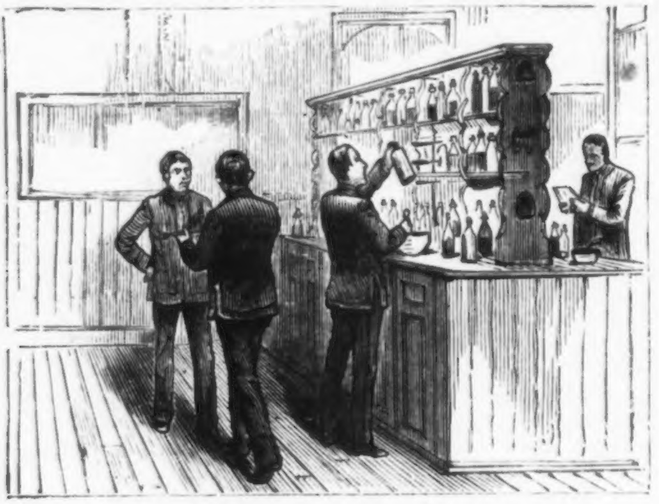
"How about your amusements?"

"Oh, we're very well off in that regard. The water around the Yard is very good for pulling, and we have class boat-clubs. We have a four-oar race in June, and the names of the winning crew are engraved on the staff of the Academy flag. Baseball is a good deal played. Each class has its nine, and then there is an Academy nine. We play clubs from Baltimore, Washington and Annapolis. Foot-ball is played; also hand-ball. We have a pistol gallery, a bowling alley, and a gymnasium. We have some top sawyers in the way of gymnasts, and we give exhibitions. On Saturday evenings we dance in the gymnasium, and we have hops from time to time, to which we invite some of the townspeople. The officers' wives all attend. The members of the Bachelor Club don't put in an appearance at all. In January the cadets of the first class give a ball, and in June those of the second class give a ball to the cadets about to graduate."

"Are you permitted to leave the grounds of the Academy?"

"We have leave to go beyond the Academic limits at the end of evening parade, and on Saturdays and holidays; but if we have demerits, by reason of misconduct

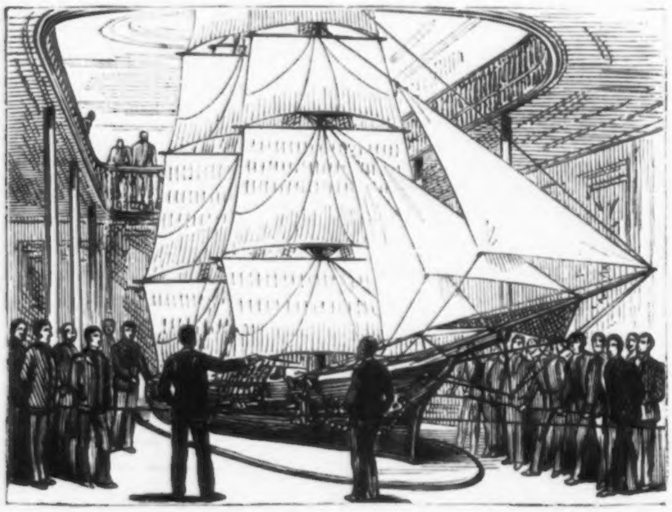
XUM



CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

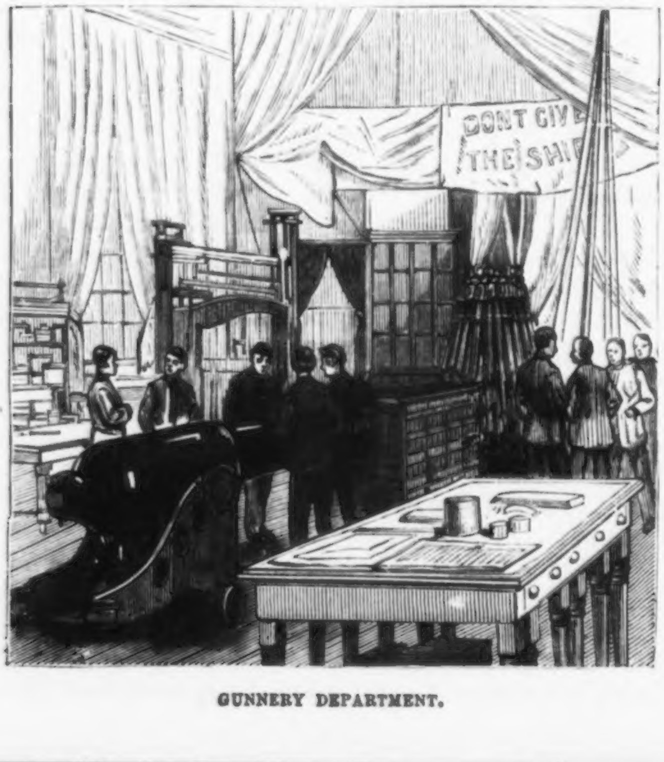
or neglect of study, leave is stopped. The first class and one-fourth of the other classes can only get out at one time."

"How do you live—well?"

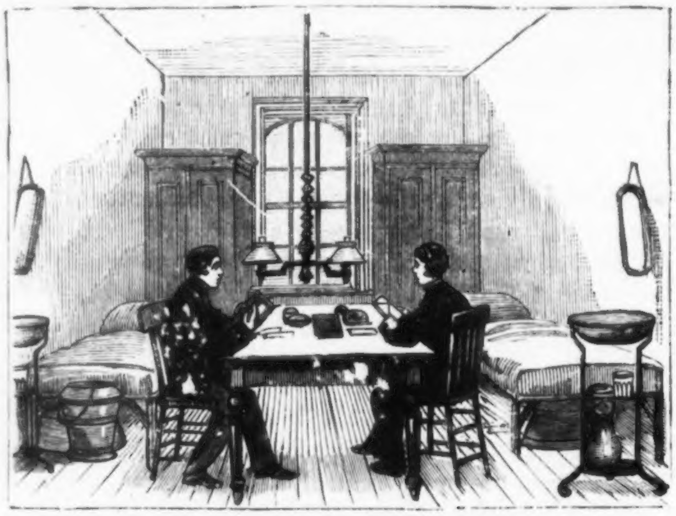


INSTRUCTION IN SEAMANSHIP.

"Capitally. We board at the mess-table. The living costs us about $20 a month. We are paid $500 per annum, but we cannot tap this at pleasure. The treasurer keeps our accounts with the storekeeper, mess and laundry, and



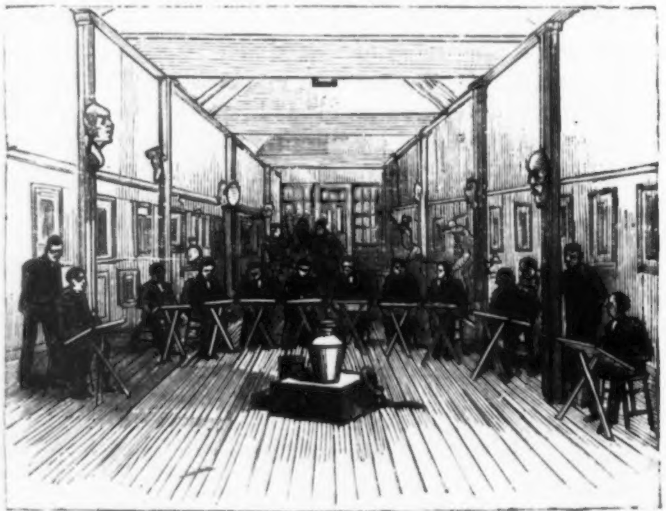
GUNNERY DEPARTMENT.



A CADET'S BEDROOM.

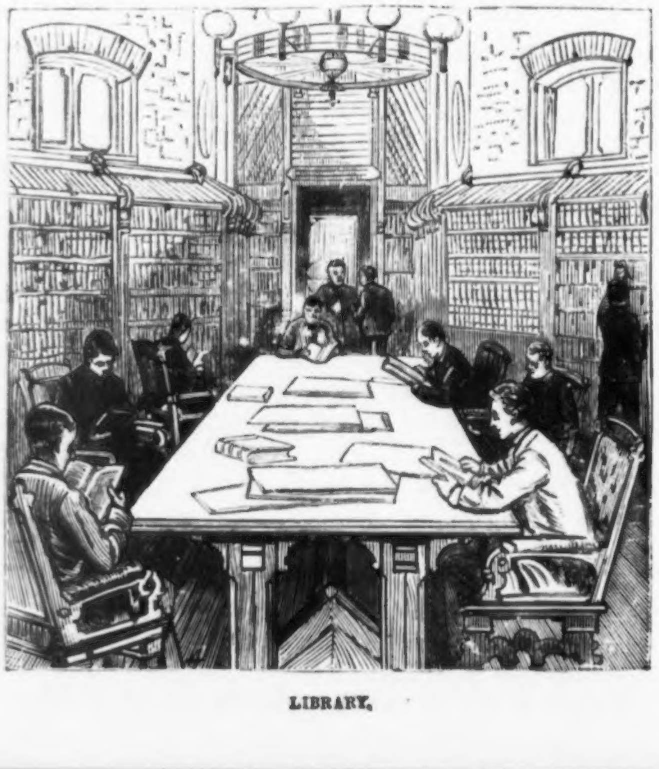
charges us accordingly. Sixty dollars a year is stopped toward our outfit at graduation, and if there is a balance, it is paid us when we graduate."

"About your study and conduct marks?"



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"The scale of marks ranges from 4, as a maximum, to 0; and a mark below 2.5 is given to a recitation or exercise which is not considered satisfactory. The marks in each branch are averaged, and the rank list is made out

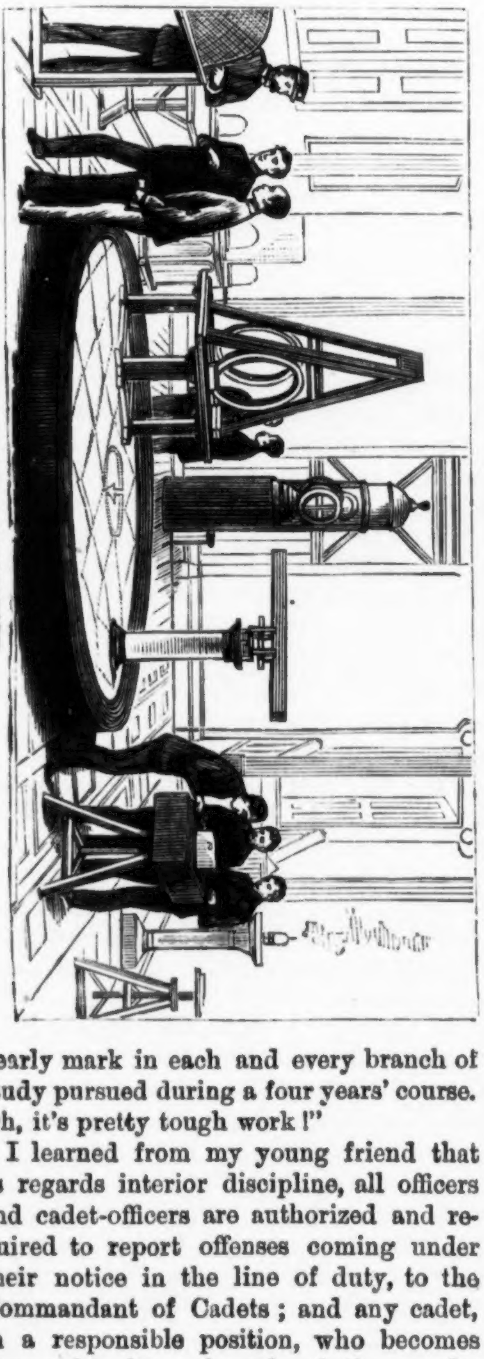


LIBRARY.

and published at the end of every month; and a report of the marks and standing of each cadet is sent at the same time to his parent or guardian. At the end of the year the general standing of each class is made up."

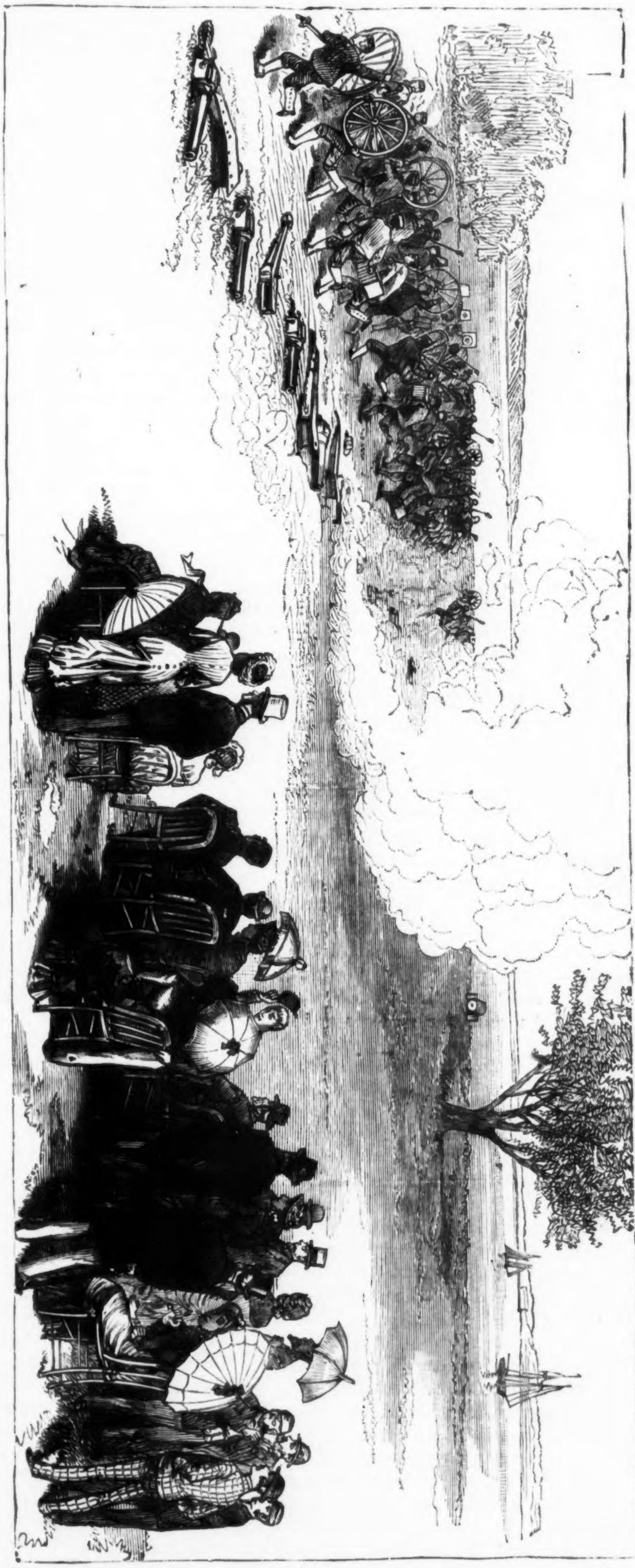
"What about the cadets who go below 2.5?"

"Any cadet whose mark at the end of the year is below 2.5, or 62.5 per cent., in any branch, is deficient, and he is recommended to the Secretary of the Navy for dismissal, or as we call it here, he is 'bilged.' In case of slight deficiency he is turned back into the next class, or subjected to re-examination; but in no case can a cadet graduate from the school who has failed to get 62.5 per cent. as his yearly mark in each and every branch of study pursued during a four years' course. Oh, it's pretty tough work!"



THE PHYSICAL LABORATORY.

I learned from my young friend that as regards interior discipline, all officers and cadet-officers are authorized and required to report offenses coming under their notice in the line of duty, to the Commandant of Cadets; and any cadet, in a responsible position, who becomes answerable for a breach of the regulations, is required to answer the questions of his superior officer, relating to the offense, and relieve himself of his responsibility by reporting the offender. All the reports are deposited with the officer in charge, and they are collected and



ARTILLERY DRILL IN FRONT OF THE CADETS' QUARTERS.

arranged upon the conduct-report book every evening by the Officer of the Day. This conduct-report is read out in the morning and remains posted during the day. Cadets are thus given an opportunity of presenting excuses and explanations, which are examined and acted upon next day, in connection with the report. Demerits are given for each offense, but only as a record of misconduct, and in no case as a punishment. Certain limits are fixed to the number of demerits allowed any cadet, and if the number is reached the case is reported to the Navy Department, with such recommendation as the Academic Board may think proper. The punishments are as follows: removal from service; solitary confinement; coventry; public reprimand on parade by written orders; confinement under guard or in quarters; deprivation of leave or recreation; extra duties or drills; suspension; reduction of cadet rank. No officer of the Academy, except the Superintendent, is authorized to order or inflict punishment of any kind; and dismissal from the service can only be ordered by the Secretary of the Navy.

On the subject of the entrance or qualification examination in arithmetic, the candidate must be "up" in the tables of money, weights and measures, subtraction, multiplication and division of denominate numbers; the relation between troy and avoirdupois pound; and the reduction of differences of longitude to their equivalents in time, and the reverse. In fractions the candidate must be familiar with all the processes of common and decimal fractions, and must be able to give clearly the reasons for the processes; and he should be familiar with the contracted methods of multiplication and division given in the ordinary text-books of arithmetic. In the properties of numbers it is necessary to be acquainted with the test of the divisibility of numbers by 2, 3, 5, 8, 9, 11, 25, 125, or the resolution of composite numbers into prime factors; the method of determining whether a number is prime or composite, and of finding the greatest common divisor and least common multiple in large and small numbers. The definition and explanation of rational proportion; the methods of writing a proportion; the solution of problems in simple and compound proportion. The candidate must be "up" in percentage, interest and discount; in analysis; in miscellaneous problems, similar to those in the common school text-books; he must be acquainted with the measurement of rectangular surfaces and volumes, and in the extraction of square and cubic roots. Candidates must be thoroughly proficient in all branches of arithmetic, and unusual excellence may be allowed to count in their favor in case of a slight deficiency in other subjects.

In geography, candidates are questioned upon the grand divisions of the land and water; the character of the coast-lines; the direction and position of mountain-chains, and the locality of important peaks; the position and course of rivers and tributaries, and the bodies of water into which they empty; the position of important seas and bays; the political divisions of the land, their position, boundaries, and capital cities; the position and direction of great peninsulas; and the situation of important and prominent capes, straits, sounds, channels, and the most important canals, great lakes and inland seas; position and political connections of important islands and colonial possessions; locality of cities of historical, political, or commercial importance; and the course of a vessel making a voyage between well-known seaports.

In grammar, candidates are examined upon the whole of English grammar, as treated in the common school text-books. In reading, candidates read English prose aloud from some standard work. As regards writing and spelling, the candidates are required to write a short original letter and an exercise in dictation, and to spell twenty-four words in common use. An exercise having eight or more mistakes in spelling is not considered satisfactory, and is enough of itself to cause the rejection of a candidate. The following is part of a paper handed in by a Massachusetts candidate who stood No. 2 in a class of twenty in his school.

Dictation (Bancroft's "United States," 1, p. 234):

> "Equally proverbial was the hospitality of the Verginians labor was valuable land was cheap compitance promptly followed industry there was know nead off a scramble aboundance. . . . the morasses were alive with water foul the creeks abounded with oisters in inexausterble beds. . . . the woods russled with quails."

A young man who taught school having obtained a nomination, his replies in geography were absolutely unique. To the question, "Give the position of the following cities, and tell on or near what waters they are situated: 1, Toledo; 2, Carthagena; 3, Cracow; 4, Trebizond; 5, Calcutta"—to which the school-teacher answered in writing, the orthography being execrable: "1, Toledo on the western end of Lake Erie. Cathegina northern part of france eng chanell. Calcutta southern part of europe Mediterranean Sea."

Is it to be wondered at that these worthies were incontinently "bilged"? And it is a matter of comment that so many lads come up as candidates so utterly unprepared for the examination.

Before I step forth into the Yard, under the guidance of my intelligent young friend, who is bursting with anxiety to show me the lions, I have a word to say about another class of cadets, namely, the Cadet-Engineers.

In pursuance of law, applications are received by the Navy Department for the appointment of Cadet-Engineers. The application is addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, and can be made by the candidate, or by any person for him, and his name is placed on the register. The registry of the name, however, gives no assurance of an appointment, and no preference is given in the selection to priority of application. The number of appointments which can be made is limited by law to twenty-five each year. The candidate must not be less than sixteen or more than twenty years of age; he is required to certify *on honor* to his precise age, to the Academic Board, previous to his examination, and no one will be examined who is over or under the prescribed age. His application must be accompanied by satisfactory evidence of good moral character and health, with information regarding date of birth and educational advantages hitherto enjoyed. Candidates who receive permission present themselves to the Superintendent of the Naval Academy on the 15th of September, for examination as to their qualifications for admission.

The course of study comprises four years at the Naval Academy, and two additional years at sea. All cadets who finally graduate are commissioned Assistant Engineers in the Navy as vacancies occur. The pay of a Cadet-Engineer while at the Naval Academy is $500 per annum. The academic examination previous to appointment is competitive, and on the following subjects, namely: Arithmetic; algebra, through equations of the first degree; plane geometry; rudimentary natural philosophy; reading; writing; spelling; English grammar; English composition; geography; free-hand drawing; and an elementary knowledge of the principles governing the action of the steam-engine. Candidates who possess the greatest skill and experience in the practical knowledge of machinery, *other qualifications being equal*, have precedence for admission.

Persons who contemplate presenting themselves as candidates for admission as Cadet-Engineers, are cautioned that the number of applicants is large, and the competition exceedingly close. It is, therefore, useless for candidates to present themselves unless well prepared on the subjects of the examination, and unless their physical qualifications are within the prescribed standard. Candidates must be physically sound, well formed, and of robust constitution; they are required to pass a satisfactory examination before a medical board composed of the surgeon of the Naval Academy and two other medical officers designated by the Secretary of the Navy.

Any *one* of the following conditions is sufficient to cause the rejection of a candidate: Feeble constitution, inherited or acquired; greatly retarded development; permanently impaired general health; decided cachexia, diathesis, or predisposition. All chronic diseases or results of injuries that would permanently impair efficiency, viz.: weak or disordered intellect; cutaneous and communicable diseases; unnatural curvature of spine, torticollis, or other deformity; permanent inefficiency of either of the extremities or articulations from any cause; epilepsy or other convulsions within five years; impaired vision or chronic disease of the organs of vision; great hardness of hearing or chronic disease of the ears; chronic nasal catarrh; ozæna polypi, or great enlargement of the tonsils; impediments of speech to such an extent as to impair efficiency in the performance of duty; chronic diseases of heart or lungs, or decided indications of liability to cardiac or pulmonary affections; hernia, or retention of testes in inguinal cavity; sarcocele, hydrocele, stricture, fistula or hemorrhoids; large varicose veins of lower limbs, scrotum or cord; chronic ulcers. Attention is also paid to the stature of the candidate, and no one *manifestly* under size for his age is received at the Academy. In the case of doubt about the physical condition of the candidate, any marked deviation from the usual standard of height adds materially to the consideration for rejection. Five feet is the minimum height for the candidate.

The board exercise a proper discretion in the application of the above conditions to each case, rejecting no candidate who is likely to be efficient in the service, and admitting no one who is likely to prove physically inefficient. No candidate rejected by the board is allowed a re-examination.

Accompanied by my embryo admiral, I descended to the Yard, and regaled my eyes with one of the most charming pictures it is possible to imagine. In the distance, and forming a background to the richest foliage, flashed the blue waters of the Chesapeake. On my left was the placid Severn, the wooded heights of the opposite shore reflected as in a mirror. In the centre of the river lay moored a grim-looking monitor, formidable and vicious as a sleeping watchdog. High above the elms fluttered the stars and stripes attached to the tapering masts of the *Santee* and *Dale;* while tiny launches, with whistles like the scream of a young miss who has been sharply pinched by her companion, scooted hither and thither in all the bravery of snow-white awnings. On my right, and facing grass as green as in the Emerald Isle itself, stood the quarters of the superior officers—three-story brick buildings painted a dirty gray, whose stoops were adorned with gayly attired ladies and groups of daintily gotten up children. Still further on the right lay the chapel, faced at right angles by the library—a quaint old house of the pre-Revolution period. Nestling in trees, the Superintendent's residence came next the grassy open sacred to baseball, leading to the wharf, with a monster mortar pointing its "ugly mug" seaward.

On my near left, and facing the greensward, were the buildings, each separate and distinct, devoted to the departments of Steam Engineering, Physics and Chemistry, Gunnery and Seamanship. Then came Stribling Row, fringed by the quarters of cadets of the first class; and further bay-ward, the apartments of certain of the professors, with their cozy clubroom, of the *cuisine* of which I hold so many grateful remembrances.

Out on the edge of the sea stands old Fort Severn, in outward appearance strongly resembling a permanent circus building. The principal alley leading through the heart of the Yard, through the grass and beneath umbrageous trees, is called Lovers' Walk. Here the sisters, and especially the cousins, promenade, or sit in coignes of vantage, with the cadets; here the fond mother listens to the aspirations of her curled darling, and to his earnest requests for coin and hampers—for beneath the boy's jacket beats the boy's heart, and candy is as sweet to a cadet, albeit he is about to graduate, as when he first learned to love it, not wisely but too well, in the sacred sanctuary of his nurse's arms.

In the grounds there is a brave display of cannon taken from the enemy; and here and there, peeping out of tufts of foliage, the grim figureheads of ships-of-war long since gone to Davy's locker. A Japanese bell is one of the sights of the fifty acres inclosed within the limits of the United States Naval Academy.

"Let us go to the Hospital first," exclaimed my cadet.

It is needless to say that the Hospital is bright and cheery, and clean to a fault. On the top floor are situated the rooms in which the youthful aspirant to naval honors is put through his facings. Here are lung tests and muscle tests. Here are colored worsteds, and large and small alphabets, and distorted letters, to try the eyesight. Then he is weighed and his height determined. After he has passed the doctor, he is assigned quarters in the new building.

"The sick call," observed my young friend, as we quitted the hospital, "is sounded soon after breakfast every morning, and a medical officer of the Academy is ready to examine and prescribe for any cadet who may be ill. After this examination, lists are made up of cadets to be excused from drills or from study. We can see the doctor at any time. We each pay fifty cents a month for dentistry."

"Now for the Natatorium."

This building is in the same square as the Laundry, and close to the Severn. The Prussian system for teaching the cadets to swim has been introduced into the School of Natation. This plan is a very simple one. To a long pole is attached a belt. The belt is fastened around the learner's waist. The teacher stands on the edge of the bath and literally fishes with the swimmer, relaxing his sustaining power by imperceptible degrees until the pupil is swimming without being aware of the fact. The bath is 20x40, and 5 feet deep at its greatest depth.

"This is the Department of Steam Engineering."

Following my young friend, I passed between two pillars composed of cannon captured from the British, and entering a neatly kept garden boasting a spray-tossing fountain, entered a spacious hall, wherein on benches affixed to the walls were all the implements necessary to turning, filing, punching and generally fitting up the machinery of which a marine engine is formed. In the adjoining hall stands an immense marine steam-engine, every inch of it the handiwork of the cadets. This engine is worked during instruction, and can be taken to pieces and put together again by the class in a very few minutes.

The Department of Drawing reflects considerable credit

SPORT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CONTINENT.—"THE ONLY RESULT OF THE TWO BARRELS WHICH I FIRED WAS TO TURN THE ANIMAL TOWARD THE SHORE HE HAD JUST LEFT."

upon the authorities, as well as upon the cadets, for some of the work executed displays more than ordinary talent, while the finish is admirable. The system is excellent, and the results eminently satisfactory.

As we proceeded *en route* to the Physical Laboratory the cadet initiated me into the slang of the Yard.

"'Bootlick' is a sycophant," he said. "'Plebe' is a raw cadet. 'Choke a luff' is to cry hush. 'Corpse mill' is the hospital. 'Frenching' means going out of bounds without permission. 'Snag' is to catch a fellow breaking regulations. 'Spot' means a demerit. 'Sax' is extremely swelly."

The Physical Laboratory is the handsomest building of its kind in this country, its marbles, inlaid woods and pedestals for scientific instruments being both unique and of exquisite finish. Here are astronomical clocks, and bewildering complications for calculating the ten millionth portion of the eighty millionth part of a comet's tail. It was awfully silent here, and the instruments seemed as though in circuit with another world; in fact, the place resembled a vault where the dead sciences lay entombed.

The next department we visited was that of Ordnance and Gunnery, and here we found ourselves, like the survivors of the Six Hundred, with cannon to the right of us, cannon to the left us, cannon in front of us, but, happily, not volleying or thundering. The cadet drew my particular attention to a quaint old piece of ordnance brought over by Hernando Cortez, and cast about the year 1490. This hall, facing the chapel, contains models and sections and tackle of great and small guns of every known pattern and every calibre—mortars, shot and shell. Here the cadets are daily instructed in the theory of gunnery. There are some remarkable specimens of matchlocks in the room, while flags captured from British and Algerine ships, and from the Malay and Corea pirates, hang round, each bearing evidence of having been "stormed at by shot and shell."

"Now for the Department of Seamanship."

Inserted in the floor is a perfect model of a full-rigged ship, such as a boy would willingly part with ten years of life for, every spar, rope and block being in its place and in full working order.

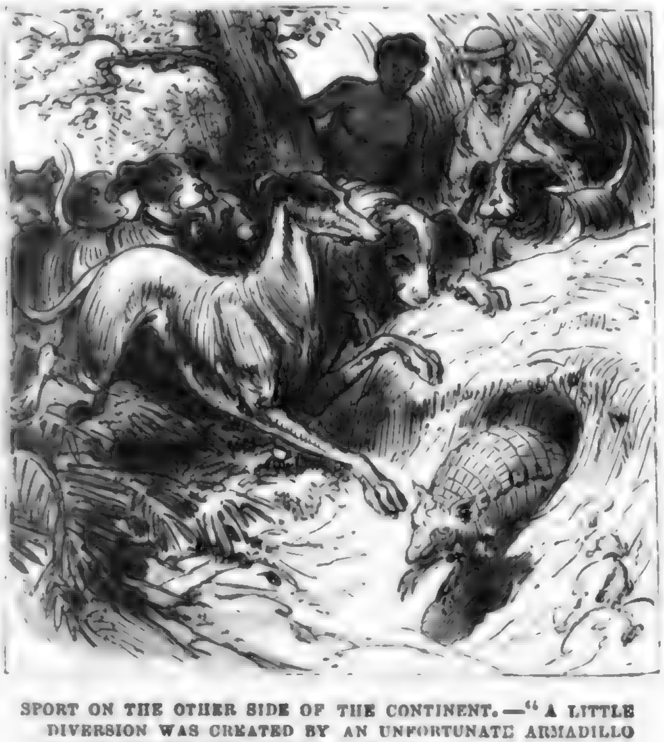
All round the walls are coils and knots of rope, some of them bearing such curious titles as "Single Matthew Walker," "American Stopper," "Rose on 4 Strands," "Double Diamond," "French Shroud," "Standing Turk's Head," "Crommet," "Midshipman Hitch." In the gallery are models of the various builds of ships, each perfect in its way. The cadets are exercised over these models, and thus learn the component parts of a vessel in miniature.

We now crossed Stribling Row, struck Lover's Lane, and passed along it beneath the trees till we arrived at the residence of the Superintendent. This is a charming old house of the Georgian era, and was formerly the official domicile of the Governors of Maryland. It is rich in narrow windows and deep embrasures, in brave old panels and oaken wainscots; while the dining-room possesses all the gravity of an apartment in which a succession of swells pledged bumpers high in claret that came up the Chesapeake without paying a penny duty to his Majesty the King.

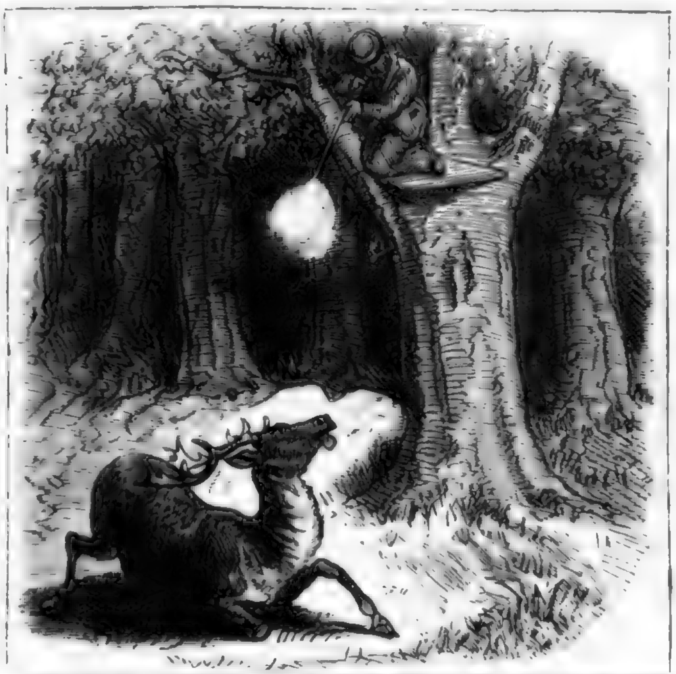
The Library, equally venerable as its next-door neighbor (the Superintendent's residence), contains some quaint old pictures of naval engagements, notably the taking of His Britannic Majesty's ship *General Monk* by the American ship *Hyder Ally*; oil portraits of American admirals, from Paul Jones to Farragut; a bust of Horatio Lord Nelson, and a collection of valuable books. The new wing, designed by Professor Oliver, is a very charming apartment.

"I'll take you into the chapel, and then we'll do old Fort Severn—now the gymnasium," observed my friend the cadet, as we emerged from the library; "and, when you've done the fort and the ships, you will have seen everything in the Yard."

The chapel is unpretentious, and its walls contain tablets erected to the memory of gallant fellows, once happy and hopeful cadets, who died "facing the foe," or in the discharge of acts of signal bravery. Prayers are said by the chaplain daily, immediately after morning roll-call, at which the attendance of all cadets is required. Divine service is held in the chapel on Sunday morning and evening; cadets are required to be present in the morning, but attendance at the evening service is voluntary. Cadets whose parents or guardians desire it, may attend service permanently in the City of Annapolis, at any one of the



SPORT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CONTINENT.—"A LITTLE DIVERSION WAS CREATED BY AN UNFORTUNATE ARMADILLO WHICH BOLTED OUT OF THE SCRUB."



SPORT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CONTINENT.—"UNDER THE PLATFORM THE DEER CAME TO FEED DURING THE NIGHT, AND IN THIS WAY HE HAD KILLED HUNDREDS."

churches of the various denominations. In such cases, they are excused altogether from the chapel services, but they must attend every Sunday morning at their regular place of worship.

Passing the quarters of the professors, and that mess-room of which I cherish so grateful a remembrance, we entered the gymnasium, where cross-bars, and balancing poles, and swings, and trapeze bars told their own tale in much more forcible language than such as I could write.

The *Santee* lay at her moorings at the dock, beside her the *Dale*, and at anchor in the Severn the good ship *Constellation*, whither stores of every description were being ferried—for she was being fitted out for the Summer cruise. I went over the *Santee*, and crossed in a tiny steam-launch to the *Constellation*. Both ships were as neat as a "bride's kerchief," and sweet as "new-culled lavender."

"We've a lot of Plebes going this cruise," observed my cadet; adding, with a grim, anticipatory chuckle, "And won't they be seasick!"

Having completed my tour of the Yard, I said *au revoir* to my cadet, and left him feeling that I could report to his maternal parent that her boy was being superbly educated—that every possible care was taken of him by the authorities—that he was rosy and well, and happy as the Summer day was long.

SPORT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CONTINENT.

While at Vancouver's Island, several years ago, I made the acquaintance of a retired army officer who lived at Elk Lake, some miles from Victoria, and I paid him a visit, at his invitation, to have a day's hunting together. He lived in a small hut, built with his own hands, on the borders of the lake. The site was well chosen with a view to sport. At the back of the hut were dense woods extending in every direction, and reaching down to the water's edge. The lake was well stocked with trout, and wildfowl frequented it in Winter.

I received a cordial welcome from the captain, and two magnificent hounds greeted my arrival with howls of delight.

It was arranged that I should take a rickety old canoe which lay on the beach, and paddle into the middle of the lake, while the captain hunted in the woods. Taking up my position, I had leisure to admire the scene, which was most beautiful; the lake was as calm as a mill-pond, and every rock and tree was reflected as in a mirror; the old craft, however, leaked so badly that I had to devote my attention to keeping her afloat.

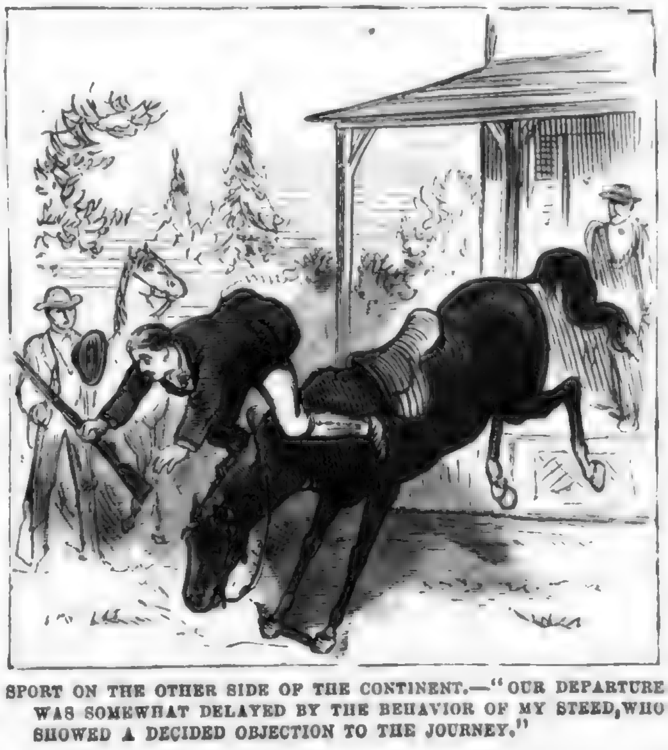
Presently I heard the hounds baying, and the captain swearing—at least, so it sounded to me—then the dogs gave tongue again, their voices echoing from shore to shore. The sound gradually died away, and I concluded that a deer had been started, but had gone in the wrong direction—away from the water.

I waited patiently, listening for the slightest sound, and, at last, long after I had given up any hope of getting a shot, I heard a crash among the rushes at the far end of the lake, and presently saw something gliding along the water, leaving a long ripple behind it. Knowing that it must be a deer, I paddled in a direction to intercept its course, and, coming nearer, made it out to be a buck swimming boldly for the opposite shore.

Deer present but a small mark in the water, as only the head and horns are visible, and the only result of the two barrels which I fired was to turn the animal back toward the shore he had just left. The deer swam so fast that it was hard work to keep up to it, and the canoe leaked so badly that it was doubtful if it would float much longer; but there was no time to bail, so I worked hard with my paddle, and, just as the deer was striking soundings, I crammed in a couple of cartridges, and rolled it over as it was leaving the water.

The captain came up soon afterward, and was pleased with the result, as he had lost the trail, and was going home.

I paid him another visit shortly afterward, when I was posted down by the seashore with my coxswain, as the deer sometimes took that way, the captain hunting in the woods as before. The hounds soon started a deer, which led them away from where I was posted. Hours passed, the rain came down in torrents, and we were consoling ourselves for our bad luck with a pipe, when we saw a deer come out of the wood half a mile off, and deliberately walk into the sea; he then trotted along toward us, keeping the shallow water, evidently to throw the dogs off the



SPORT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CONTINENT.—"OUR DEPARTURE WAS SOMEWHAT DELAYED BY THE BEHAVIOR OF MY STEED, WHO SHOWED A DECIDED OBJECTION TO THE JOURNEY."

scent. Now and then he would stop and listen, and then trot on again.

We kept perfectly still, and the deer passed within forty yards of where we were sitting, when I shot him. He proved to be a nice young buck with fair horns. We had a hard job to carry him back through the woods to the hut, turn and turn about, over our shoulders.

I tried for several nights lying in wait for deer in the paddocks, where they came to feed on the farmers' crops, but though I frequently heard them jumping the palings, and feeding within a few yards of me, I never succeeded in getting a shot, owing to the darkness of the night.

On a moonlight night it must be a sure and easy way of killing them. It is, however, cold work, and one is very apt to get a touch of fever and ague—as I did, for my trouble. An invaluable recipe for shooting in marshy countries is a bottle of sherry and quinine mixed—a preparation which our surgeon thoughtfully provided me with on all such occasions.

Several years ago, the ship to which I was attached was detained at Panama for several weeks, and I availed myself of the opportunity to indulge my penchant for sport.

A gentleman living near Panama keeps a pack of hounds, with which he hunts in the neighboring woods; he kindly gave me an invitation to a *chasse*. We drove from the city before daylight, and arrived at the rendezvous just as day was breaking, where we were met by the huntsman and hounds. They were, perhaps, not exactly what an English fox-hunter would have expected to have seen.

The huntsman, who was on foot, was a withered old native, armed with a *machete*, or big knife, with which to cut a trail through the woods; his dress was of the lightest description consistent with decency, being no more than a cloth tied round his loins; no doubt it was admirably suited to the climate and the work he had to perform. The hounds were the most nondescript pack I ever saw. There were two English fox-hounds, who seemed rather ashamed at being seen in such company; a grayhound, a bull-terrier, and half-a-dozen mongrels, some with curly tails, some with stumpy tails, and one with no tail at all. However, as their worthy owner assured me, although they were not much to look at, they were devils to go! and he guaranteed them to hunt anything from a tiger to a cat.

Our first beat was one of the savannas, or large open plains, a few miles distant from the city. The guns being posted, the hounds were turned into a wood near at hand.

We were on the tiptoe of expectation, when a frightful din commenced, the old native shouting, and the dogs giving tongue; presently a deer bounded out, close to where my coxswain was placed, pursued by the grayhound, the bulldog and the rest in succession. Ricketts, being merely placed as a stop, had no gun; so he turned the deer toward me, and I rolled it over as it bounded into the bush.

Great was the rejoicing over this beast! The hounds crowded round; the old native came out of the bush, perspiring freely, and scraping the *garrapatos*, or ticks, off his skin with his *machete*.

This beginning seemed to promise well for a good day's sport, and, after waiting at my post for at least an hour, a deafening chorus broke forth, apparently close at hand. "Come," I said to myself, "a tiger at least, this time;" but nothing appeared, and as the noise seemed to be concentrated at one spot, I went to the place. I found my host and his dogs assembled round a hole in the ground, into which some animal had evidently bolted.

The scene was most ludicrous; the larger dogs, including the grayhound and the bulldog, stood off, ready for anything to bolt, and keeping up an awful din; the rest of the pack were in the hole, and their tails—those that had any—could just be seen. The old native had cleared away the bush with his *machete*, as though he expected a Bengal tiger to come out, and one of the party stood ready to fire whenever the beast should appear.

In answer to my inquiries as to what kind of a beast was expected, I was told that possibly it might be a "cornejo pintado," literally a painted rabbit, a species of animal I have never yet seen. A little diversion was created by an unfortunate armadillo, which bolted out of the scrub, to be rolled over in the open by the whole pack; the grayhound first caught it, and I could hear the poor creature's shell crunching under his powerful jaws.

Meanwhile the old native had dug down upon the hole, from which a low moaning could be heard; the yelping of the dogs was now redoubled, and one of the sportsmen approached the spot with his gun, after taking a look round to see the coast clear. Presently a mass of yellow fur was descried, into which both barrels were discharged, and a miserable, harmless ant-eater was dragged forth in triumph; the poor creature had bravely refused to desert its young one, which was soon after ignominiously pulled out. I tried to keep this little fellow alive, but he pined away and died in a short time.

Some days afterward I made another expedition, in company with one of our officers, to a country house called Limon, belonging to Señor A——, some twenty miles distant from Panama. We spent a couple of days most pleasantly at this place, bathing in the river, shooting ducks on the pools, and lying out for deer during the night. This last occupation was by no means agreeable, owing to the swarms of musquitoes, ticks, and other vermin, which gave us no peace. Our host told us that he usually built himself a platform in a tree, under which the deer came to feed during the night, and in this way he had killed hundreds without being molested by musquitoes; such luxurious kind of shooting is certainly excusable in these countries, but we had no time to enjoy it.

Whilst the coaling and refitting was going on, I accepted the offer of one of the merchants of a mount for E—— and myself, for the purpose of visiting a marsh, at a place called Pied-de-la-questa, about twelve miles over the mountains from the town, where we heard there was capital shooting.

Our departure was somewhat delayed by the behavior of my steed, which showed his decided objection to the journey by bucking me off, gun, cartridges and all, into the middle of the plaza. His owner assured me that this was his regular practice before starting, but that once under way he was as quiet as a lamb. I preferred to take his word for it, and exchanging the animal for another, we took a fresh departure. We were accompanied on this occasion by a guide, who was reported to be the best sportsman in the place, but he proved to be a far better hand with the bottle than with the gun. He told us confidentially that he came with us because the next day was a fast day, and he always made a point of getting drunk on those occasions.

Starting about three P.M., we followed our guide over the mountains in single file. A worse bit of traveling it would be difficult to imagine—the track was merely a watercourse, intercepted by rocks and roots of trees, and it was wonderful how our horses kept their feet. After riding through a forest for some miles we reached the top, and descended into the valley below, reaching the village of Pied-de-la-questa about sundown. We put up for the

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night at a ranch kept by an aged crone and two buxom daughters, and we passed a pleasant evening over our pipes and grog. Our guide entertained us with an amusing account of his adventures, in all of which he was the hero. By his own account he was a deserter from an American man-of-war, had distinguished himself in fights both afloat and ashore, scalped more Indians than Mayne Reid ever heard of, and killed bears, buffalo and elk by the cartload. As the night wore on he got drunk and offensive, and as his language was not edifying he was put to bed. We also retired to the couches prepared for us, the women dispersed themselves about the ranch, and several dusky brats lay promiscuously on the ground.

The crowing of numerous cocks roused us before daylight, and we were soon ready for a start. Near to the village was a large lagoon, about twenty miles long by five broad in the widest part, extending from the village in a line parallel to the sea, from which it was separated by a strip of beach. It was arranged that E——, piloted by the Yankee, should make his way along this beach to a ranch called "Casadero," and that I should go by water to the same rendezvous. A native who rejoiced in the name of "Walk in," or what sounded like it, accompanied me to assist in paddling the canoe.

Launching our rotten old craft, we paddled quietly along the margin of the lake, occasionally landing to shoot a noisy "chachalaca," that would insist in calling our attention to his wherabouts. These birds are not unlike the English hen-pheasant, but are not so large; they are exceedingly stupid, and sit on the trees gazing at one, and uttering a cry like that produced by running a stick sharply across a "shingle" roof, or paling. Now and then a duck would rise from the rushes, when the paddle was quickly exchanged for the gun to bring him to bag, or a rabbit would scuttle away into the bush, giving only a snap-shot. Besides these there were hundreds of cranes, ibis, curlew, bitterns, boatbills, spoonbills and flamingoes to be seen, and alligators in every direction.

We arrived in due time at "Casadero," a solitary ranch by the water-side; by this time I had three brace of ducks, a rabbit, and a couple of chachalaca in the canoe, besides a few ibis and curlew. To my disappointment E—— did not appear, so, after waiting two hours for rest and refreshment, I took to the canoe again, and pushed on for the upper end of the lagoon, where "Walk-in" declared there were any number of ducks. For an hour or more we paddled along under a broiling sun, disturbing the alligators which were basking on the banks; sometimes eight or ten of them would glide into the water together, and rise again close to our frail craft, as though they would like to improve the acquaintance of its occupants. Occasionally one would become too familiar, when a charge of buckshot, delivered into the eye at three yards, generally had the desired effect, and sent him off, lashing the water with his tail and staining it with his blood. At length we reached the head of the lagoon, and, peeping through the rushes, we saw a large swamp, wherein many thousands of duck, widgeon and teal were feeding in fancied security.

Pushing the canoe through the rushes, we launched her in this sanctuary, when the sport began. "Walk-in," naturally a man of few words, now showed himself to be not wanting in intelligence; he had never seen birds killed on the wing before, and the rapidity with which a snap-action breech-loader could be loaded and fired quite astonished him. Leaving the canoe, he danced about the marsh, picking up the ducks which were falling in all directions. The shots alarmed all the birds in the neighborhood, and the place seemed alive with duck and teal, which kept flying overhead, presenting every variety of shot. There was shooting enough for a dozen guns, and I hoped that E——, hearing the shots, might join me; but, as it turned out, he was at that moment miles away.

I blazed away until my gun was hot and the ammunition began to give out, when we set to work to gather up the slain. Whilst I had been shooting the alligators had not been idle, and all my birds which had fallen in the deep water had disappeared; many of the cripples, also, had escaped in the rushes. However, we picked up at this one place fifteen brace of ducks and a couple of teal. The sun was setting as we turned our faces toward home, and the sky was still darkened by immense flocks of ducks preparing to settle in their favorite retreat. Our canoe leaked so badly with the additional weight she carried, that it was with difficulty we kept her afloat; and darkness had long set in, when, after paddling for four weary hours, we again hauled her up on the beach near the village.

On joining E—— I found that he had never reached Casadero, the guide having lost his way, and so lost him a capital day's sport. He had, however, bagged a magnificent "patoreale," weighing fully eight pounds.

We slept at the ranch that night, and the next morning were in the saddle before daylight, on our way back to the ship. As we rode through the woods the chachalacas were calling in all directions, and hopping from tree to tree; E—— bagged five without going off the path, and we might have got many more, had we cared to do so.

A LAWSUIT EXTRAORDINARY.

While Mr. Seward was a member of the New York bar, and in active practice in 1848, the postmaster of Syracuse refused to deliver a newspaper to a Miss Felton, to whom it was addressed, without the payment of a letter postage, the sender having placed upon it the initial letter of his name. Miss Felton thereupon sued the postmaster for the value of the paper, and the case was tried before a justice of the peace, who held postal instructions illegal, and consequently gave 6 cents damages and costs of $2.89 for the plaintiff. The case was carried by the postmaster to the Court of Common Pleas, which affirmed the judgment, with additional costs of $32.95. From there it was carried to the Supreme Court of the State, which added $37.65 to the judgment before rendered, and the postmaster then appealed the case to the Court of Appeals, where the judgment was affirmed, and the additional sum of $75.64, making $136.90 in all.

Not content with this measure of justice in the State courts, the postmaster went with the case to the Supreme Court of the United States, where it was elaborately argued by Mr. Seward, and decided in a very labored opinion of the Court, affirming the finding of the other Courts, rendering judgment accordingly, but with what costs the record does not show.

The case, as decided by the Court of Appeals in New York, is reported in the first Comstock, 537; and as decided by the Supreme Court of the United States, in the twelfth Howard, 384, in which volume it occupies nine pages.

"AMERICA."

The name of America for the newly discovered continent was first proposed in the little volume put forth at St. Dié, in the Vosges, in the year 1507, by Waldzeemuller, better known by the Hellenized form of his name, Hylacomylus. Three or four editions of this treatise were published at St. Dié before 1507, and a few years afterward an edition without date was printed at Lyons by

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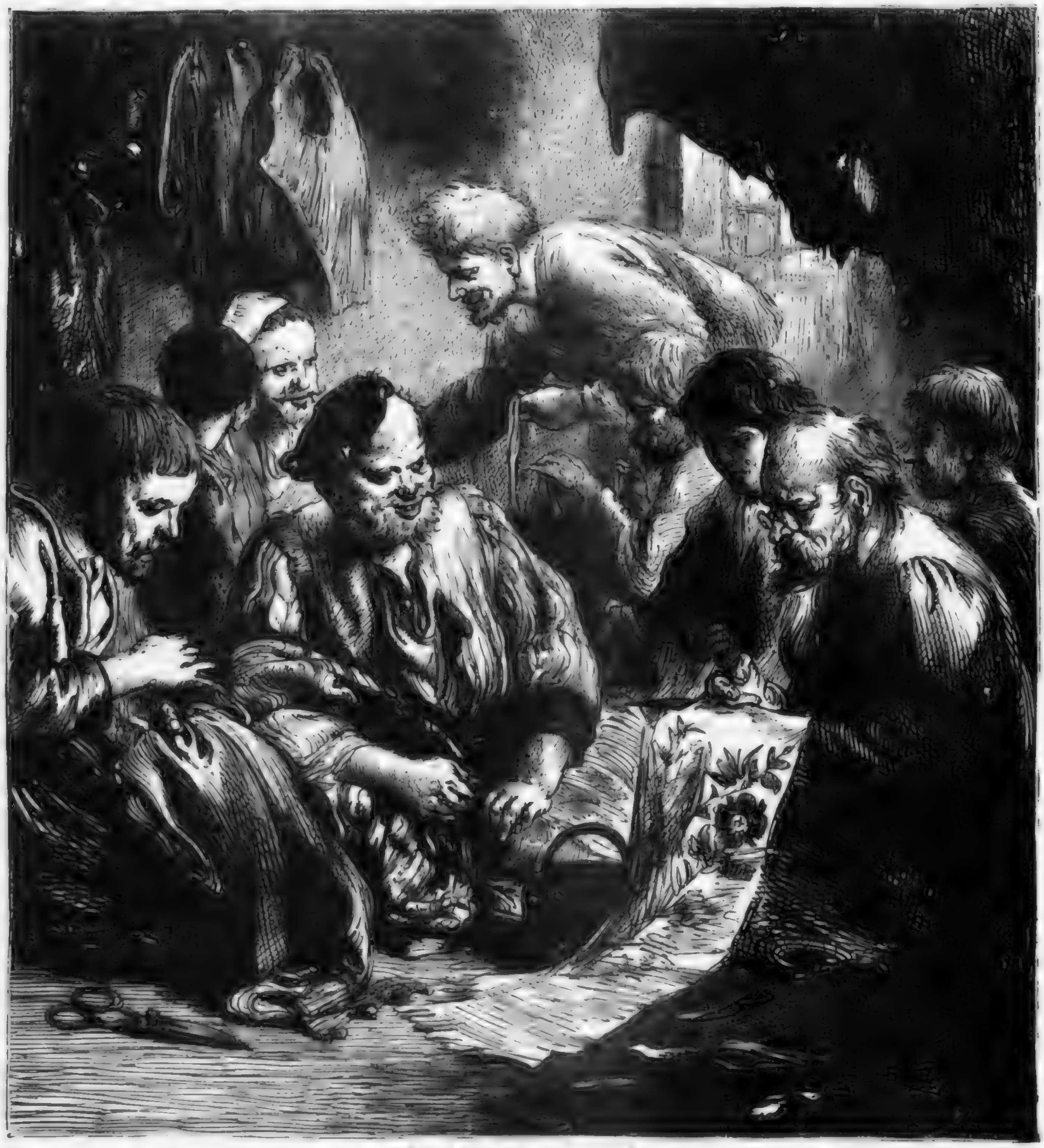
Jean de la Place. All these editions are of extreme rarity, and probably that printed at Lyons is the rarest of all, though the library of the British Museum possesses two copies of it. It has never been suggested that any maps were engraved to accompany either of the editions, but it has been always supposed that the earliest map with the word "America" marked on the new-found world was the "Typus Orbis," engraved on wood for the "Enarrationes Joannis Camertis in C. Julii Solini Polyistora," printed at Vienna in 1520 for Joannes Singrenius. In this map the New World is represented as a long island, on which is the inscription: "Anno d. 1497 hæc terra cum adjacentibus insulis inventa est per Columbum Ianuensem ex mandato regis Castelle. America provincia."

To BE really and truly independent is to support ourselves by our own exertions.

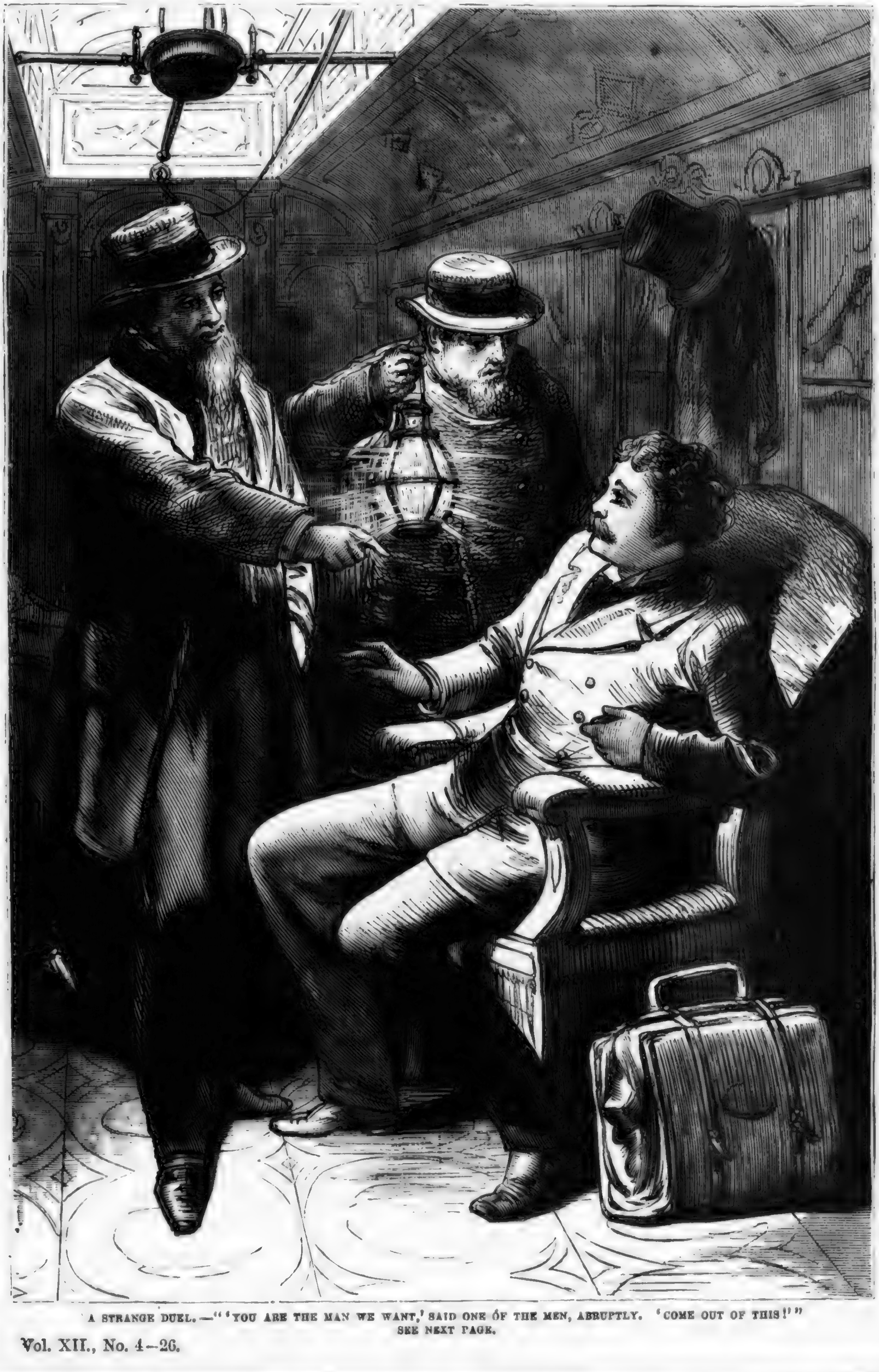
"NINE TAILORS MAKE A MAN."

INSTEAD of this phrase being one of reproach, its origin reflects the highest honor on the "Sons of the Scissors." In the year 1742 a poor orphan boy applied at one of the fashionable West-end tailors' shops in London, in which nine journeymen were then employed. The forlorn, yet interesting appearance of the friendless lad touched the hearts of the benevolent tailors, who immediately contributed nine shillings for the relief of the little stranger. With this capital the little fellow purchased fruit, which he retailed at a profit. Years rolled on, and as the result of his industry, wealth and honor smiled upon him, so that at length he was able to retire from business and keep his carriage. Instead, however, of applying to the College of Heraldry for his crest, he painted the following motto on the panel of his carriage-door:

"NINE TAILORS MADE ME A MAN."



"NINE TAILORS MAKE A MAN."



A STRANGE DUEL.—"'YOU ARE THE MAN WE WANT,' SAID ONE OF THE MEN, ABRUPTLY. 'COME OUT OF THIS!'"
SEE NEXT PAGE.

REAPING.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

A PALE, sad woman sat forlorn
  The tangled feathery fern among;
The reapers cut the yellow corn,
  And careless hummed a harvest song,
With something in its light refrain
That touched her soul—"The seed needs rain,
To bring a golden reaping."

She twined wild roses in her hair,
  As thinking of a happier time,
When birds sang sweet and winds were fair,
  Ere sorrow's bells began to chime,
And still she heard amidst her pain
The reapers' song—"The seed needs rain,
To bring a golden reaping."

The purple hills swept far away,
  The purple sea beyond them rolled,
And out beyond the ocean lay
  A land where workers toiled for gold;
And sharper rang the light refrain
The reapers sang—"The seed needs rain.
To bring a golden reaping."

A voice she had not heard for years
  Sudden upon the stillness broke;
Her eyes, half blind with trembling tears
  Of joy, to new-born life awoke;
Her heart beat to the sweet refrain
The reapers sang—"The seed needs rain,
To bring a golden reaping."

Her eyes have looked into the eyes
  She never thought again to see;
Her hand clasped in another lies,
  That dead to her she thought to be—
Loud rises o'er the reapers' strain
A voice, "O love, we sowed in pain,
To find a golden reaping."

"O love! O love! this is no dream!"
  She starts and shyly glances round,
Half doubting yet the golden gleam
  Of sunlight that her life has crowned,
Whilst heavenward floats the reapers' strain,
Like solemn chant—"The seed needs rain,
To bring a golden reaping."

A STRANGE DUEL.

CHAPTER I.—HANDS—NOT HEARTS.

A VERY moody gentleman, standing on the steps of the Capitol, energetically endeavoring to dig holes in the marble with the point of his umbrella, and scowling at the glistening Potomac far away, and over the stacks of chimneys all around and about, and at the sky now and then, and always ending with a deeper scowl up the crowded avenue, attracted the attention of every passer-by.

Nobody spoke to him, except a bold bootblack, who said, interrogatively, "Shine 'em up?" and was answered very forcibly, "No!" which kept him at his distance thenceforth.

So this handsome and gloomy person, dressed in faultless outdoor costume, with a bud in his buttonhole, went on with his hopeless attempt at excavation, and the adjacent policeman, who had been prowling on the watch for so long, concluded that the man was waiting for somebody who had failed to promptly keep the appointment.

And quite correctly. Mr. Lucius Butterworth had arrived at 1:57 P.M., which was exactly three minutes ahead of the time named in the schedule he had arranged at breakfast with Miss Blanche Treshington; and, you know, when trains miss connection, the engineer who waits is always in a bad humor. It was quite 2:15, and Miss Treshington was still nowhere in sight, and so Mr. Butterworth secretly fumed and fretted, and declared over and over he would not wait an instant longer—but somehow continued to wait.

He heard a footstep and a slight exclamation behind him, and turned; and there, in the doorway, stood the very lady he wished to see. Very pretty she was, of course—dark-eyed and dark-haired, and with ripe, rosy, laughing lips, as the alliterative Swinburne might say. And now she came forward, with her hand out and the most delicious little pleading smile.

Her plaid walking-dress fitted her lithe, seductive figure to perfection, and she really was so charming altogether that her friend, who had been so impatiently cooling his heels for those twenty dragging minutes, was instantly mollified, and, smiling in turn, asked:

"Where have you been?"

"Here—ever since a quarter to two. I remained inside looking at the pictures, because it would have seemed odd to loiter on the steps, and because I love to look at those pictures—they remind one so vividly of greenbacks."

He winced the least bit at the latter explanation, and his face darkened; but the change lasted but a second.

"Well, let us return and have another peep—or pretend to—and talk."

And so they re-entered the massive building, and presently were standing, apparently rapt, before the picture of Pocahontas.

All sorts of people were moving about; but no one noticed them—no one heard Lucius say, in a hesitating voice:

"Since we are to discuss matters, I hope you will do so frankly, Blanche; for I believe the time for concealment has passed."

Blanche alone heard this low and distinct murmur, and her cheeks paled a little; but she continued to smile, and both continued to stare earnestly at the painting—neither, I dare say, seeing it; and when the young lady spoke, her voice was so little tremulous, that no one could ever have supposed there was anything like heartache beneath it.

"Well, you know the understanding," she answered. "At the moment we felt the ardor of our love diminish, there was to be an immediate confession."

"I remember very well, Blanche."

"Then you will understand me if I speak frankly. It will one day seem much better to have acted like sensible people, as we are about to do, and not permit our attachment to annoy or pain us in its progress or termination; much better, if it is fated to end, that there should be free confession either to the other; and now"—she went on, still with that melancholy smile, beneath which something—was it agony, death, hope?—seemed to be concealed—"I must tell you that since the last few weeks, in spite of myself, I—I——"

"You felt your affection for me surely slipping from you," he replied, quickly. "My dear Blanche, no one will ever win my esteem as you have done, for none will

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have your frankness. You are the first to confess to-day what I a month ago was the first to feel."

She turned paler still, and bit her lip; but he observed nothing.

He was now looking down.

"You must have seen that I was gloomy and irritable, and at length you know why. But I hope we may still be friends, may we not?"

"Friends!" she sighed.

"The best of friends."

There was a pause, and then she resumed:

"Well, I thought this was the object of your desire to meet me here alone, Lucius, and I have brought you your letters. They breathe a great deal of passion, and some day you will be amused to read them over."

"No; keep them, or give them to the flames. Such letters are best burnt."

Not unwillingly, it seemed, she returned them to the pocket of her dress, and presently he said: "Let us go"; and so they both left that handsome but rather gloomy chamber, and were once more in the grounds.

Slowly they took their way down the walk, and at the gate paused again, and she held out her gloved hand, and he touched it; and then, without uttering a word, they separated.

Lucius strode away briskly, and was soon lost in the crowd moving along the avenue. Miss Treshington, entirely self-possessed, to all outward appearance, took a car for her boarding-house, and upon arrival there, ran quickly up-stairs singing to her room, and once in that pretty apartment, threw herself on the bed, and burst into an agony of tears.

Her passionate weeping was soon interrupted by a light tap at the door, and her sister Alice entered. That tall and proud young lady glanced down in utter surprise, not unmingled with a certain contempt.

"Good heavens! what has happened, Blanche? But I see—you and Lucius Butterworth have quarreled again. How foolish you are to cry in this way, when you know it will all be made up before to-morrow!"

"It will never be made up. I suspected some time ago that he had grown weary of our engagement, and to-day he has confessed as much. We had made a compact that we should tell each other freely when the time came if our feelings changed, and, as a test, I pretended that mine had, and then, Alice, he said that I was the first to admit what he a month ago had been the first to experience."

All this was interrupted by heart-breaking sobs, and Alice kissed her sister affectionately.

"I can sympathize with you, dear," she replied, "because I have many troubles of my own. You may congratulate yourself on your escape from marriage."

The young lady's tone was so peculiar, that poor Blanche instantly raised her head from the pillow.

"Your husband is in one of his moods again?"

"In one of his worst moods. Monsieur de Grignan has really lost his senses! But I deserve my fate for marrying a man so much older than myself, and the native of another country."

"He certainly is changed from what he was," assented Blanche, very thoughtfully, and her tears now dried. "Yes; he, too, is much changed."

And up she rose, intent upon some new reflection, and began to change her walking-dress for another.

"Ah, Emilia, in the play, speaks truly," continued young Madame de Grignan, with great philosophy. "'It is not a day shows us a man.' Monsieur de Grignan was all life and spirits and kindness itself; and now he is moody and strange, and one finds it impossible to get a pleasant word from him. That is just why I have left him in his room to mope alone."

"You are going out?"

"Yes; since he will not. And, dear, you must lend me that walking-dress you have just taken off. Other people's clothes always fit me better than my own, and, besides, I ruined mine last week, as you know."

And straightway she began to exchange her present costume for the one spoken of; and this matter of toilet absorbing all thoughts, she could answer no more questions for the present. And Blanche went over to the window and stood looking out at various picturesque back-buildings and at the far-away, melancholy sky.

"I think I shall talk a little to Maurice while you are away, Alice," she said, presently, "and perhaps I may discover what ails him."

"I hope you will find him in a better humor than I left him," said the wife, with a careless laugh through the row of pins between her rosy lips, as she stood before the mirror. "He flew into a passion because I called him Monsieur de Grignan instead of Maurice. Such a child! Sometimes I half believe the man is jealous."

"Of whom?"

"*N'importe.* You could never guess"—with another bright laugh of quiet and rather sly enjoyment. "And now, Blanche, for your hat, coat, gloves, and everything; for back to my room while he is there I will not go."

All these things duly transferred, the handsome young lady took a final peep in the glass and floated from the room, and humming some gay chanson, she descended the staircase. Blanche looked in the direction she had taken, finger on lip, and deeply thoughtful.

"Jealous? If he is jealous of Lucius, there *might* be reason, and it would explain many things. There is only one way to assure myself, and I think I shall adopt it."

When she entered the adjoining room she found Monsieur de Grignan, as she had anticipated, quite alone, and deep in dismal reverie, though a book lay on his knee. This gentleman, attached in some capacity to the French Legation, had married Alice nearly a year before. Until of late they had lived together happily enough; but since the last few weeks a shadow had fallen upon their lives whose origin and nature could only be surmised.

Monsieur de Grignan smiled when Blanche appeared, and when she approached him took her hand.

"You pity the poor solitary," he said, with the faintest trace of foreign accent in his speech, and uttering every syllable with a peculiar, clear-cut distinctness. "Come, sit down, my child, and tell me something amusing."

"I am afraid I have nothing very amusing to tell you, Maurice," she replied, taking her place beside him. With this prologue, she gradually confided to him all that had happened that afternoon between herself and Lucius.

Monsieur de Grignan listened patiently; but when she looked up, his face was strangely distorted.

"So that little romance is ended!" he said, with an odd and rather sinister laugh. "Has it ever occurred to you that there may be peculiar reasons why Mr. Lucius Butterworth desired to break off his engagement to you?"

He had risen, and seemed wild with sudden fury. Blanche, much alarmed, also stood up.

"Swear that you will never breathe what I am about to say," he continued, fiercely, "and I shall conceal nothing."

"What do you mean, sir, in heaven's name?" she cried, clasping her hands with terror.

"Mean! I mean that he is in love with your sister—my wife—and that his passion is returned."

"It is not true, Maurice. Unsay that mad speech, or I

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shall leave the room," she returned, passing swiftly to the door.

"I shall unsay nothing. I have for some time suspected, and now I know the truth. Let them both beware!"

Amazed and terrified beyond measure, she left him.

* * * * * *

About half an hour later Alice returned from her walk. Monsieur de Grignan had gone out. Very much fatigued, she threw herself on the sofa and lay there thinking of him, of herself, of many things. Gradually she fell into a doze, thence into a deep sleep.

She reclined thus helpless when her husband re-entered.

Something caught his eye—a bundle of letters in the pocket of her dress, the least bit exposed. Instantly he plucked them from their concealment, and taking them to the window, read them one by one. They were love-letters, all addressed to "my darling," and signed by "her devoted Lucius."

When every word they contained had burned itself indelibly upon the retina of his memory, Maurice de Grignan sank into a chair, and, with his hands over his eyes, sobbed bitterly.

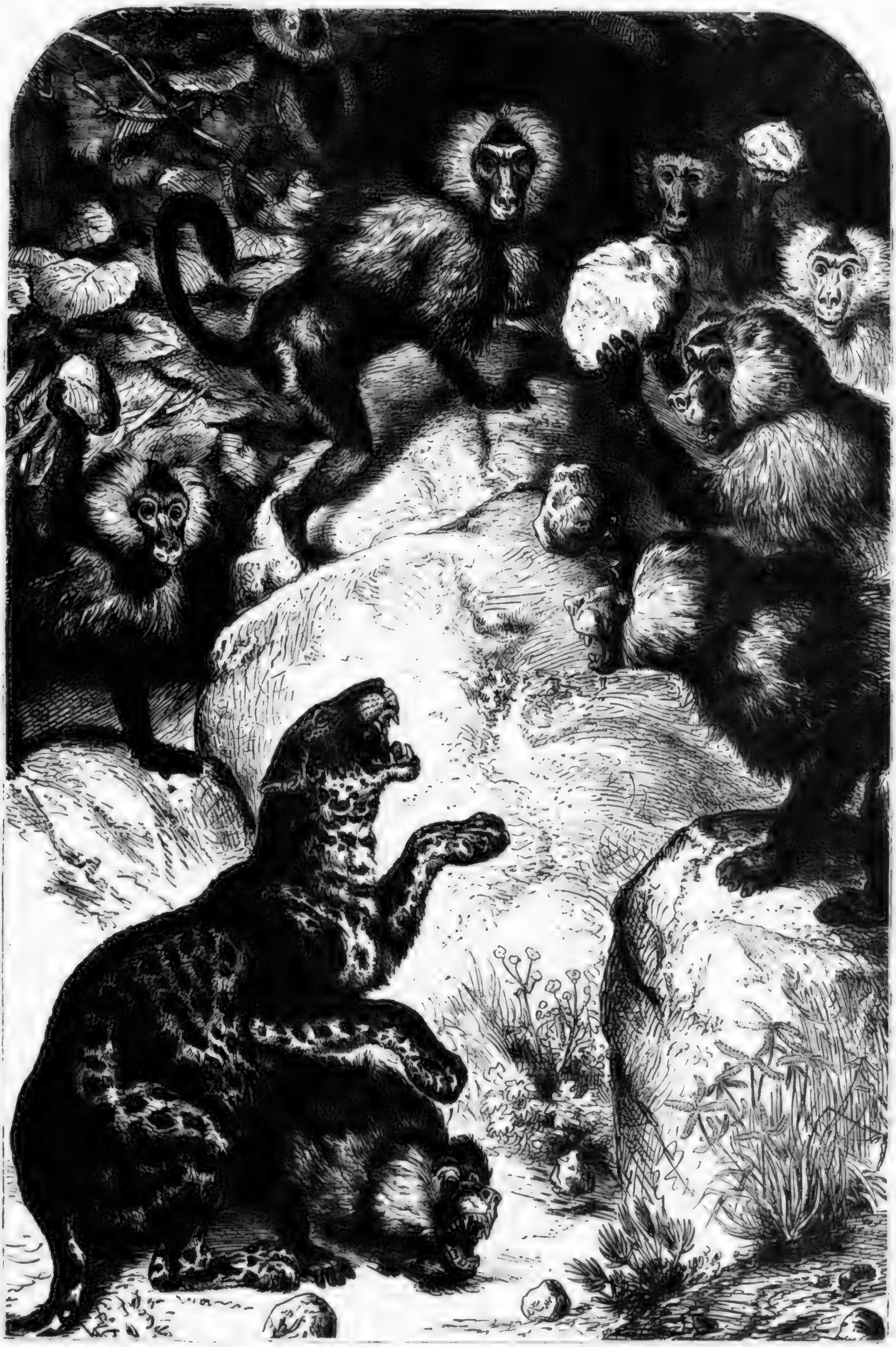
CHAPTER II.

THE DUEL WITH DICE.

Lucius Butterworth, who looked like a young man in a great deal of trouble, must have hoped to deaden his anguish by exercise that afternoon—not, perhaps, a bad expedient. For, leaving the architectural marvel of which Americans are so proud, he pegged away upon a good tramp to the end of the avenue, and then back and out Seventh Street to the very extremity, and all the while carrying his head down and his hands in his coat-pockets, regardless of appearance.

And so at length, quite worn out, he returned to his boarding-house and went directly to his room. Tea had passed into history an hour before, and there were sounds of revelry by night from the parlors; and Lucius sat

REAPING.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 402.



A LEOPARD BESET BY MONKEYS.

smoking in the dark and listening to the music, until his own tenebrous solitude became no longer endurable. Up he rose, and lighted his gas and made his toilet, and then down-stairs he marched, and made an effective entrance among the brilliant company.

Mr. Butterworth's eye traveled swiftly from face to face through the rooms. They rested for an instant on Blanche Treshington, pallid and melancholy, attended by young Fairfax, of the Treasury; and then on her sister Alice, quite alone in another part of the room. By the mantelpiece stood, tall and dark, Monsieur de Grignan, discussing something with several ladies and gentlemen.

Lucius glided quietly over to Alice and stood by her chair, and presently they were smiling and chatting, and all the while Monsieur de Grignan, still continuing his conversation, watched them with a countenance which had become in the interval *funeste* and ominous. So the drama progressed, to the accompaniment of piano music and the tinkle and murmur of small-talk, and then Lucius suddenly felt a hand upon his shoulder. He glanced round, and his eyes met those of Maurice de Grignan, pale and stern, but smiling.

"May I speak with you just one moment?" he said, softly, and with a polite inclination of the head.

"Certainly," replied Lucius.

And they withdrew to the front room and occupied a sofa quite out of earshot.

"For some time I have observed many things," proceeded Maurice, still wearing that pale, stern smile; "but have said nothing. This afternoon, Mademoiselle Blanche spoke to me in the frankness of her heart and revealed all. A mystery, inexplicable to her, was no longer so to me. I am a man of the world, monsieur—a casuist in social ethics, gifted with a quick sense to detect dishonor in any shape." He paused a moment, and then said: "If I understand your character aright, not a word more is necessary, Monsieur Butterworth."

Lucius sat stupefied. Blanche had told the story of the breaking of the engagement to her brother-in-law, and he, with his Continental and fire-eating notions, viewed the business as dishonorable, and was resolved now to have what is technically called "satisfaction."

The idea was so absurd that Lucius, in spite of himself, laughed in the Frenchman's face. De Grignan colored and gnawed his lip, and his eyes flashed lurid lightnings.

"There are, of course," he said, icily, "certain cases wherein one may be driven to use the horsewhip——"

"Stop, sir!" interrupted Lucius. "We rarely fight duels in this country, not because we are afraid of death, but of something more terrible—ridicule. If you and I should go out with a pair of pistols, it would be much better for us both to fall than to come back."

"You decline to give me a meeting, then?"

"I decline to make a fool of myself. I do not know how many daily newspapers are published in this country; but, on the morning following our affair, every one from Maine to California would contain a comic notice of the affair of honor near Washington, and a delightfully humorous description of the belligerents. That is what I fear, sir—the publicity, not the duel itself."

"I cannot understand such a feeling, monsieur," said Maurice; "but I am fertile of expedient, and have thought of a way to avoid all that. On that centre-table there are three dice in their box. We may sit there without remark and have a game of three throws apiece—a game, monsieur, of life and death! Whoever throws the lowest number is bound upon his honor to die in any manner he may choose within the next twenty-four hours."

Monsieur de Grignan's face was immovable as he uttered this somewhat quixotic proposition, and his fingers played with his watch-chain. Lucius stared at him as if in doubt of his sanity.

"Would not that be rather too melodramatic for this practical epoch?" he said, smiling.

"I see, sir," said De Grignan, enraged, "you are a coward. I shall do now what I should have done at first—dismiss you with a smack across the face—and then wipe my hand of the contamination."

He was about to rise, but Lucius grasped his arm and pulled him down again. Patience has limits—so, also, has even that powerful emotion, a dread of ridicule.

"I accept your proposition, sir," said Lucius, all on fire. "Let us fight our duel with the dice without an instant's delay."

He sprang to the table and seized the dice-box, and De Grignan stood, with a dark smile, at the opposite side. Several of the company, who had observed the excitement of the two men, gathered about them, anxiously asking the cause for it.

"Merely a jest," said the Frenchman.

"Yes," said Lucius, "we are about to leave it to the dice to decide who is to pay a debt."

And with these words he made his first throw—eighteen! His opponent uttered a slight exclamation. Pale, and with a trembling hand, Lucius shook the dice and threw again—six. A murmur ran round among the spectators. For the third time the young man shook the box and cast the ivory squares upon the glistening marble—three!

"Twenty-seven in all," he said, in low tones, pushing the weapons toward his antagonist.

De Grignan's teeth were set, and his gaze stern and corrugated as he made his first throw—eighteen! He threw again without a second's pause—eighteen! Then, for the last time, he flung them with a crash upon the table, and they marked—eighteen!

"Fifty-four!" chorused the crowd.

"And I pay the debt!" added Lucius, white as a spectre—an awful agony written upon his contorted features as he stared at his victorious enemy. "Before noon to-morrow," he said, "it shall be paid in full."

Bowing, he left the room, and people immediately drifted into corners and whispered that the debt was no trifling one, and that Lucius looked like a ruined man.

De Grignan alone was calm—a seeming apathy that vailed inward triumph.

CHAPTER III.

"HE ABOUT TO DIE SALUTES THEE."

MAURICE DE GRIGNAN would have passed with a stranger for the most self-possessed man in that room. Under this ice no one suspected the hidden volcano. He never looked once at his wife, and yet she never passed from his gaze for an instant. At ten o'clock a note containing an inclosure was brought in, which he took to a deserted quarter of the room and quietly read. It ran as follows:

> "MONSIEUR DE GRIGNAN:—You will be kind enough to give the inclosed letter to Miss Blanche Treshington. Now that I have returned to myself, I feel how wrong I was to lose my temper and accept the challenge you offered me; but do not fear, sir; I am a man of honor, and shall abide strictly by the conditions we agreed upon. All that I ask is that you will maintain the most inviolable secrecy.
>
> L. B."

An hour later Blanche and her sister were missed from the room. De Grignan no sooner observed this than he likewise took his leave and ascended quietly to his bedchamber. He found them both there, and both showing signs of excitement and trouble.

"The time has come," he thought. "We must be alone."

Still wearing the cool demeanor which had hitherto marked all his proceedings, he handed the letter from Lucius to Blanche.

"It contains," he said, "I have no doubt, matter of deep interest, which you had better study privately in your own room."

Blanche was very much surprised, but curiosity overcame all other feelings, and she followed his suggestion at once by withdrawing; and now De Grignan, advancing upon his wife, caught her by the wrist and stood over her, the fire of vengeance in his dark eyes.

"I may as well tell you, madame, without preface, that I know all," he said. "If you will confess, you may save me further pain; and that is something with a man who has suffered anguish such as mine."

Alice stared at him, and then burst into the merriest fit of laughter she had enjoyed for many a day.

"My dear Maurice, what farce is this? You look as if you were burlesquing Othello. But my wrist pains, if you please."

"Do you mock me? Then behold the letters!"

He drew the bundle from his pocket and held them up, and she instantly attempted to seize them.

"The letters I supposed I had lost this afternoon in the street."

"You were mistaken. I took them from your pocket while you slept on that sofa there. I have read them all."

"Indeed! I hope they amused you; love-letters are the most ridiculous things in life to people who have been married for a while—as we have, dear."

"These letters were written by Mr. Butterworth."

"So they were—to Blanche, who has been inexpressibly worried all the evening at their supposed loss." And she told the circumstances of the change of dress.

De Grignan's face underwent many changes of expression while he listened, and at the end, in a troubled voice, he said:

"But—must I believe all this?"

"That as you please," replied Alice, coolly rocking herself in the chair. "I have been fully aware, Maurice, that you were jealous of Lucius; and it really was too absurd a complaint to treat seriously. Lucius never loved any one in this world but Blanche. For the last few weeks he has been in some trouble, and has tried constantly to make a *confidante* of me; but you know my inflexible rule—never to meddle with other people's vexations, having quite enough of my own. Well, I think Lucius broke his engagement with Blanche this afternoon, and the letter you gave her a while ago probably explains all."

"*Mon Dieu!* is it possible?" exclaimed De Grignan, in great disorder. "I must learn the contents of that letter."

He went instantly to Blanche's room, followed by Alice. Miss Treshington voluntarily gave him the letter, without a word.

> "My Darling:—These are probably the last words of mine that you will ever read. I have loved you faithfully, Blanche—I love you still. Since the last few weeks I have been very melancholy; but no one knew the cause. I would have confided in your sister, but she refused to permit it. Your impression was that I no longer cared for you, and desired to end our relations on that account. My darling, the love I bore you has never lessened, but circumstances have occurred of late which placed me in such a position that I felt I could not honorably hold you to your engagement any longer. In short, I have lost my secretaryship, and at present have scarcely the means for my support—much less yours. Senator Bilberry's son has returned from college and taken my place—an excellent and economical arrangement for them, but disastrous for me. When you hear of me again the news may be bad, indeed; but remember, Blanche, that to the last I loved none but you. L. B."

De Grignan read this aloud.

"Really, all you people should be on the stage," said Alice, with a laugh.

"My child!" cried De Grignan, in a tone of frenzy; "do you not see what that letter means? He is about to die! and—oh, heaven! it will be by my hand!"

He rushed out into the corridor, and directly into Butterworth's room. He found a servant there, and everything in confusion.

"Where is Mr. Butterworth?"

"He has gone away. He took the eleven o'clock train for New York."

"His address there?" shouted the agonized Frenchman. "Do not stare at me—tell me his address!"

"I do not know, sir; no one knows."

"Good heaven!" exclaimed De Grignan, petrified. "He is the soul of honor; by noon to-morrow he will have kept his word and paid my debt. Oh, if I could think of some means, however desperate, to save him!"

CHAPTER IV.

ON HIS TRACK.

Lucius arrived at the Sixth Street Depot that night barely in time to procure his ticket and take his seat in the train, when it moved off; but, as he tore through the darkness, he had abundance of leisure to reflect upon everything. He could not help smiling when he thought of his absurd duel with De Grignan (men smile sometimes even on their way to execution), but he had accepted the challenge, and would bow to the decree of fate.

Now and then his hand involuntarily sought something in his breast-pocket, and felt its cold surface with a shudder.

"New York is a large city," he reflected, with a dismal smile; "I can take a room at a small hotel in the Bowery, destroy all traces which might lead to my identity, and then—a flash—a report—and darkness! It is done every day."

He sought to divert his mind by looking out of the window, but he could see nothing, except now and then a watchman's lantern as the train sped by a station with its shrill scream; and so at length he leaned back in his seat and tried to doze.

It was ten minutes past midnight when the engine stopped at the Charles Street Depot in Baltimore, as if to recover breath before plunging on again. Two tall men entered the car where Lucius sat, and passed from seat to seat, examining the faces of the passengers. They took a second look at Lucius, and then laid hold of him.

"You are the man we want," said one of them, abruptly enough. "Come out of this!"

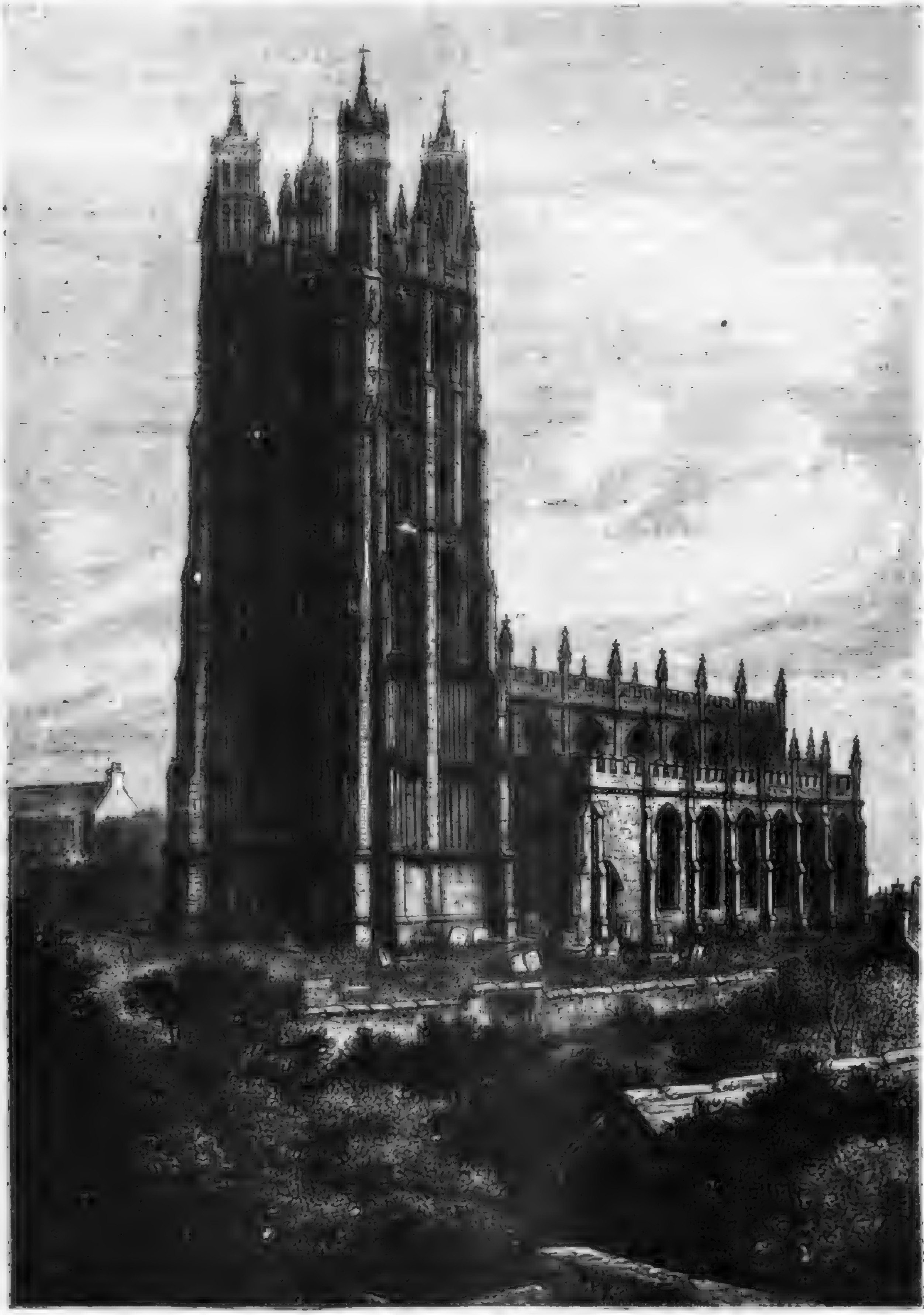
He naturally made some resistance; but the bell of the locomotive began to toll again, and the strangers by a united effort hustled him out upon the platform.

"What is the meaning of this outrage?" gasped Lucius. "Where are the police? Release me at once!"

"Be quiet!" commented one of the fellows, gruffly, reading a paper under the great lamp. This document was a telegram to the following effect:

> "Chief of Detective Police, Baltimore:—Meet eleven P.M. New York express, Baltimore Railroad. Look out for a man twenty-seven years of age, blue eyes, brown hair, fair complexion," and so on with the description of personal appearance and dress, and the dispatch concluded: "Arrest this man, and detain him at all hazards. His name is Lucius Butterworth, and he is an escaped lunatic. Do not mind anything he says to the contrary."

"You are the party we want," said the detective, after promulgating this strange order; "and you must come along with us."



HIRSCHAU ABBEY.—SEE PAGE 411.

Lucius protested in vain. He was unceremoniously bundled into a carriage and driven away. It was very plain to him that the whole business was a plan to abduct, rob, and perhaps murder.

As the hack rattled into a livelier portion of the city he thrust his head out of the window and shouted for help. One of his companions hereupon stopped his mouth with his great brawny hand, strong as a padlock.

After traversing several streets the vehicle halted, and Lucius was taken from it and into a house. He resisted as only a desperate man can, and the consequence was he found himself presently in a strait-jacket. Then the key was turned upon him and he was left alone to his reflections.

Nearly all that night he kept awake; but toward morning sleep overcame him, and when, after a stupor of some hours, he became conscious again, he found the sun shining brightly in at the window.

At the same moment he heard footsteps. The door opened; one of his captors appeared and said:

"Your friends have come for you."

He was pushed aside, and Maurice de Grignan stood there. One step—one cry—and he fell weeping upon Butterworth's shoulder.

"I have saved you! I have saved you!" he said.

Behind him came Blanche and Alice.

"Pray, what is the meaning of this extraordinary scene, Monsieur de Grignan?" demanded Lucius, blandly.

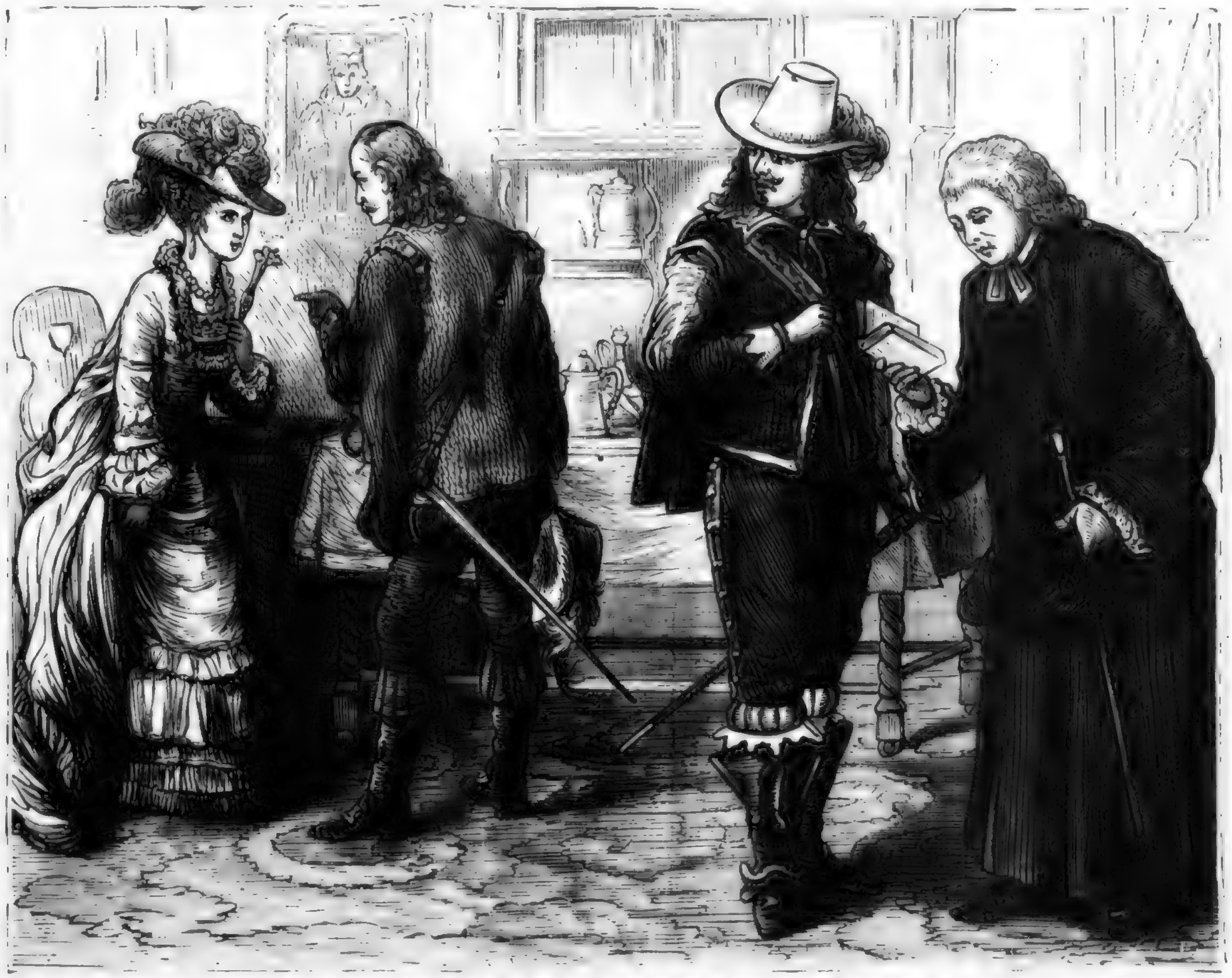
"Ah, *mon ami!* last night when I heard you had left Washington I was distracted. I felt that I was a murderer. There seemed absolutely no hope. But, sir, I am a man of intensely dramatic instincts, and am, therefore, fertile in expedient. I knew your train would stop at Baltimore, and I telegraphed instantly to have you arrested as a dangerous lunatic who had escaped from his keepers! Was it not fine—superb—inimitable?"

"More original than pleasant," said Lucius, dryly.

But explanations were in order, and when he had heard all a great load was lifted from his bosom, and he shook De Grignan's hand with hearty sincerity.

* * * * * * *

They all returned to Washington together, and as Lucius and Blanche occupied a reserved seat in the corner of the parlor-car, and talked entirely in whispers, and looked very happy, it is reasonable to suppose the young man did not regret the postponement of his untimely decease. Maurice succeeded in getting him better employment than the lost Bilberry secretaryship, within the following week, and I suppose the next thing on the cards is a wedding.



THE ADVENTURES OF PETER DE LA FONTAINE.—"WHILE DE LA FONTAINE WAS CONVERSING WITH THE WOMAN, THE STRANGER (WHO AFTERWARD APPEARED TO BE A FLEET PARSON) READ THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY."

THE ADVENTURES OF PETER DE LA FONTAINE.

Peter de la Fontaine was born of noble parents in France; he received a military education, and served at the siege of Philipsburgh, under the celebrated Marshal of France, James Fitzjames, Duke of Berwick, son of James II.

The campaign being ended, he went to Paris, where a gentleman invited him to spend some time at his country-seat, when he fell in love with his daughter, who wished to marry him; but, the father interposing, she eloped with her lover, and they lived a considerable time, as married, at Rouen.

On their return to Paris, the young lady retired, as a lodger, into a convent; but De la Fontaine appearing in public, some officers of justice, seeing him in a coffee-house, told him they had the King's warrant for apprehending him, on which he wounded two of them with his sword; notwithstanding which, he was seized and lodged in prison. On this he wrote to the young lady, informing her that he was obliged to go into the country on urgent business, but would soon return; and having made interest with the daughter of the keeper of the prison, she let him out occasionally to visit his mistress.

XUM

Being brought to trial for running away with an heiress, he would have been capitally convicted, agreeably to the then law of France, but that the young lady voluntarily swore that she went off with him by her own consent. She thus obtained his acquittal; but she soon after died, the victim of her unfortunate attachment.

De la Fontaine went again into the army, and behaved so bravely at the battle near Kehl that the Duke of Berwick rewarded his courage with the commission of Lieutenant of Grenadiers. An event happened to him at this time which showed that France was not entirely emancipated from its age of romance.

A young lady of Strasbourg, who had fallen in love with De la Fontaine at Paris before his affair at Rouen, got a pass from the Marshal de Belleisle, and being introduced to the Duke of Berwick, obtained leave to see De la Fontaine.

On the following day, she again went to the duke, dressed in man's clothes, and begged to enter as a volunteer in the same regiment with De la Fontaine. Strange to say, she was indulged in the novelty of the humor. She went through the regular duties of a soldier, to be near her lover, but she did not long survive. The Winter following the campaign she died of the smallpox, leaving part of her fortune to the object of her affections.

The Duke of Berwick being killed at Philipsburgh, De la Fontaine made the tour of Europe. Returning to Paris, he fought a duel with an officer, who being dangerously wounded, his antagonist repaired to Brest, and embarked as lieutenant of marines on board a vessel bound for Martinico.

The ship being taken by a Turkish corsair, was brought into Constantinople, where De la Fontaine was confined in a dungeon, and had only bread and water for sustenance. While in this situation, he was visited by another prisoner, who had more liberty than himself, and who advised him, as the French consul was then absent, to apply to a Scotch nobleman in the city, distinguished for his humane and generous feeling.

De la Fontaine sent a letter to the nobleman, who had no sooner read it than he hurried to the cells.

Having promised his interest to procure his enlargement, he went to the Grand Vizier, and pleaded so effectually, that De la Fontaine was released, and went immediately to thank the Vizier, who, in Turkish fashion, wished him lengthened happiness, and presented him with a sum of money. Hence the adventurer sailed to Amsterdam, where he embarked for the Dutch settlement of Curaçoa; but, finding the place unhealthy, he obtained the governor's permission to go to Surinam, where he continued above five years.

While in this place, the governor invited him to a ball, where one of the company was a widow lady of rank, of whom he determined, if possible, to make a conquest. Other officers having addressed the same lady, De la Fontaine was occasionally involved in difficulties on her account.

One of these officers having traduced him in his absence, he, on meeting him, bid him draw his sword, but the other refused, on which De la Fontaine struck him with a cane, and cut off one of his ears. On this he was seized and tried by a court-martial, but acquitted; the officer was degraded on account of the provocation he had given. De la Fontaine was treated with unusual marks of civility, and the governor bestowed on him a considerable tract of land, which he cultivated to great advantage; but the malice of his enemies was so restless, that they prevailed on one of his negro servants to mix a dose of poison in his food.

Unsuspecting of any villainy, he swallowed the poison, the consequence of which was, that he languished several months. The lady whom he courted, affected by his situation, gave way to melancholy, which brought on consumption that deprived her of life. After her death, De la Fontaine obtained the governor's permission to return to Europe, and lived for some time in a splendid manner at Amsterdam; but at length he determined to embark for England.

Having arrived in London, he took elegant lodgings, lived in the style of a gentleman, and made several showy connections.

Among his acquaintances was Zannier, a Venetian, who had been obliged to quit his own country on account of his irregularities. This man possessed such an artful address, that De la Fontaine welcomed him at all times to his table, and admitted him to a considerable share of confidence.

Zannier improved this advantage; for, contriving a scheme with an attorney and bailiff, he pretended to have been arrested for three hundred pounds, and prevailed on his new friend to bail him, on the assurance that he had a good estate in Ireland, and would pay the money before the return of the writ; but when the term arrived, De la Fontaine was compelled to discharge the debt, as Zannier was not forthcoming.

De la Fontaine's appearance as the fashionable stranger in London, was, at the time, one of the wonders of the season. He took all manner of means to increase the impression he made; on one occasion, there being a procession of freemasons, he dressed himself in the most superb manner, and joined them, his chariot being the most elegant of any in the train.

He had shouts of applause from the spectators. Among them, the daughter of an alderman had her curiosity so much excited, that she caused inquiry to be made who he was; and on the following day sent him a letter, intimating that she should be at a ball at Richmond, where he might have an opportunity of dancing with her.

He did not hesitate to go; and, when the ball was ended, he received an invitation to dine with the young lady on the following day at her father's house. He attended accordingly; but the father, having learned his character, insisted that she should decline his visits. He soon, however, got over his disappointment by wedding a widow of considerable wealth; but his taste for extravagance rendered these riches unequal to his support.

Unfortunately, at this juncture, he again fell in with Zannier, who came to him begging his forgiveness for obliging him to pay the debt. De la Fontaine too easily complied, and once more considered him as a friend; this led to his ruin, for the Venetian sought him to victimize him again. The scheme he put in force was this:

Zannier induced De la Fontaine to go to a tavern, where they met with a woman whom the latter had formerly known, and a man who was dressed in black. While De la Fontaine was conversing with the woman, the stranger (who afterward appeared to be a Fleet parson) read the marriage ceremony from a book which he held in his hand; and the next week De la Fontaine was apprehended on a charge of bigamy, and committed for trial at the Old Bailey.

Zannier visited him in Newgate, and proposed for a sum of money to secure his acquittal. De la Fontaine was so enraged at this perfidy, that he on the instant beat Zannier with such severity that the turnkey was obliged to interpose to prevent murder. In revenge of this, Zannier laid an information on oath against De la Fontaine for forgery, in imitating the handwriting of a gentleman named Parry; in consequence of which De la Fontaine was brought to his trial and capitally convicted, though a gentleman swore that the writing resembled that of Zannier, and there was too much reason to believe the latter committed the forgery.

On the evidence adduced, the jury found De la Fontaine guilty; the court sentenced him to death, and the day was appointed for his execution.

His innocence was, however, so loudly urged by himself and his friends, that he was respited; this was from time to time continued, during five years, when he was pardoned on condition of transportation. His not being able to clearly show his total innocence from guilt prevented the Government from doing more for him. In September, 1752, with many other convicts, he was shipped to the English colony of Virginia, in America.

HIRSCHAU ABBEY.

The visitor to the mountains of Southern Germany will not have far to seek for traces of former days; they have left monuments enough behind them which only await a candid student to examine their silent testimony. He cannot travel many leagues, especially in the outer range of mountains, without seeing some lordly castle frowning down upon him from a lofty peak, or the towers and gables of some strong but hospitable convent or monastery inviting him to enter; and again and again the ruins of one or the other will remind him of the instability of all things here below, and show him that those empires which appear most firmly established, are in reality built upon ever-shifting sand, which is gradually but imperceptibly passing away from beneath them. Castles and convents were formerly the distinctive and most prominent features of mountain scenery and of the surrounding country.

It was, indeed, a grand conception to people deserted and all but uninhabited districts with these colonies; for, fertilized by the industry of the monks, the land became fruitful, and brought forth abundantly. Towns and villages clustered round the convents; and if the latter assumed authority over the people of the country, it was but in obedience to that natural law which gives the creator power over the created. The inroads of the Huns, it is true, laid waste the land; but, like vigorous roots which have remained uninjured far beneath the surface of the earth, the monastic institutions sprang up afresh and grew apace, until, at last, their shadow positively darkened the land which gave them birth. But the ax was laid at the root of the tree in the unwisely precipitate suppression of monasteries in 1803; the confiscation of property cut off the supply of sap from the roots; and of the many rich convents which gave the name of Pfaffenwinkel (priest's corner) to the lands on the Isar and Loisach, nothing remains but the bare trunks stripped of their branches and leaves. Of the buildings once peopled by the monks, some enjoy a prolonged existence as breweries, like Polling or Ettal; some are empty and deserted, like Schlehdorf; others, such as Benedictbeuern — where Frauenhof, the optician, made his grand experiments and discoveries—are converted to totally different purposes, as stables or barracks. A few still retain something of a monastic character; for at Beuerberg, Frauenwörth, Dietramszell, etc., nuns have set up schools for girls. Others, again, like Bernried, are the country-seats of noblemen; and a few are the resorts of princely leisure, such as the charming Tegernsee, where Maximilian Joseph, the first King of Bavaria, held his splendid but simple and hospitable court; where Werinher, the famous illuminator, lived, and Walter von der Vogelwaide was entertained as a guest.

The convents had their day and fulfilled their mission; now they have passed away like the secular institutions of the knights.

Of these ruined abbeys of the past, none, perhaps, is more picturesque and lovely than that at Hirschau, in a beautifully secluded spot on the Nagold, not far from Stuttgart. The abbey, with its church, dedicated to St. Peter, and the knightly castle that towered not far from them, were all destroyed by the French under Melac, in the war of the Palatinate, in 1692.

BEES AND THEIR FOLK-LORE.

By T. F. Thiselton Dyer.

From the very earliest times the bee has been the subject of special interest, being supposed to possess a certain amount of understanding or instinct unshared by the rest of the animal world. Indeed, it appears that our forefathers placed this favored little being in the scale of creation immediately after man, attributing to it a portion of the "divine mind." Hence a degree of deference has generally been paid to it, which would scarcely be offered to beings endowed with only ordinary instinct. The ancients also believed that there existed a mysterious connection between bees and human souls; and there are various legends on record in which the soul is represented as issuing from the body in the form of a bee. As might be expected, therefore, numerous superstitions have clustered round this highly useful insect, and in many a country place it is regarded almost with feelings of veneration. This can only be accounted for on the supposition that through its extraordinary instinct it is able to take cognizance of things which otherwise it could not do. In the present paper, then, it is proposed to give a brief outline of the extensive folk-lore associated with the bee, showing in how many ways it has given rise to superstitious fancies and curious customs.

In allusion to their swarming we find various odd ideas, some of which may be traced back to a remote period. Thus a popular proverb reminds us of the relative value of a swarm in different months:

"A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a butterfly."

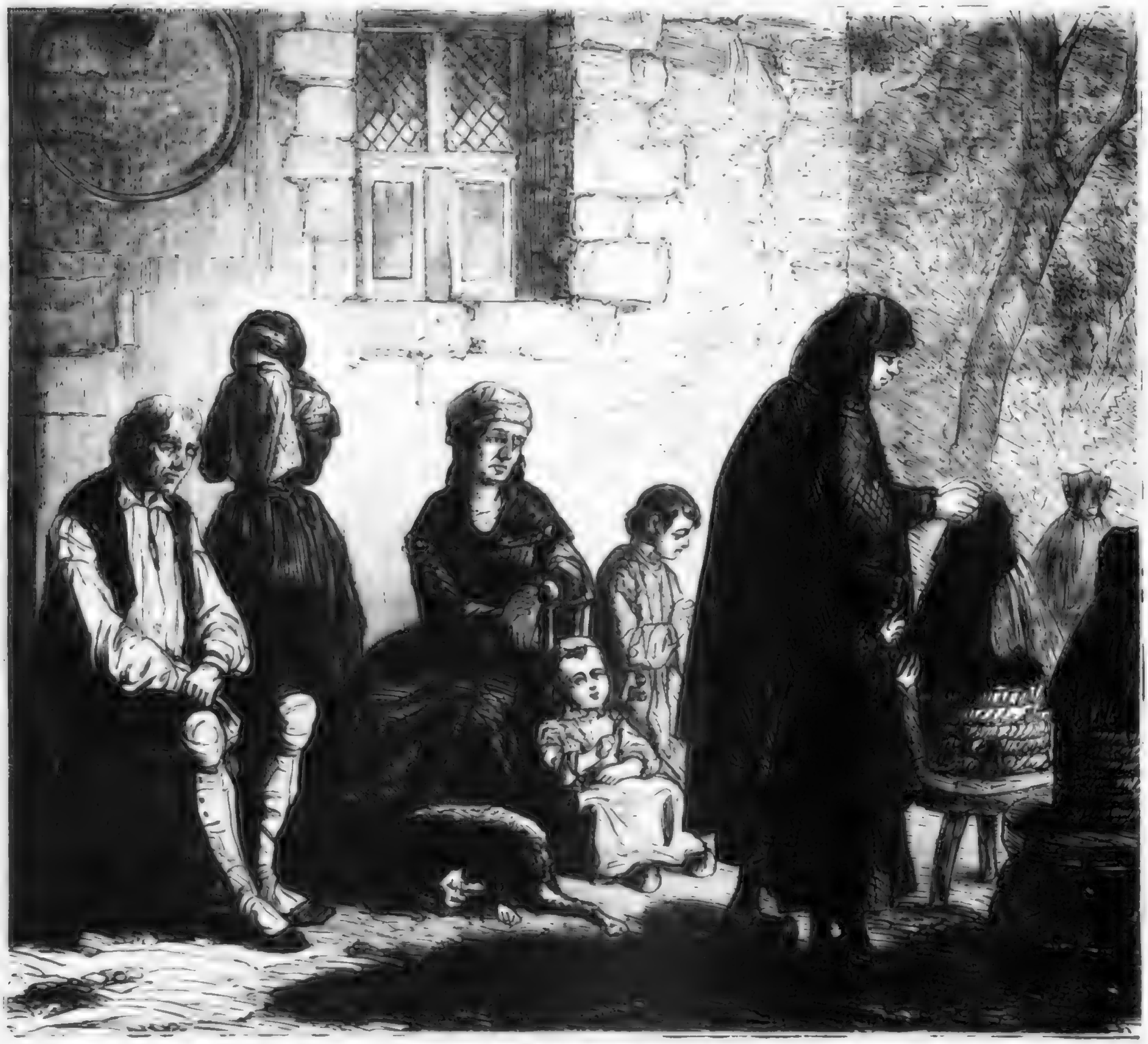
And old Tusser, in his "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," says:

"Take heed to thy bees that are ready to swarm;
The loss thereof is a crown's worth of harm."

In Sussex, it is considered as a sign of a death in a family if bees in the act of swarming make choice of a dead hedge-stake for their settling-place. A similar superstition prevails in Norfolk, should they swarm on rotten wood, or a dead tree—a notion thus alluded to by Gay:

"Swarmed on a rotten stick, the bees I spied,
Which erst I saw when Goody Dobson died."

In many places it is considered especially lucky when a strange swarm settles in one's garden, such a circumstance being thought to foretell either wealth or prosperity of some kind. In Suffolk, however, it is regarded just as unlucky, and the following occurrence is a curious



PUTTING THE HIVES IN MOURNING.

illustration of the alarm which this piece of superstition occasionally produces:

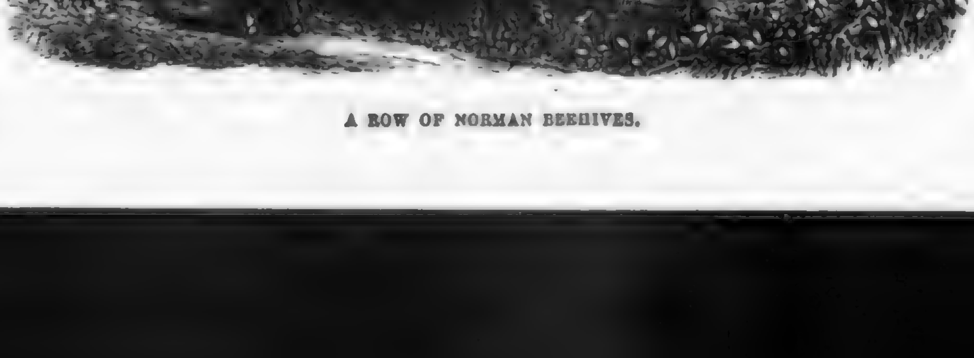
"Going to my father's house," says the writer, "I found the household in a state of excitement, as a stray swarm of bees had settled on the pump. A hive had been procured, and the coachman and I hived them securely. After this had been done, I was saying that they might think themselves fortunate in getting a hive of bees so cheap: but I found that this was not agreed to by all, for one man employed about the premises looked very grave and shook his head. On my asking him what was the matter, he told me in a solemn tone that people *did* say that if a swarm of bees came to a house and were not claimed by their owner, there would be a death in the family within the year. As it turned out, there was a death in my house, though not in my father's, about seven months afterward, and I have no doubt but that this was taken as a fulfillment of the portent."

In the "Report of the Devonshire Association," (1876, viii. 51), the following anecdote is related as having happened in the neighborhood of North Bovey:

"'All of 'em dead, sir—all the thirteen. What a pity it is!'

"'What's a pity, Mrs. ——? Who's dead?'

"'The bees, to be sure, sir. Mrs. Blank, when she buried her husband, forgot to give the bees a bit of mourning, and now, sir, all the bees be dead, though the hives be



A ROW OF NORMAN BEEHIVES.

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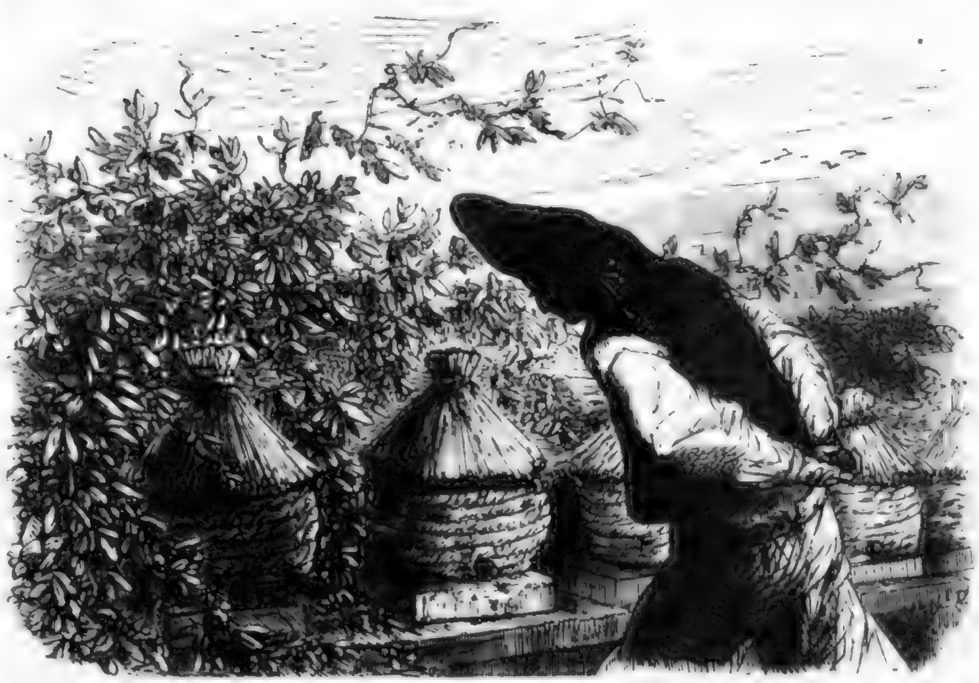
pretty nigh full of honey. What a pity 'tis folks will be so forgetful!'

"Mrs. —— continued to explain that whenever the owner or part-owner of a hive died, it was requisite to place little bits of black stuff on the hive; otherwise the bees would follow the example of their owne

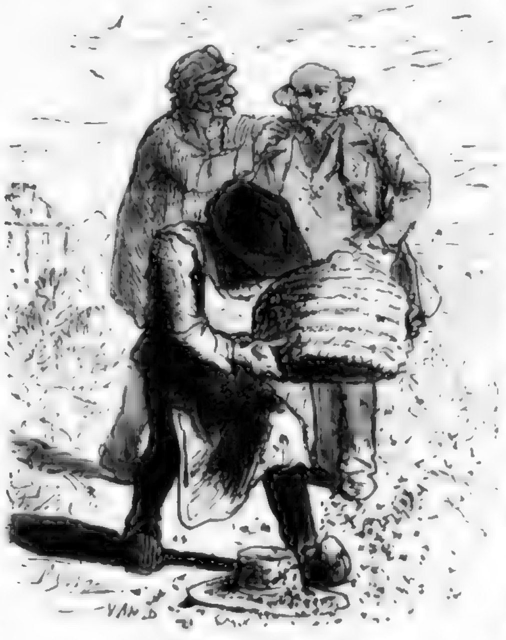
"Mrs. ——'s husband, who listened while this scrap of folk-lore was being communicated by his wife, now added:

"'My wife, sir, be always talking a lot of nonsense, sir; but this about the bees is true, for I've seed it myself.'"


GOING TO TURN THE HIVES.

This custom of putting the hives in mourning is very common, and is strictly adhered to, from an apprehension of its omission being attended with fatal consequences. At Cherry-Burton, on a death in the family, a scarf of black crape is applied to each hive on the occasion of the funeral, and pounded funeral biscuit soaked in wine is placed at the entrance to the hive.

"A neighbor of mine," says a writer, "bought a hive of bees at an auction of the goods of a farmer who had recently died. The bees seemed very sickly, and not likely to thrive, when my neighbor's servant bethought him that they had never been put in mourning for their late master. On this he got a piece of crape and tied it to a stick, which we fastened to the hive. After this the bees recovered, and when I saw them they were in a very flourishing state—a result which was unhesitatingly attributed to their having been put in mourning."


HIVING THE BEES.

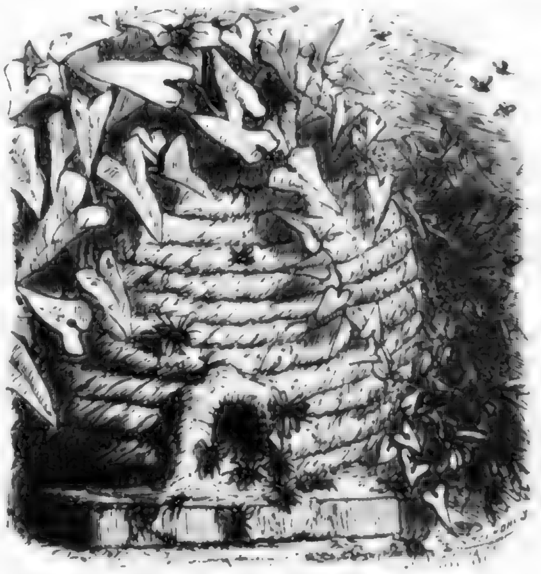
A curious superstitious custom formerly prevailed in Devonshire, of turning round the bee-hives that belonged to the deceased—if he had any—at the moment the corpse was carried out of the house.

Some years ago, at the funeral of a rich old farmer, a painful circumstance occurred. Just as the corpse was placed in the hearse, and the visitors (a large number) were arranged in order for the procession of the funeral, a person called out, "Turn the bees!" A servant who had no knowledge of such a custom, instead of turning the hives round, lifted them up, and then laid them down on their sides. The bees, thus suddenly invaded, instantly attacked and fastened on the visitors. It was in vain they tried to escape, for the bees precipitately followed, and left their stings as marks of their indignation. A general confusion took place, and it was some time before the friends of the deceased could be rallied together to proceed to the interment.

Another writer says an old blacksmith in Cheshire lamented to him the ill-success that had attended his bee-keeping ever since the death of his wife, which he attributed to his having neglected to turn the hives round when that event happened.

In Germany the same superstitious fancies prevail, for not only is the sad message given to every bee-hive in the garden and every beast in the stall, but every sack of corn must be touched and everything in the house shaken, that they may know the master is gone.

Again, in some localities bees are invited to funerals, and a formal invitation is even sent to them. At Bradfield, a primitive little village on the edge of the moors, in the parish of Ecclesfield, this custom has been kept up from time immemorial. Among other superstitions relating to a sympathy between bees and their owners, there is a popular belief in Cumberland that when the former die their owner will soon do likewise. There is also a vulgar notion that when bees remove or go away from their hives


AN OLD-TIME BEEHIVE.

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the owner of them will soon die. In Northamptonshire the entrance of the wild or humble-bee into a house is deemed a certain sign of death; and a Welsh belief informs us that a short time previous to the death of the owner of bees, the bees themselves will die without any apparent cause.

Death, however, is not the only event in human life communicated to bees—that more joyous one, marriage, being also announced to them. Thus, in many country places it is said that not only do bees expect to be informed of every wedding, but to have their hives decorated with a wedding-festoon. In Lincolnshire it is even customary to present a piece of wedding-cake to the bees, for fear of their becoming irate and stinging every one within their reach. The same practice exists on the Continent; and in Lower Brittany, whenever a marriage takes place, the beehives are adorned with a piece of red cloth. It is believed that if the bees are not allowed to participate in the feelings of the family on such an occasion, they will take offense and desert the place.

There is, too, a great deal of weather-lore associated with bees. Thus, when many enter a hive and none leave it, rain is at hand. Hence the rhyme:

"If bees stay at home,
Rain will soon come;
If they fly away,
Fine will be the day."

Nothing, it has been remarked, can be more melancholy than the appearance of bees in wet weather. Some come to the mouth of the hive, as if to view the passing clouds; and others, who are tempted to quit the hive, return to it with great difficulty. A sunshiny day in May is their delight, and it is then that bees seem most active on the wing. Wilsford, in his "Nature's Secrets," tells us: "Bees in fair weather, not wandering far from their hives, presage the approach of some stormy weather." There is an old proverb which says, "A bee was never caught in a shower."

In the North of England the peasantry have an idea that the bees commemorate the Nativity by making a humming noise on Christmas Eve. Mr. Henderson, alluding to this superstition, writes: "A man of the name of Murray died about the age of ninety, in the parish of Earsdon, Northumberland. He said that on Christmas Eve the bees assemble and hum a Christmas hymn, and that his mother had distinctly heard them do this on one occasion when she had gone out to listen for her husband's return." In Cornwall, it is said that to remove bees on any day but Good Friday would most certainly insure their death.

There are countless other items of folk-lore connected with bees, to which we can only briefly allude. Thus, for instance, they are said to love children, and to show their affection by not stinging them. When they make their nest on the roof of a house, it is a common notion that none of the girls within it will marry. When bees sting, it is by many regarded as a sign of bad luck, and is supposed to indicate crosses and difficulties. In Lancashire, dreaming of bees is counted fortunate:

"Happy the man who, dreaming, sees
The little humble busy bees
Fly humming round their hive."

KINDNESS is stowed away in the heart like rose-leaves in a drawer, to sweeten every object around them, and to bring hope to the weary-hearted.

DOMESTIC rule is founded upon truth and love. If it has not both of these it is nothing better than a despotism.

FIRST TIME AT CHURCH.

A GRAVE sweet wonder in thy baby face,
And look of mingled dignity and grace,
Such as a painter hand might love to trace.

A pair of trusting innocent blue eyes,
That higher than the stained-glass windows rise,
Into the fair and cloudless Summer skies.

The people round her sing, "Above the sky
There's rest for little children when they die"—
To her—thus gazing up—that rest seems nigh.

The organ peals; she must not look around,
Although with wonderment her pulses bound—
The place whereon she stands is holy ground.

The sermon over, and the blessing said,
She bows—as "mother" does—her golden head;
And thinks of little sister who is dead.

She knows that now she dwells above the sky,
Where holy children enter when they die,
And prays God take her there, too, by-and-by.

Pet, may He keep you in the faith alway,
And bring you to that home for which you pray,
Where all shall have their child-hearts back one day

OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

"I HATE tall women," said Fred Alden to his cousin Maude, as he sat at her feet, this mild May evening, watching her crochet, and smiling up into her round and rather expressionless face.

Blanche Haliday, at work in her garden near them, heard this, through the rifts in her father's old stone wall, and trembled silently.

This craggy wall, with its ragged outlooks on her neighbor's grounds, had grown to be a source of torture to her, as through it she heard all sorts of things she was not intended to hear (she was hopelessly and undeniably tall), and saw all sorts of things she would rather not have seen. Through it and over it she looked out from her uncomfortable, poverty-stricken home upon comfort and elegance and beauty; upon fountains and arbors and rustic seats, made to while delicious Summer days upon; and at Fred Alden holding mild flirtations with his cousin Maude, who had a face and figure like one of the round pink-and-white shepherdesses cut in china on the mantel; light, fluffy hair, blue eyes, pink cheeks, a dear little dimpled chin, nestling down amid cloudy ruffles of *crêpe lisse* or *point-appliqué*; and soft, dimpled, chubby hands, idling with blue and lilac wools, so becoming to their whiteness.

Blanche, herself browned by sun and wind and weather, cast shy and angry looks at her from the beds she was weeding, and did not long so much for the beautiful home and wardrobe as for the love such things seem to bring with them.

She, at first, had liked to look at Fred, because he was so pleasant to look at; had liked to hear him talk, because he had such a genial way of speaking to every one—even Maude's father, who had the gout, and was, in every way, much like a hornet. At first she had loved him, slowly and imperceptibly, then fondly and anxiously, then tenderly and absorbingly—getting, at last, into such a mad passion over him, that she envied Cousin Maude one touch of his hand, one glance of his careless eyes.

Fred, being a rising young man, full of fine and youthful notions, regarded the Halidays' thriftless, untidy home with supreme dissatisfaction.

Blanche's father, a weak, incompetent man, always failing in all his effortless ways, left his family to get along the best way they could, and was never certain to be on hand, only at meal times, which, so they were on time, it never occurred to him from what source they were procured.

Blanche, having tried many ways of earning her living—and having gone poor and shabby so many years, she had dropped out of society altogether—at last hit upon the idea of taking and cultivating the large waste plot of land back of the house, and with some help as to the spading and grubbing, she hoed and weeded and pruned all through the Spring and Summer, raising berries, flowers and vegetables, and keeping the family free from starvation by the sales of her hard-earned products.

She worked away with untiring zeal from the time the morning began to grow pink till the moon shone, having the satisfaction of seeing her mother's face a little less careworn, and her little brothers sent to school, clad something near like the other children.

Her pretty elder sister early escaped the difficulties of an uncomfortable, shabby home by marrying a wealthy suitor. Blanche would have fain done likewise, but, not being pretty or attractive, had no lovers, and was obliged to fall back on her own resources.

It is not disheartening work to watch thrifty flowers and vegetables growing under one's own care, and Blanche had shot up like a reed, tall and healthy, with a pleasant, mild face, in a framing of soft brown hair, with eager, nervous hands that must work and grasp at something higher than herself, and beseeching, loving ways.

Eavesdroppers never hear any good of themselves, so Blanche, innocently playing the *rôle* of one, with her head down among the weeds, was often entertained by such colloquies as these:

"There's old Haliday coming up the walk, as drunk as a fool."

This from Maude's father, settling himself for his after-dinner nap, in his arm-chair on the porch.

"Did you ever see such a scarecrow as that Blanche Haliday is getting to be?" said Fred.

This from Maude:

"I thought you used to like her looks, Fred?"

"So I did; but why is the girl eternally delving in that old garden, making a regular man of herself. Why don't she teach school?"

Here Blanche wipes away a bitter tear. Hasn't she aspired for years to one of the town schools? and were not the board strong democrats? and her father, always on the opposite side of everything, had each time taken his daughter's fate in his hands, and gone shaking his liberal views in their faces, and ranting against democracy, till the board declared "Old Haliday's daughter might starve for all the school they would give her, for some folks would be poor and contrary anyway." And so she might, had she not thought of the old garden.

I, from my old-maid attic, whose window looked out above both gardens, of the Halidays and the Aldens, often saw Blanche wince and scringe under these ordeals; but I also saw that, for all Fred thought hers such manly employment, and for all his hatred of tall women, he often came and hung over the wall, and talked with her, and there was a kindlier tone in his voice than he used even to little Maude, and a sort of kindredness of spirit seemed to be between them; and Blanche confided to him all the secrets of her garden and her aspirations for the children, and began to flatter herself that her love was partially returned, though an occasional pang of jealousy troubled her when she saw him walking with Maude on the terraces, evenings, hanging over Maude and her piano, and riding with Maude on the blessed, sunshiny afternoons, when she was out thinning the lettuce and radishes.

One hot June afternoon Blanche was transplanting cabbages, while all the world lay white and gasping with the dust and heat.

Old Mr. Alden had gone off to sleep, with his handkerchief over his head to keep off the gnats; Fred was in the doorway, with a palm-leaf fan, talking to Maude, who was shaking out a snowy satin dress, with puffing of tulle looped up with orange-blossoms.

"How do you like it, Fred?" she was saying, enthusiastically. "Is it not exquisite? Do you like puffed waists on any one so short as I? and tell me how you like this sash? You ought to be the judge, you know, as this is my wedding-dress."

"I shall never get any higher than cabbages," said Blanche to herself, after the first regretful pang; and she cried a little, in the shadow of the stony-hearted wall, which, nevertheless, remained deep and callous to all her pain.

After this she watched the further preparations with a stoical indifference pathetic to see.

Dress after dress came home for Maude; Fred's new suit came, too, with his white vest and gloves; the house began to be decorated and embellished in more than usual grandeur; a new corps of negro servants came, as well as the bride's cake and part of the silver.

Blanche avoided Fred now in every way, and never spoke to him but once after she saw the preparations for the wedding; this was one day when she was weeding the onion-bed, and watering it with her tears.

"What are you cultivating now, Miss Blanche?" called Fred, from the other side.

"*Forget-me-nots*," said Blanche, shortly, and ran into the house rapidly, to hide her swollen eyes.

The wedding festivities went on, and there was not an hour in which something new and delightful did not make its appearance for the eventful day.

A few days previous Maude's rich uncle arrived, a pursy, important old gentleman, "with a forehead going benevolently around to look for the back of his head," and Blanche saw him presenting Maude with a set of diamonds, glittering like gathered dew in their velvet cases.

The wedding guests had all assembled, and Blanche could catch but faint glimpses of the gorgeousness within, as she sat on the broken steps of her back porch, stroking her old pussy's head disconsolately, and seeing lovely forms dimly through the drawn curtains swaying to and fro, to the melody of the Strauss waltzes, and hearing the lighted carriages roll away down the moonlit drive on the bridal journey, with light tinkles of laughter intermingled with manly tones, and went to bed with a dismal ache at her heart, and rose next morning to her work with a very haggard air.

She was not one to waste her life in sighs over any needless, unattainable thing, and she schooled herself to think it wrong to care for him now; yet she could not help her thoughts, and went about with a wretched heart through all the bright August and September days.

People with the best of intentions to do so cannot very well die of love, with a mother and five small, ragged, half-savage, and very healthy brothers to support, and though Blanche's life was a burden to her, and she took up her daily cares with lagging feet, yet she remained the same healthy girl as ever, though she missed Fred in the dawning, in the bright noondays, in the fading August afternoons, and when she saw the leaves falling her heart went down with them.

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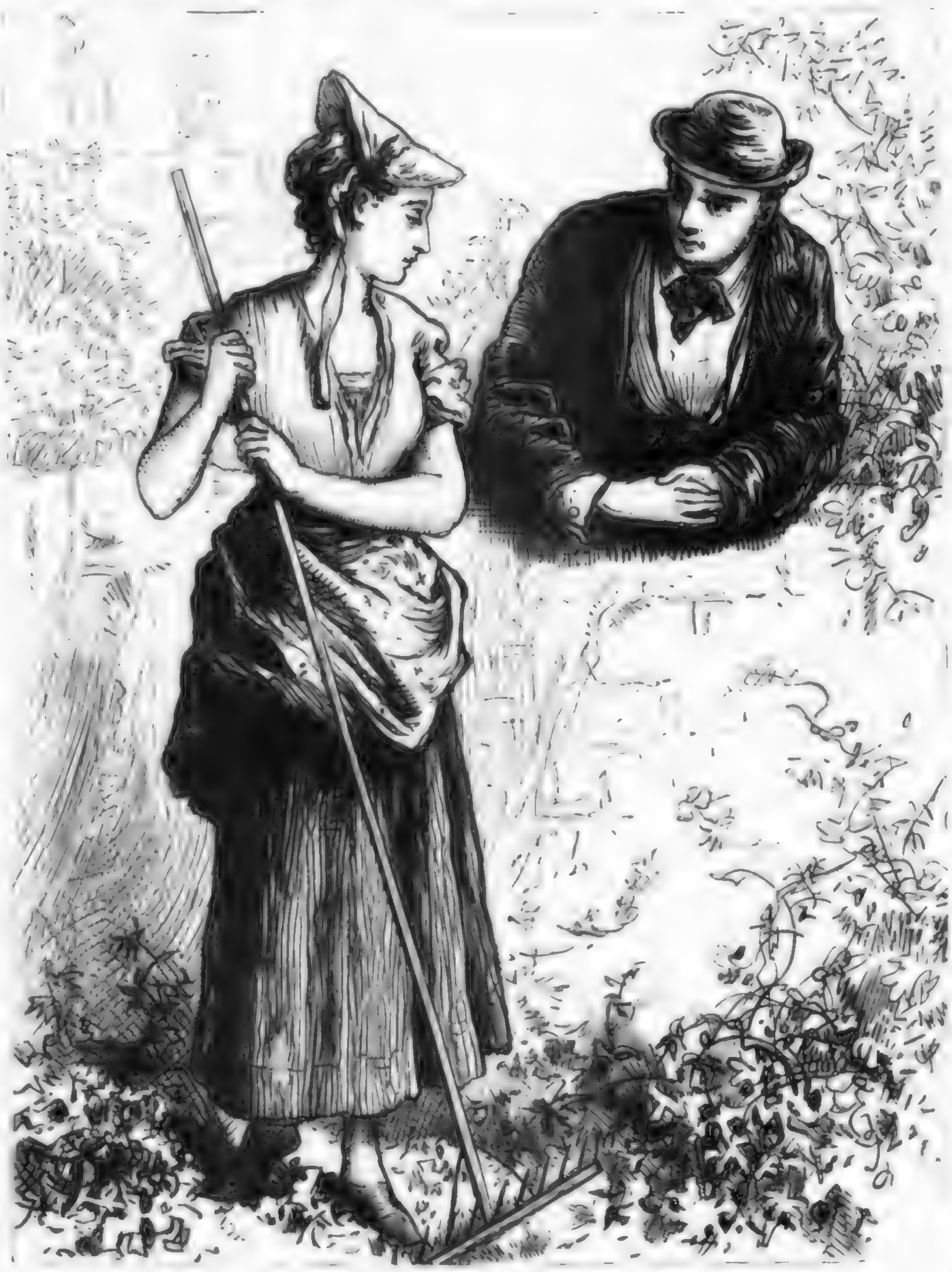
The wedding-trip to Niagara and Lake George was prolonged till late in the Fall, and the leaves lay in brown and yellow heaps in Blanche's garden when she saw them return—Maude, lovelier than ever in her ashes-of-roses traveling-dress; Fred, distrait and weary-looking, as if he had been out in a sour and uncomfortable world, and reciprocated its feeling. And the old uncle had come back, too, with his gold-headed cane, his natty gloves, his fat, pudgy little figure and shining silk hat; and Blanche stood looking at them with sad eyes from her post behind the crazy wall.

The next day, I saw Fred go down the walk and lean over his neighbor's wall. Blanche Haliday came out just then, with her rake, a sorry-looking figure in her shrunk calico and garden hat; a flush came into her brown cheeks at the sight of the individual over the wall, and she began to rake away spitefully, making valiant attacks on the shriveled earth and dry leaves.

"Why, are you not going to speak to me, Blanche, when I have been away so long?"

Blanche came a few steps forward, and stood leaning on her rake, looking sadly down on her little strawberry bed.



OVER THE GARDEN WALL.—"BLANCHE CAME A FEW STEPS FORWARD, AND STOOD LEANING ON HER RAKE, LOOKING SADLY DOWN ON HER STRAWBERRY-BED."

"How thin you have grown, Blanche! You have been working too hard, and you do not know how I have missed you since I have been away, or how lonely I have been."

Blanche trembled violently. Was this the right sort of talk for her to hear, or to expect, from a young and happy bridegroom? And yet, with all her good resolves, and wicked as it was, she would fain have laid her head down on this married man's shoulder and wept her life away.

"I tried to speak to you before I went away," he continued, "but some way you always avoided me; and since Maude married that old fossil"—with a gesture toward the window where the supposed uncle's bald head and daily paper were comfortably rocking back and forth—"I have been banging all over the country on their senseless wedding-tour."

"And are *you*—not—married—to Maude?"

Blanche dropped the words out slowly, as if she were paralyzed, while Fred smiled a curious little smile.

"Provided I wished to marry my own cousin, there would be very little hope for a young man on a salary, when such old coveys as he come courting with their bank-checks and diamonds."

He had now climbed the wall, and was sitting on the top of it, and Blanche, as if in assertion of woman's rights, was standing beside him.

It is anything but a romantic day for courtship. The first snow-flakes are coming crookedly down upon the garden, and a leaden November sky is hanging low above it, as I hear these words from the top of the garden-wall:

"Blanche, I love you."

My old-maid ears are getting deafened by the wintry wind, but I hear something like a sob from Blanche, and an "Oh, Fred, I'm so glad!" and I go in the house with the tears in my eyes over this tender little episode, glad that I shall see again the beauty of happiness in her soft, pathetic fe

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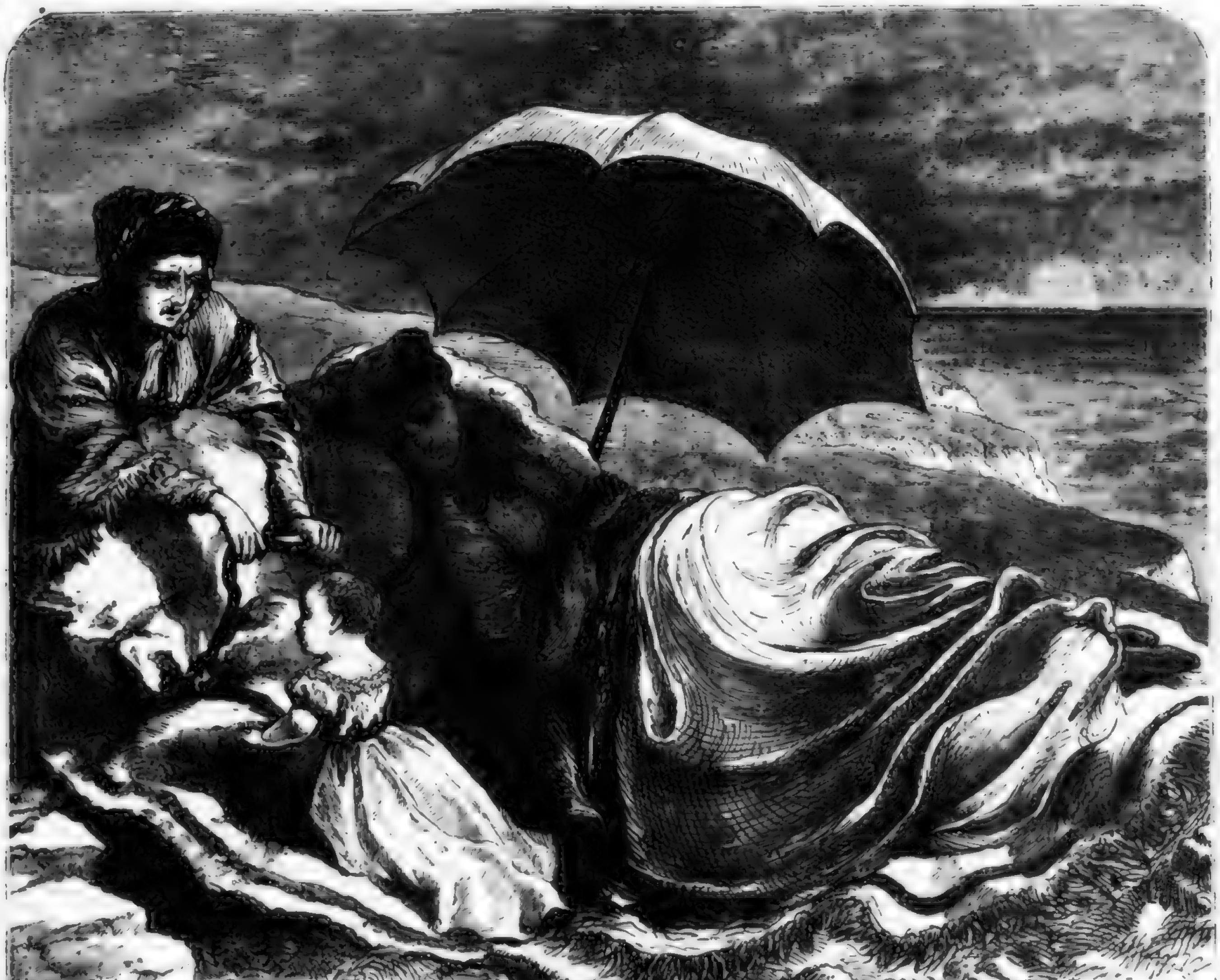
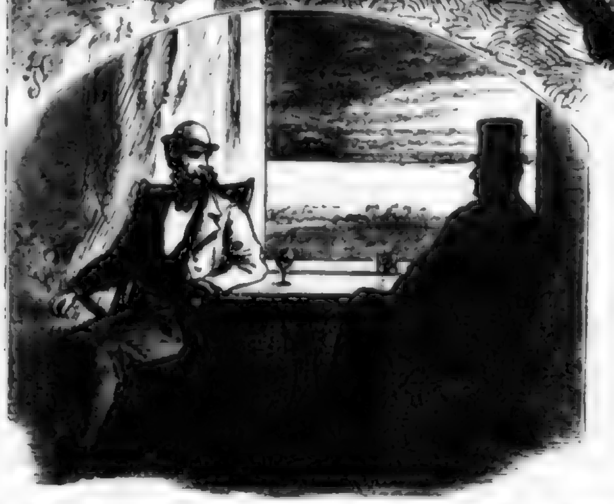
CHILDREN were entirely unprotected by law in ancient Greece. Parents might dispose of them absolutely, and girls were consequently very often made away with to save the expense of bringing them up. When a child was born it was customary to hang up a wreath of olive over the house-door if it was a boy, and a fillet of wool if a girl had entered the world.



A MYSTERY SOLVED AT LAST.—"I SAW A LITTLE BABY, WITH A LADY LYING FAST ASLEEP CLOSE BY. THE WICKED THOUGHT CAME INTO MY HEAD THAT I WOULD STEAL IT, AND I CUT THE LEATHER."



A MYSTERY SOLVED AT LAST.—"'REALLY,' HE SAID, 'YOU ARE MAKING A VERY MYSTERIOUS STORY OF IT.'"

A MYSTERY SOLVED AT LAST.

I LIVE in a spot which has grown up to be a great watering-place. In fact, I was born and have always lived there. Before it grew famous we were a quiet little village, lying all below there along the banks of the river, owning a few small vessels, but living chiefly by fishing. On these cliffs there was not a brick laid; it was a heath-grown common, with fields beyond, and one walk near the cliff's edge, leading to the few houses in the next bay. Our village was then scarcely known beyond a circuit—or semi-circle I should say, rather, for seamen from all parts knew our lighthouse pretty well—of a dozen miles, but still a stray visitor would come now and then for sea-air.

There was then a neat, roomy cottage standing—indeed, it stands now, but has developed a shop-front—about half-way up the ascent to the cliff, and inhabited by an elderly man, named Parkes, a retired custom-house officer, and his niece. They let lodgings, and at the beginning of the Summer of 183- (I forget the exact year), they took in a young couple, with a child and nursemaid. I can describe them all to you, for at that date visitors were stared at almost as much as the first Spaniard in Peru, and I had my native share of curiosity. The wife was tall and slightly made, light-haired, blue-eyed. She was evidently not in strong health, for she walked slowly, always leaning on her husband's arm, and looked, unless when turning to him or to the child, languid and dejected. He was a strongly-built, active man, with a set, resolute face, and dark, quick, watchful eyes. The child I scarcely noticed so minutely, but I was even then judge enough of babies to pronounce it a little more than a year old.

Regularly as the mornings came—it was bright June weather—he took her and the child slowly up the hill to the top of the cliff, to a spot overlooking the sea, and there they spent their forenoon, he reading or playing with the child, while she lay asleep, or at least at rest, amongst the shawls and cushions. These he took up each morning, strapped behind him like a knapsack, to leave his arm free to carry the child. It was evident that he had brought her down to our breezy coast for air and sunshine, and more than a few amongst us, though they spoke to no one, were beginning to watch with something of friendly interest for the signs in her of returning strength.

Now comes the sad part of my story.

When they had been here about three weeks, they went one morning, as usual, to the camping-ground on the heath. In about half an hour the husband returned, looked in at the cottage for a moment (his movements on that morning were afterward diligently traced), and went on to the post-office. He was seen shortly after returning up the path to rejoin his wife, reading his letters as he went, walking slowly and stopping often. He was then lost sight of for an interval of rather less than half an hour. At the end of that time he walked hurriedly into the cottage, carrying what looked like his customary load of shawls and cushions, mounted quickly to his bedroom, issued thence immediately in search of the nursemaid, and told her in few words that she must pack her box at once, and be ready to start home by the midday coach; that she was to get the house ready, and he would be there the next day with his wife and the child. Her box was ready, standing in the hall, and with it a small portmanteau, which he had packed in the meantime for her to take with her. He went for a porter, hurried him back, helped him with his weight, and the three were at the garden gate.

The piteous scene which followed was described to me by old Mr. Parkes, whom the bustle had brought out to the door.

The wife, looking scared and anxious, reached the gate as they were leaving it. Before she could speak, the husband reeled back as if he had been heavily struck, covered his face with his hands, and uttered a moan of pain. The next instant he had recovered himself, caught his wife as she was falling, carried her swiftly up the garden, and so to her room, the others looking on in mute wonder. A cry for water roused them. He took it at the door from their hands, shut himself into the room, and all was again silent.

An hour passed. A small crowd had gathered round the gate, and was again dispersed. It satisfied them that a lady had fainted, but was better. But the mind of the old custom-house officer was not so smoothly satisfied. He had noticed that the child was not amongst them, that a sudden flight with packages had been tried for, and that the failure of this design had been a heavy discomfiture to one, at least, of the party. To talk it over with the head constable seemed to him his instant duty, and he slipped quietly out by the back-door and did it. You can almost guess what followed. The husband was soon summoned from his room, and in a few minutes appeared, pale, but self-controlled. He gave up his keys, and turned to the window while the portmanteau was opened. In it was found the child, dead, and horribly battered in the head and face, and, of course, the father, without more delay than was needful, was arrested on the coroner's warrant.

It is long since all this happened, but I believe I recollect the minutest incidents. Not only were they discussed and sifted again and again amongst us wherever two men met, but I was on the jury, and was, therefore, called upon to give the closest attention to every fragment of evidence.

At the inquest the poor wife's deposition was read, as they dared not move her. It was a short and simple statement. Before her husband left her to go for his letters he had tethered the child to her waistband by two straps, by which he was used to carry up the shawls. This precaution he had thought necessary, because she often would fall asleep up there in the morning, either from weakness or from the effect of the opiates which she was constantly taking at this time, and he feared that the child, who was just able to crawl, might possibly stray to the edge of the cliff. She had fallen asleep, for how long she could not say, had found the child gone when she awoke, and the strap untied from her band, but saw at once pinned to her shawl a paper with a few words written by her husband in pencil, saying that he had taken the child home, and would return for her immediately. After waiting some little time, she began to feel anxious lest the child should be ill, and walked down by herself to the cottage.

The husband was, of course, examined in person. He was submissive and yet haughty in manner, alternately deferential and contemptuous. He looked, however, haggard and weak, like a man just shaking off a fever. He had a self-consistent story to offer, which he told in a low voice, with hands clinched, and eyes that never once moved. He had found, he said, when he reached his wife, the strap severed, and his own knife lying open on the turf a yard or more off. After a hasty look round he went at once to the edge of the cliff, and scrambled down by a rough path to the sea. He had seen something on the rocks below, which he thought might be his child, and found it there, mangled as we saw it.

For a few minutes he was paralyzed, but, roused by the need for instant action, seized it and rushed back up the cliff. As he reached the top he paused for one horrible moment, unnerved by the terror of the thought that his wife might die if her eyes should open on so fearful a sight. A thought came suddenly to his aid. Creeping stealthily toward her, he saw that he could trust to the soundness of her sleep. In a few seconds he had written the note, cut off from her band the remnant of the strap, seized a shawl lying near, and wrapping the child in it, was on his way to the cottage. It was better, he thought, to take her within, and break the news to her gradually there. But as he neared the cottage his purpose again changed; he shrank from the idea of being the talk of a strange place; perhaps, also—who could say?—a mark for some suspicion under circumstances, the mystery of which seemed then for the first time to strike him. He therefore rapidly resolved, if possible, to keep the child's fate secret until he could reach his own home. His mind, once set on this, soon found the plan. He would at once send home the nursemaid, and trust to finding some way to persuade his wife that it was necessary for him both to start the child off at once, and to follow with her the next day. The letters he had that morning received might easily be made to warrant the necessity for an instant return.

This was his account of himself, and by many it was forthwith believed. He declared himself willing to give the jury every opportunity of testing the truth of his statement, but the difficulty was to devise any test. Inquiry had been made about him in the town where he lived, and not only his general worth, but especially his kindness of nature, were so universally recognized that it was thought useless to take any special evidence on those heads. The only fact that seemed proved was that the child had been murdered. There were some of us on the jury—I confess that I was one of them—upon whom his attempt to smuggle the body away, together with his demeanor, both at the moment that his plan was frustrated and afterward at the inquest, had produced a very strong conviction of his guilt.

There was nothing left us, however, but to acquiesce in an open verdict, upon which he bowed gravely and retired. As soon as his wife could be moved he left our

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town, and, as we afterward learned, at once broke up his home and traveled. I didn't believe his story a bit——

"Yes, but," I interrupted, "it is barely possible, I suppose, that his account may have been true for all that. I plainly see that, even then, what you really must allow me to call your infirmity, prejudice, had set in, and that you were unable to do justice to an outer barbarian."

"Quite possible," he answered; "for it is plain that barbarians (as you seem to call yourselves) and I are two different races, born to suspect each other. I said I didn't believe it."

"I am sure," I broke in, "that I could frame a plausible account of the matter, which should bear out his story. Shall I try now and make a speech for the defense?"

"I think I would wait for the conclusion of the speech for the prosecution. However, as you please. I undertake beforehand to be able to discredit your plausible account. No account that you can invent will I receive as the true one."

"Then I won't waste invention. But would you mind taking me to the spot before I go to-morrow?"

He agreed to do so, merely smiling curiously at my rudeness. Accordingly, we went over the ground, saw the cottage, and the spot where the poor lady had lain asleep, and finally I went down the cliff to the rocks, down swiftly and up slowly, with a strange fantastic terror, as if I were carrying a murdered child back to its mother.

"It is true," I said, vehemently, "he came up there, as he said. He couldn't have forged that story; yours is prejudice invincible."

"I repeat," he said, slowly, "that I didn't believe it."

I then left the seaside, and went inland to the principal town of the county. As I was staring, a few days after, moodily into the rain out of the window of a coffee-room, my eye wandered to a signboard all but fronting me, bearing words which I had no doubt seen before, but then for the first time noticed, the "*Northshire Herald*, Established 1824."

The thought gradually suggested itself that I might find in a back number the full contemporary account of the events which were still constantly in my mind. At length I sent over my card to the editor, with a request that I might be allowed to refer to an early file of his paper, and was soon poring over the narrative in his back office.

I found that I had met in my Blackby friend a most faithful, if not an impartial, chronicler; but, besides, I learned from editorial comment and from correspondence shrewd and foolish, how intense had been the interest excited at the time. I read the afternoon away, and was passing out, when the editor himself walked in. With his courtesy to thank him for, I could scarcely escape abruptly, and naturally I told him what had been the object of my search.

"You know the sequel?" he asked.

"No; was it ever cleared up?"

He answered by reaching down the file of 1838, and turning rapidly over the leaves, I read:

"A Mystery Solved at Last.—Most of our readers will remember how, four years ago, public interest and curiosity was thrilled by a tragic circumstance that occurred on our coast at the thriving village of Blackby. We need scarcely say that we refer to the apparent murder of a child, under circumstances of the greatest mystery. It is gratifying to us to be able to state on indubitable authority that events have, during the last week, transpired that lift the cloud of suspicion which, in the minds of some, had condensed upon the fair name of a gentleman by whom the sacred ties of nature were erroneously conjectured to have been disregarded. To us it is doubly gratifying to recollect that, although in the interest of justice we opened our columns at the time, without fear or favor, to a free discussion of all sides of that painful question, yet we consistently" (they really had gone dead in against the poor man) "avowed our belief that slander would yet regret the envenomed darts which she then launched against the party in question. The facts which we have to announce are these."

Then followed a long narrative, the graceful flowing periods of which I shall take leave to clip.

A poor woman had been received into the hospital of that town, maimed by a falling weight having crushed her foot. She suffered intense pain, which was at length relieved by amputation. In the weakness that followed, she believed herself to be dying, and declaring that she had something weighty on her mind, begged for a clergyman to be sent to her. The chaplain took down, from her lips, in the presence of another gentleman, a confession of which this was the substance:

"About six years back I was married to a man who took to treating me ill, and I was very miserable. But after my child was born he began to use me better. He played a good deal with the little one, and that seemed to make him kinder to me. Four years back he went away from home in the Spring to look for work, and soon after he was gone the child was taken ill with convulsions. I sat up with it a week or more, and just as I thought it was coming round, it had a very bad fit, which frightened me so much that, weak as I was, I set off to Blackby along the cliff, to carry it to the doctor. As I was going, it died just in my arms; but I walked fast on, scarcely knowing what I did. All of a sudden I saw a little baby, just the size of my dead thing, picking at the grass, with a lady lying fast asleep close by. I stole up, and the wicked thought came into me that I would steal it, and leave my own there. When I saw it was tied I gave it up, but a knife lying open on the grass put the thought back again, and I cut the leather. I stood still, thinking whether I should do it, but the child held out its arms to me, so I picked it up. But I knew at once that they would come after me, and find it by its clothes, so I ran off with the two, and then I changed their things, and put the dead baby under a wall. I did not think about the poor lady, not till long after. Many's the night since that I've been awake all night, crying for thinking of her, but then I only thought of myself, and hoped my husband wouldn't come back before there was time for the child to grow a bit out of his mind. And then that made me think how the lady, when she came to wake, would know the other wasn't hers. And then I did what I can't die with. I shut my eyes and dropped a heavy stone on its poor little dead face, and then rolled the stone and it down the cliff. God forgive me! I've dreamed about it till I fancied I couldn't live another long day without telling somebody. But then I was afraid what would come to my husband if he ever knew; and he and I both always treated the child well, and it grew up strong, and didn't ever seem to miss anything. But I couldn't die without saying it; and you, gentlemen, must do what is right."

There is little more to tell. The woman recovered. The story was attested before a magistrate, and the child was restored.

I couldn't resist going back to Blackby. I really wished to convert my obstinate friend from an opinion, which I felt all along to be unfounded; but I wished still more to deal a killing thrust at his conceit. It was visitor on the side of visitor against inhabitant, and I determined not to spare him. I broke in upon him in the evening.

"Back again?"

"Yes."

And we were soon chatting discursively.

XUM

"By-the-way," I broke in, "I was right about the Blackby tragedy, after all."

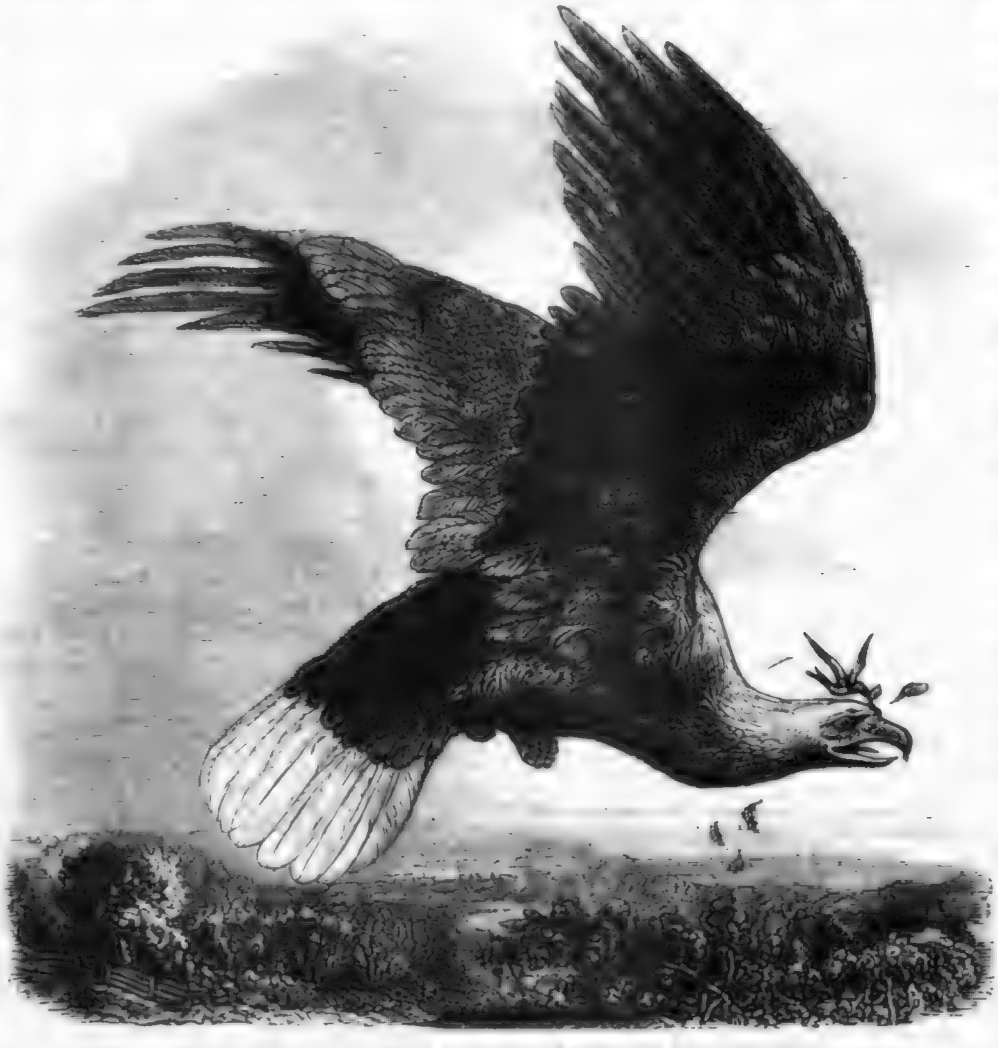
"After all the pains you took to go wrong?"

"It was all cleared up, as I said it could be. It was a woman who committed the murder, or, rather, there was no murder; but a woman had changed the children, and beaten in the head of the wrong one."

"Really," he said, "you are making a very mysterious story of it; give yourself time."

"I have cleared up all the mystery," I replied; and then I related to him the facts I had collected. "Now," I ended, "confess that once in your life—you were a young man then, I allow—you formed a hasty judgment. I told you that you were mistaken in thinking the man guilty."

"And I don't remember that I denied your conclusion. Now you have come back, I may as well finish a sentence you interrupted—you were a young man then, I allow—about a week ago. 'I didn't believe his story a bit,' I said, and was going to add, 'but it turned out afterward to be perfectly true.' At that poor woman's confession, the substance of which you have given very correctly, I was present with the chaplain; and I subsequently spent a month in searching for our former visitors, and restored to them their lost child. I was glad enough, I warrant it, to own to myself that a young man had formed a hasty judgment. Indeed, I have felt tender toward young, hasty judgments ever since, and never contradict them."



A STRANGE COMBAT—THE BALD EAGLE AND THE HUMMING-BIRD.

Now, no one can say that I didn't learn something at Blackby.

A STRANGE COMBAT—THE BALD EAGLE AND THE HUMMING-BIRD.

Reader, have you ever seen a cypress-swamp? If not, picture to yourself an impenetrable labyrinth of enormous trees, rising as thickly as they can grow from a bed of mud and slime and stagnant water. Here grow reeds ten feet high. Over them an ancient-looking gray moss hangs in tattered shreds of many feet in length, and in prodigious quantities, from leafless, lichen-covered limbs. Indescribable solitude and gloom brood over such places. The road winds among stagnant pools, swarming with alligators, and sluggish, shoreless, tan-colored creeks, crossed by high wooden bridges, so crazy and rotten that you may well think and speak better of them, having once crossed in safety.

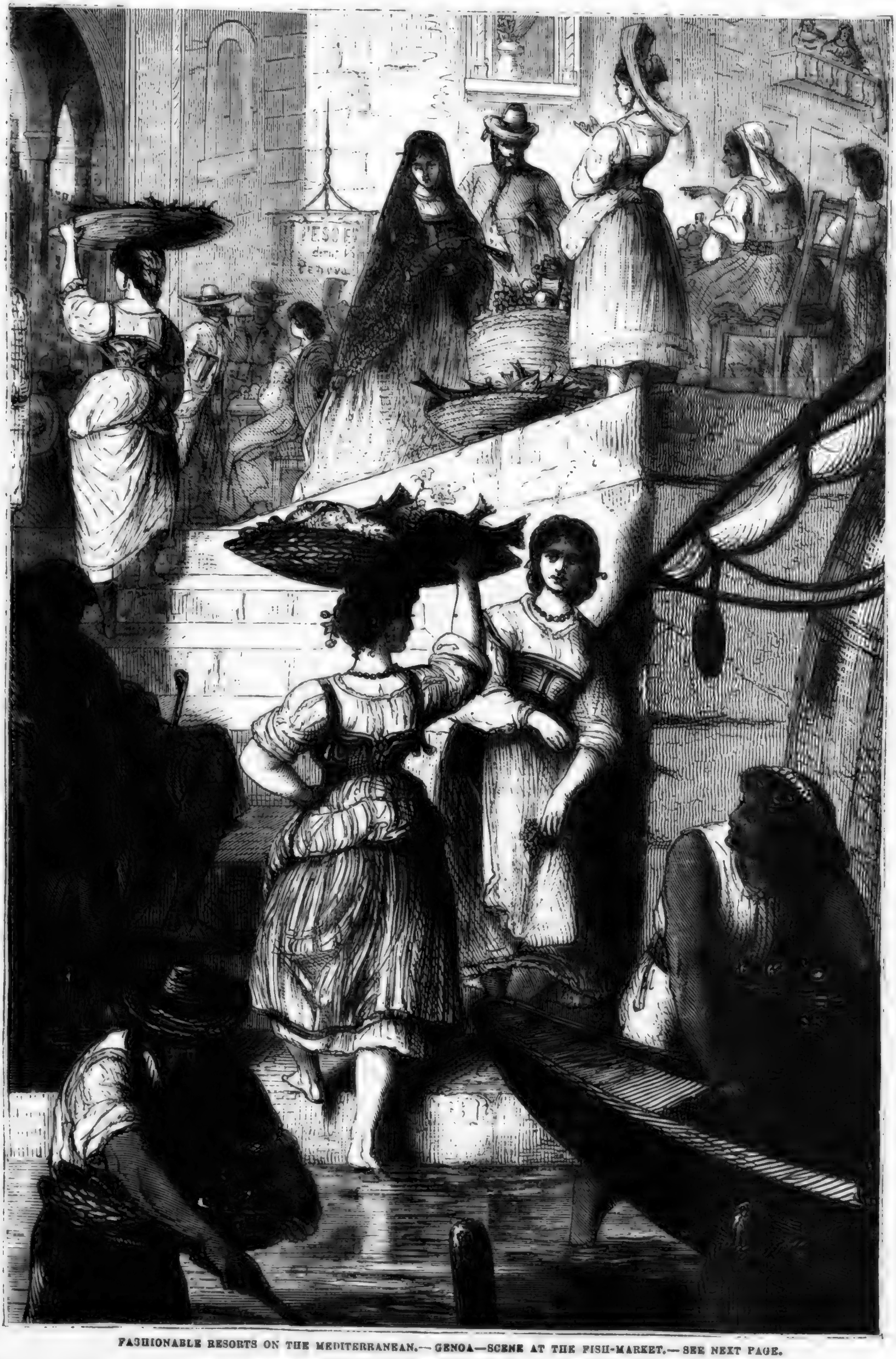
Where such a morass as this found a sudden termination in the swollen, turbid tide of the St. John's River, a single gigantic cypress, stripped of its leaves and lower branches, stood out in advance of all its fellows, and bore upon its topmost boughs a huge collection of sticks and rubbish, which I at once recognized as the aerie of the bald eagle. At first I feared to find the nest deserted, but toward night I was reassured by a loud snoring in the cypress, which, I was confident, could proceed from no bird or beast but the one of which I was in search. The next morning I had the good fortune to see him before he had taken flight. His mate rested a little below him, and as the morning light lit up his noble white crest, I could, with my glass, see the flashing of his keen eye and the muscular grip of his talons. He looked every inch a monarch, and I determined to leave no means untried to secure him for my collection.

I had planted my bait, which consisted of a calf I had found floating down the river among some driftwood, and towed behind a skiff, procured for the purpose, to the present spot. I had, I say, planted my bait over night, and I now went to take observations.

Stationing myself behind a thick clump of underbrush, I peeped out, and was disgusted to find my spread was being devoured by uninvited guests.

At least a baker's dozen of carrion crows (*Vultur atratus*) were hard at it, and I felt thoroughly convinced that before an hour had elapsed there would be as many more, and that in a comparatively short space of time my calf would be winging its way through space in fifty different directions. It was in vain to attempt to frighten them away, for they scarcely moved even when I came within a few feet of them, and when effectually disturbed they only flew far enough to be out of immediate reach, and returned and resumed their feast at the first opportunity.

I would remark here that these birds are generally called



FASHIONABLE RESORTS ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.—GENOA—SCENE AT THE FISH-MARKET.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

turkey-buzzards when met with in the streets of Charleston or Savannah, and carrion-crows in Florida. They are, however, properly speaking, neither the one nor the other, being essentially distinct from the turkey-buzzard, which they somewhat resemble, and belonging to the family of vultures and not of crows.

My anticipations with regard to the final destiny and distribution of my bait were fast being realized, and I indemnified myself for my disappointment as well as I could by watching the progress of my unbidden guests, as they gorged themselves at my expense.

The progress was rapid, but the manners were wanting. Such a greedy, selfish, gormandizing, voracious set of creatures I never saw, except, perhaps, among the politicians of my own race in their raids upon the public treasury, or the heirs of a rich man quarreling over his estate after his decease, to which class of persons I mentally compared them. In one respect, however, they fell short of their human prototypes. There was nothing vicious about them.

It is true they hissed, clawed and struck at each other with their powerful wings in their struggles for possession of some particularly filthy and delicious part of their common feast; but they never spared a moment or exerted a muscle for the gratification of mere spite, nor was the quarrel in any case carried further than necessary to determine the disposal of the morsel in dispute.

In curious contrast to this scene of repulsive greed and noisome banqueting, I noticed, on a hummock of decayed wood, where sufficient earth had lodged to give root to several land plants, a wild-rose bush, covered with beautiful flowers, among which darted, like a tiny flash of ruby-colored lightning, a humming-bird, now pausing in front of one flower with vibrating wings that seemed to change to pinions of mist, and then appearing in front of another, at some distance off, as if by magic, with scarcely a sense of interval or flight between the two.

As I lay upon a fallen cypress log enjoying this living illustrated page of natural history, I became conscious of a movement among the vultures, and to my astonishment I saw my bald eagle alight upon the carcase, while the vultures scattered in every direction, as the jackals are said to do in like instances when the four-footed monarch of the forest—the lion—makes his appearance.

After leisurely surveying his surroundings, fortunately without perceiving me, he proceeded, in utter defiance of old-fashioned popular ideas on the subject which represent the eagle as rejecting all prey not killed by itself, to satisfy his imperial hunger with ignoble flesh. After observing him for a while, I carefully sighted my rifle, which I had already placed in position, and was about to fire, when the most astonishing and unexpected event occurred which it is possible to conceive. The little ruby-throat, which had already attracted my notice, flew at the great bird with the utmost fury, and to my utter astonishment commenced an attack upon it.

A more unequal combat it would seem hard to conceive. The smallest, weakest denizen of the forest, scarcely larger than an insect, challenging the largest, fiercest and most warlike bird of prey on the continent to mortal combat! Breathless with suspense, I awaited the result. The eagle, apparently as much astonished as myself, and to my further surprise not a little dismayed, rose with a harsh, metallic scream into the air. No sooner had the gigantic foe spread his wings for flight, when the humming-bird darted upon the eagle's crest, and from the manner in which the feathers flew about, was evidently determined to make him a bald eagle in earnest. I shall never cease to regret I did not await the end of this strange combat, but on the impulse of the moment, fearing I should lose my chance, (which might never come again) of a shot at the eagle, I fired. As I did so, I had the supreme satisfaction of seeing the ruby-throat dart away into the recesses of the forest, and the eagle, untouched by my hasty bullet, soar screaming above the tree-tops.

Humming-bird or eagle I never saw again, but the vultures came back and finished their interrupted feast in quiet, while I sought elsewhere for a specimen of the *Falco leucocephalus*, wherewith to furnish my collection.

FASHIONABLE RESORTS ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

By Frederic Daniel.

The fact that a vast portion of the civilization we are enjoying to-day sprang from the countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea clothes them with a fascinating interest which no other region of the earth excites. This interest, far from waning, increases in proportion as improved means of traveling permit the more easily, nowadays, a tour of inspection through Egypt, Palestine, Greece, Italy, France and Spain.

The number of foreigners who yearly traverse all these lands is immense. For an American, Englishman, Frenchman or Russian to run over the classic ground is nothing at all, and going down into Egypt has even become a mere trifle for the antipodal Australian, Japanese or Brazilian. At the present moment King Kalakaua, "the monarch of all he surveys" in the Sandwich Islands, is making a tour around the world, and he proposes to do the job in something under eighty days, if possible. This is only another sign of the times, indicative of a general waking up in the East, where gentlemen hitherto did very little traveling, save when they were after porterhouse steaks on the hoof.

The Anglo-Saxon legion of wealthy Americans and English spread out over this Mediterranean area is at all times strong. One of their highest aims and duties in life is to ferret out and get glimpses of all that the ancients left behind, even down to the smallest shred, and thus, while ruminating over the fathers and their relics, to mingle at the same time with their latest offspring, revised and corrected. Particularly into Italy and the limitrophe French maritime department does the aforesaid legion crowd. Go when and where one may in the great Italian cities, one is sure to stumble across Jonathans and Bulls, with their wives and children, sisters, cousins and aunts, doing their best to inculcate the beauties of the English language into the native noddles, though so provokingly obtuse on this special score. In short, it is a perpetual invasion of Italy going on, not, however, under the cover of cannon and bayonet, but of the more powerful weapons of dollars and cents, pounds, shillings and pence. It is a kind of invasion the inhabitants rather take to, also, and so both parties ultimately shake hands, perfectly satisfied with their respective bargains. The foreigners see the old stock of goods while having a good time in the present, and the natives get a good deal of money put in their purses, together with modern ideas into their heads.

Of course it is the larger and more famous cities that chiefly attract the vast motley throng of visitors from far and near; but the small towns and other curious and enjoyable localities by the wayside are not neglected. There is always a permanent and large colony of Americans and English residing in Florence, Rome and Naples, so well supplied with artistico-historical treasures in addition to their general pleasantness. Likewise they are to be found settled, or temporarily congregating, along the French and Italian coast at various charmingly picturesque and healthy points, which, from having been formerly spots sacred to invalids and doctors, have at last grown to be the abodes of fashionable people—ay, centres of fashion.

For instance, during Autumn, Winter and Spring, Nice gathers within its bewitching walls (of flowers) the cream of the world of fashion.

First Traveler.—"Where are you off to?"

Second Traveler.—"Oh, I'm going to Nice."

There you have a little dialogue frequently heard in both hemispheres during the course of the year. Thus, Nice, changed into a "small great world" in itself, rich in natural beauties, has become, from a society standpoint, the queen city of the Mediterranean coast, though the latter has many other points better deserving the title, if natural charms alone be weighed. One of the most suggestive and striking spectacles to be witnessed in Europe is to look on at this world of fashionables and its high jinks in the favorite resorts along the coast between Marseilles and Naples, or at Cannes, Nice, Monaco, Mentone, San Remo, Pegli, Genoa, Spezia, Lucca, Pisa, Leghorn, Sorrento and Capri.

The coast of the Mediterranean from Nice to Genoa rises abruptly and often in rocky heights up to the Maritime Alps and the Apennines. The country is a continued series of mountain terraces, valleys and ravines, formed by the interjunction of these great chains, the geographers not being yet agreed as to where "Alps" begin and "Apennines" end. This coast-land bears still the name of "Liguria," which the Romans gave it when they took possession of it. The Ligurian tribes inhabiting it were brave and hardy, and were amongst the last of the original occupiers of Italy incorporated into the Roman Empire. As they had allied themselves with the Carthagenians, the Romans, after the second Punic War, assailed them with eighty years' hostility, and they were for a time rendered obedient; yet they were not finally subjugated until conquered by Augustus Cæsar, who commemorated his triumph by a remarkable trophy, the ruins of which are still existing at Turbia, a little village only a few miles from Nice. This mass of solid ruins, which is now only the nucleus of the celebrated "Tropha Augusti," towers above the houses of the village, and can be seen from afar. The inscription contained the names of the conquered Ligurian tribes, but only a fragment of it remains, turned upside down over a door. Broken bits scattered about show that, in part at least, the building was covered by sculptures of trophies of arms, and surmounted by a statue of Augustus. A church near by has been built of stone taken from it. In the Middle Ages, it was converted into a fortress and much dilapidated; but it was reduced to its present state of ruin by Vauban, the famous engineer, who blew up the greater part of it—the French destroying what others had spared. Under the Romans, this rock of Turbia was assigned as the boundary of Italy and Gaul; it is now a much-pointed-out curiosity for the traveler as he passes by.

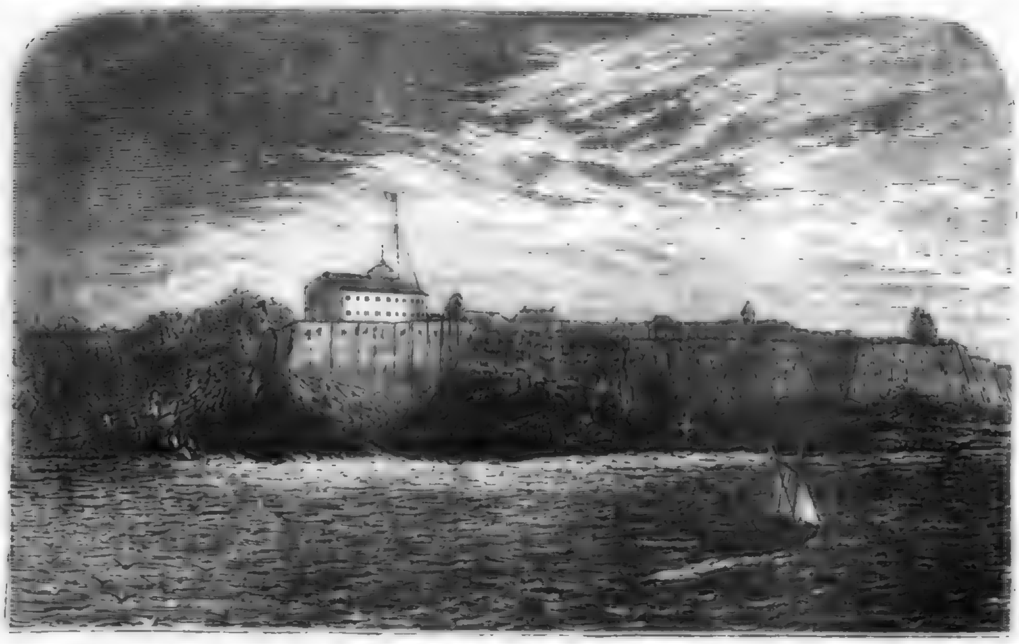
But conquest did not break up the Ligurian nationality. The tribes continued to retain their identity, though under Roman supremacy; and this corporate succession (as in the great cities of the South of France) was maintained in great measure until the last great European revolution, in 1789. Thus the towns dotting the coast were rather the allies than the subjects of Genoa when it flourished as a Middle Age republic. Owing to this species of political independence so long enjoyed, all the inhabitants of this coast possess a very decided national character, and present all the outward physical tokens of a pure and unaltered race, excepting at Genoa, where there was a considerable mixture of Lombard blood—and in the tract between Nice and Mentone, where the Provençals intermingled. Their forms are robust and square, eyes very black, and hair equally so (lank and smooth), and the complexion brown and swarthy. From the earliest period the people of Liguria have been a community of sailors and merchants; and until the last five or six years, they had more ships afloat and built more vessels of all dimensions, than did the rest of the peninsula put together.

Genoa, the chief city of Liguria, and birthplace of Columbus and Doria, vied with Venice for commercial supremacy in the Middle Ages; and at the present day has largely recovered its old commercial prosperity.

The breadth of the coast-district known as Liguria is, on an average, about seven and a quarter miles. The climate is most agreeable, the atmosphere remarkable for its transparency and purity. In several of the localities protected from the north and northeast winds by the huge mountain-range, the thermometer rarely falls below the freezing-point; and hence the singular beauty of the vegetation, in which the botany of the temperate zone of Southern Europe and Northern Africa is combined with that of the tropics. The first exhibits the natural productions of the basin of the Mediterranean, though in part, particularly the olive, transplanted at some very remote period by the hand of man; the second, the American species, introduced by the Genoese who followed Columbus across the Atlantic. Where the ravines open into the mountains, the sharp wind occasionally penetrates; but the olive rarely suffers, and this affords a test of the temperature—cold below the freezing-point being fatal to this tree. Yet these transient variations of temperature render pulmonary complaints not rare among the native dwellers along the "Riviera," as the Italians call the coast between Nice and Genoa; and hence doctors agree that the climate is not over-suited to consumptive invalids, who yet persist in resorting thither in the attempt to recuperate their shattered and wasted bodies. The mountains abound in mineral resources, only partially explored; they also contain inexhaustible quantities of the finest marbles, furnishing the stock from which the palaces of Genoa are adorned. Taken as a whole, the Riviera has all the beauties of the Swiss Alps and of the shores of Naples and Cumæ—that is to say, the unique combination of rugged grandeur with a balmy and serene softness, not even the breadth of a line passing between the two.

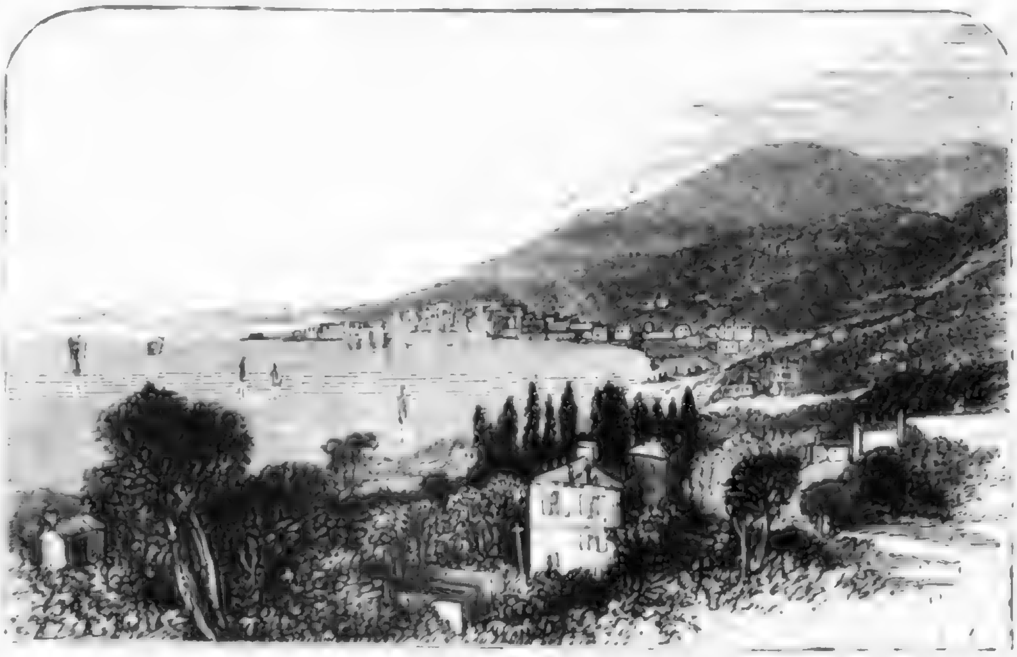
Facing the sea (or the south) the olive is extensively and profitably grown; the vine is also cultivated, and wheat and corn in rotative crops are grown also. Vegetables, roasted chestnuts, and corn meal, made into *polenta*, which is a kind of hard mush, served in slices simply baked or fried, form the chief food of the people, who are generally poor—though, since the completion of the network of coast-railways, business has had a decided tendency to mend, as new markets have been opened for the local crops and wares.

Altogether, the coast-railway has worked wonders for the Riviera—wonders not always acceptable to the tourist, who is allowed, by steam, to catch only fleeting glimpses of some of its most charming tracts. Tunnels and smoke play havoc with superb views, such as are to be had nowhere else on earth. It was very different when the only road was the celebrated "Cornice" route, over which coaches and carriages plied between Nice and Genoa; true, the Cornice is still used, and is as beautiful as ever; but most travelers, being in a hurry, take the rail. Yet

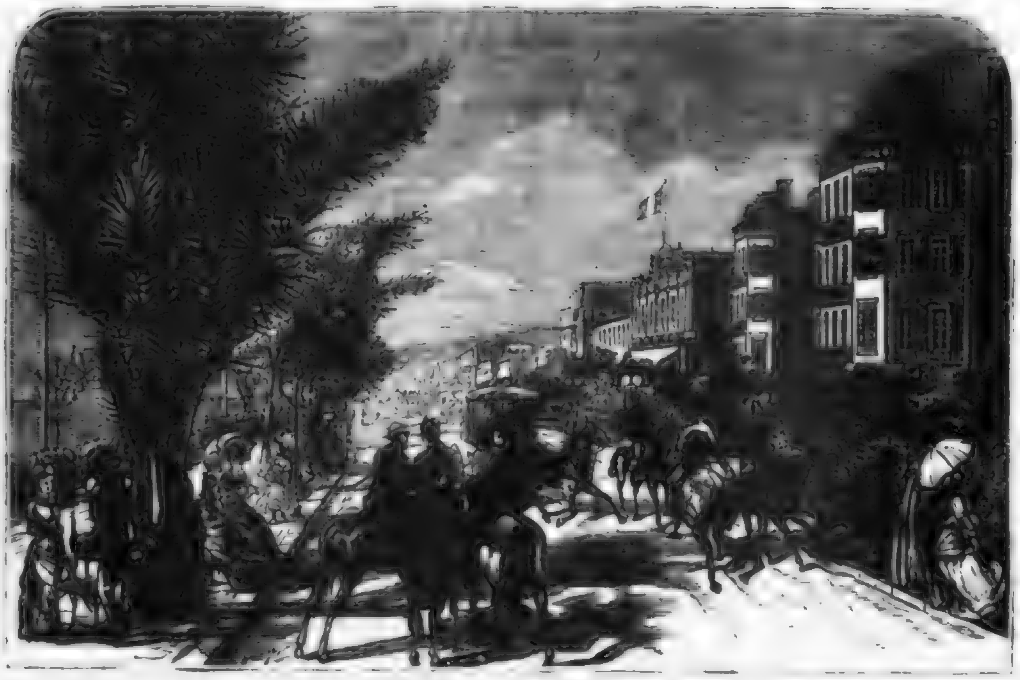


A VIEW NEAR CANNES.

the trip by the Cornice Road is in many ways preferable, and a pleasure that afterward lingers in the memory, an unfading picture. The great thoroughfare was planned and partially executed under Napoleon I., and completed by the Italians. It is magnificent in its windings, in accord with the edges of the sea, and its ascents and descents of the abrupt mountain slopes perpendicularly cut off by the surf dashing against their base. But words can give not even a faint inkling of the lovely picture, or rather series of pictures, to be enjoyed by any one passing over this justly famous route—alone, it is considered worth almost a trip to Europe in the eyes of landscape admirers.



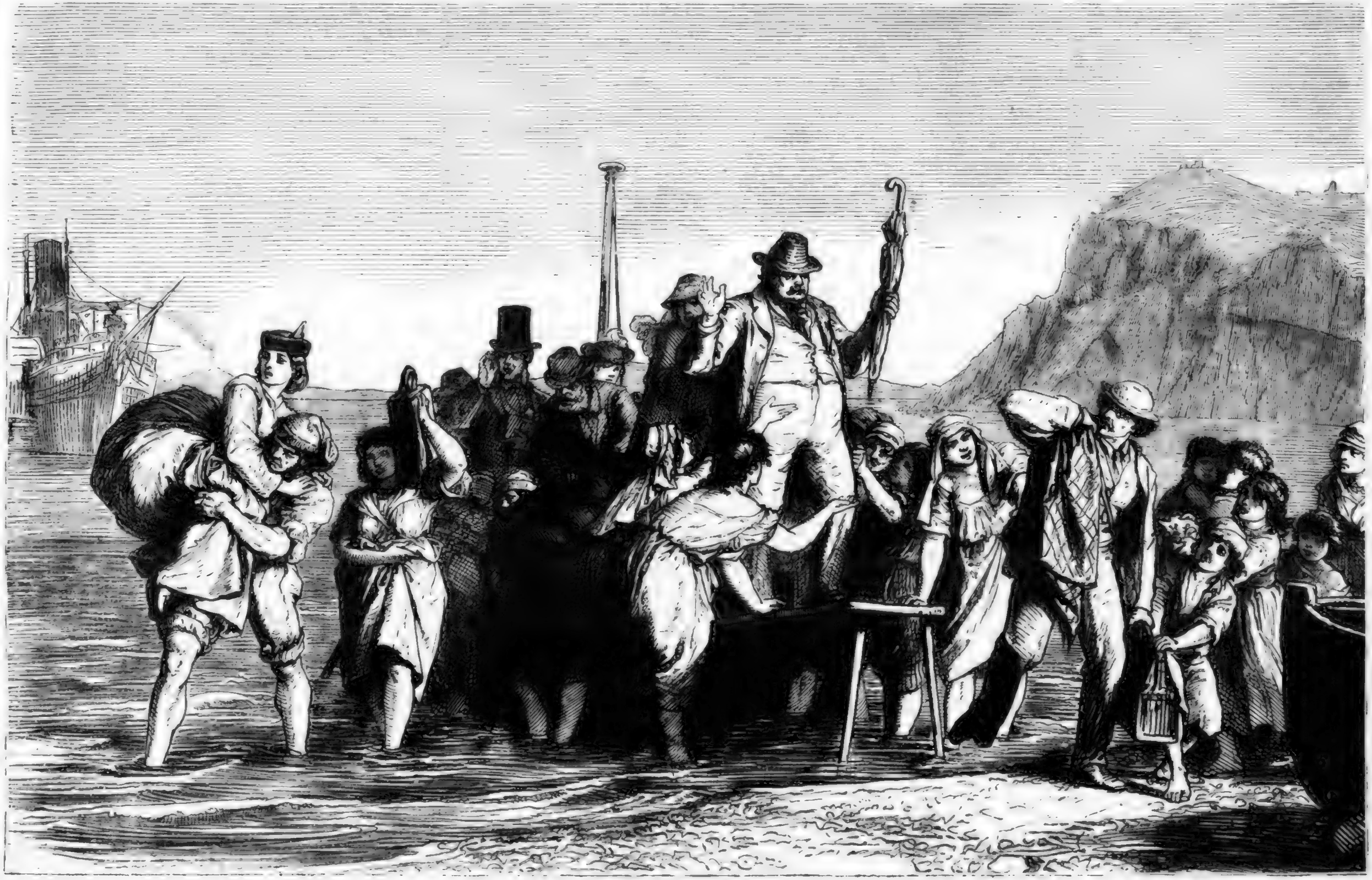
MENTONE.



THE PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS, NICE.

Cannes, twenty miles distant from Nice, on the coast of France, is rather of recent growth as a fashionable resort. In 1834 it was only a miserable, obscure little village. In that year Lord Brougham made its fame among English people by fixing his abode there accidentally ; he was on his way from England to Nice, when the officials of the latter place refused to allow him to enter it, for fear he should bring along with him the seeds of cholera then prevailing. Thus turned back, he made up his mind to settle in some village in the neighborhood, and hit upon Cannes as being pleasantly situated and eminently suited to his purpose, namely, of ending his life in a mild climate and retirement. But he could not get rid of his countryfolk ; they began to follow in his tracks, and took up their sojourn also in this chosen seashore spot. This was the origin of its vogue, which has yearly gone on increasing, until now its name is known everywhere. Lord Brougham was buried there.

One of his countrymen, with a name of great fame and weight, died and was buried there in May, 1873—John Stuart Mill. Mr. Mill's wife, to whom he was so ardently devoted, had also only a few years previously



PASSENGERS LANDING AT CAPRI.

departed life there. Still another celebrity, who did a good deal toward increasing the vogue of the place, died there two years ago—to wit, the late Empress of Russia, wife of the late Czar assassinated at St. Petersburg last March. More fortunate than her nitro-glycerined husband, the Empress died peacefully, and, as it were, pleasantly, in bed, under a bright sky, and surrounded by flowers; she was sent home by rail, to be buried in the imperial mausoleum on the banks of the Neva. The court she held at Cannes was quite a gay and lively one, being attended by a brilliant suite of grand dukes and duchesses, and a large sprinkling of the Muscovite nobility, ever exceedingly lavish in the expenditure of rubles. This imperial sojourn, which lasted during many "winters," yielded considerable profit and *éclat* to Cannes, which is now a thriving town of fifteen thousand citizens, more than ever frequented by Anglo-Americans, by foreigners at large, and especially invalids.

The original village is situated immediately on the edge of the sea; the new and fashionable quarter of fine houses, hotels and villas is located on the adjoining hills, which present a series of terraces planted with orange-trees and flower-gardens. The climate is always salubrious, the air being scented with fragrant wild-flowers in the Spring, while the views and environs are charming to the eye, whether of the sojourner or of the mere passer-by in the railway trains. Quiet, decorous, agreeable, it is the paradise of the South of France.

Nice, which is the most fashionable resort on the Mediterranean, anciently belonged to the Counts of Provence, and has partly a French and partly an Italian character, the latter predominating. Its population is fifty thousand. Twice during the present century has it, with its county, undergone annexation at the hands of France; first by war, and then by treaty with Italy. Napoleon I. seized it and incorporated it with his Empire in 1805. The results of the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, transferred it back to Italy, and the House of Savoy thus not only regained their old dominions, but also obtained the territory for which they had more than once struggled when in the times of their prosperity, and which they regained after the protracted season of revolutionary misfortunes. Italy held it until April, 1860, when, in the course of execution of Cavour's bargain with Napoleon III., made at Plombières two years previously, it was annexed, along with Savoy, to the Empire, and still, to-day, belongs to the French Republic.

A bitter opposition was made to this annexation by Garibaldi, the celebrated *condottiere*, who was born at Nice on the 4th of July, 1807. The house in which he was born is pointed out to strangers, and bears a marble slab with an inscription to the effect; a monument has also been raised to him on one of the public squares. Of course Nice is as proud of the "Hero of Two Worlds" as Genoa is of Christopher Columbus. In early life Garibaldi took to the sea, and became an expert captain in the mercantile marine of Italy. At the age of thirty he joined the Mazzini faction, and sought to overturn the small dukes and kings then ruling in the peninsula, and to resurrect it into one nation. The movement was premature. Mazzini fled to England, and Garibaldi was caught by the authorities, imprisoned, tried, and condemned to perpetual banishment. Escaping, he again took to the sea, and was long engaged in the wars of independence carried on in South America, where he gained no little reputation.

In 1818 the revolution broke out afresh in Italy, and this time on a more extended scale. He at once returned home and took the leading part in it. Together with Mazzini he drove out the Pope and established a Roman Republic, which lasted only a few months, for it was crushed by Napoleon III., and the Pope reinstated in the Vatican. Garibaldi, however, greatly increased his fame by the fierce resistance he opposed at Rome to the French troops; but a second time he was banished, and fled to New York in 1850. Here he was for some time employed at a candle factory on Staten Island, in the more humble work of making candles. But peaceful employment was for him irksome, and he again set sail for Monte Video, where he was sure in advance of keeping his hand in good fighting practice among the riotous, rebellious inhabitants dwelling in that savage portion of the New World. While practicing war in South America he constantly had in view an ultimate return to his home, believing firmly in the final redemption and unity of Italy. Nor was he mistaken or disappointed.

In 1859 France and Italy declared war against Austria, and Garibaldi was given a division of volunteer soldiers, in order that he might help in the work of freeing his native land from the Austrian yoke. He acted very gallantly in the field, but that campaign ended too suddenly and unsatisfactorily to please him. His next great move was in May, 1860, when he started from Genoa, through the connivance of Cavour, on a ship bearing a thousand of his armed legionaries, direct for Sicily. There he landed amidst the applause of the population, and, almost without striking a blow, captured the island from the King of Naples. From Sicily he went over to Naples, and, after a brief campaign on the mainland in conjunction with the soldiery of Victor Emmanuel, he soon annexed the then Kingdom of the Two Sicilies to the Italian kingdom of Victor Emmanuel, which thereby had absorbed the whole peninsula, with the exception of Venice and Rome—both secured by 1870, Garibaldi continuing to agitate and skirmish for such a purpose until the final stage of independence was reached. In 1870 he offered his sword to France, and fought a few insignificant combats with the Prussians between Dijon and Lyons.

Since he has been a Member of Parliament at Rome, but has mostly continued to reside alone as a hermit-hero, much broken and wasted with rheumatism, on the little island, which he owns, called Caprera, near Leghorn. He is adored not only at Nice as a special "hero-countryman," but throughout Italy, and counts his admirers in the world at large. He is dubbed the "Washington of Italy"; but, saving honesty of purpose and patriotism, the two had little in common. The Italian's judgment was always rash, his temper was hot and reckless even unto folly, his generalship sorry, and it may truly be said that his sole and unaided efforts would rather have ended in riveting than in breaking Italy's chains. Mazzini and Cavour were the real founders of King Humbert's present kingdom.

Nice has the honor of having been the birthplace of two other celebrated men. The astronomer Cassini was born there, subsequently removing to Paris, where, under the protection of Louis XIV., he made valuable discoveries in the line of his profession; and Massena, one of Napoleon I's. ablest marshals, first saw the light of day there. It was also from Nice that Napoleon himself first started out at the head of an army of French bare-footed ragamuffins to conquer Europe, gradually improving their uniforms as the conquest went on.

In the older parts of Nice the streets are narrow, and the houses dingy and small; but "Old Nice" is surrounded by "New Nice," containing fine, open streets and broad avenues, squares and terraces, which have the usual character of a watering-place where everything is laid out for visitors. The small port, protected by a mole, admits vessels of two and three hundred tons burden, and it enjoys the privilege of being a "free port," that is, partially exempted from paying custom-house duties. The town has some manufactures of silk and a few other articles; its exports of native produce are chiefly olive oil—the best in Europe—wine and fruit. The turnery and hard wood joiner's work of the locality are good; the inlaid tables, trays, boxes, etc., are made of the varieties of wood grown on the neighboring hills, and there are many shops in which they are sold as trinkets and mementoes to foreigners. In this special line of turnery and inlaid woodwork, Sorrento, near Naples, far surpasses Nice. In the new town there is a superb terrace, from which the view is extensive and beautiful; the mountains of Corsica, the birthplace of the great Napoleon, may be seen with the naked eye. The sharp west and dusty mistral winds are occasionally trying to invalids; but there are very few days even in Winter that persons, unless in a very delicate state of health, cannot go about with comfort, though even in Summer the invalids have to use caution against these special winds. The faubourgs and quarters in which the American and English residents dwell contain many palatial houses with magnificent gardens attached, and though provisions are abundant and living could be cheap, yet, as a matter of fact, living at Nice is a most costly affair. This is owing to the manner in which the fashionable nobility and gentry have put up the prices of everything. The demand for extravagance among the foreign frequenters is greater than the town can supply, even with France and Italy to draw upon. There are no remarkable monuments or public buildings, no art galleries or museums of statuary; but then the hotels are grandiose, well managed on the English "limited" style, and they, as all the other appliances of the place, are for the comfort and fun of the world of foreigners. There are several theatres, and, until it was recently burned, an opera-house, in which the great *prima donnas* found it profitable to warble during the gay carnival season. Patti and Nicolini sang in it last Winter, at the rate of three thousand dollars a night.

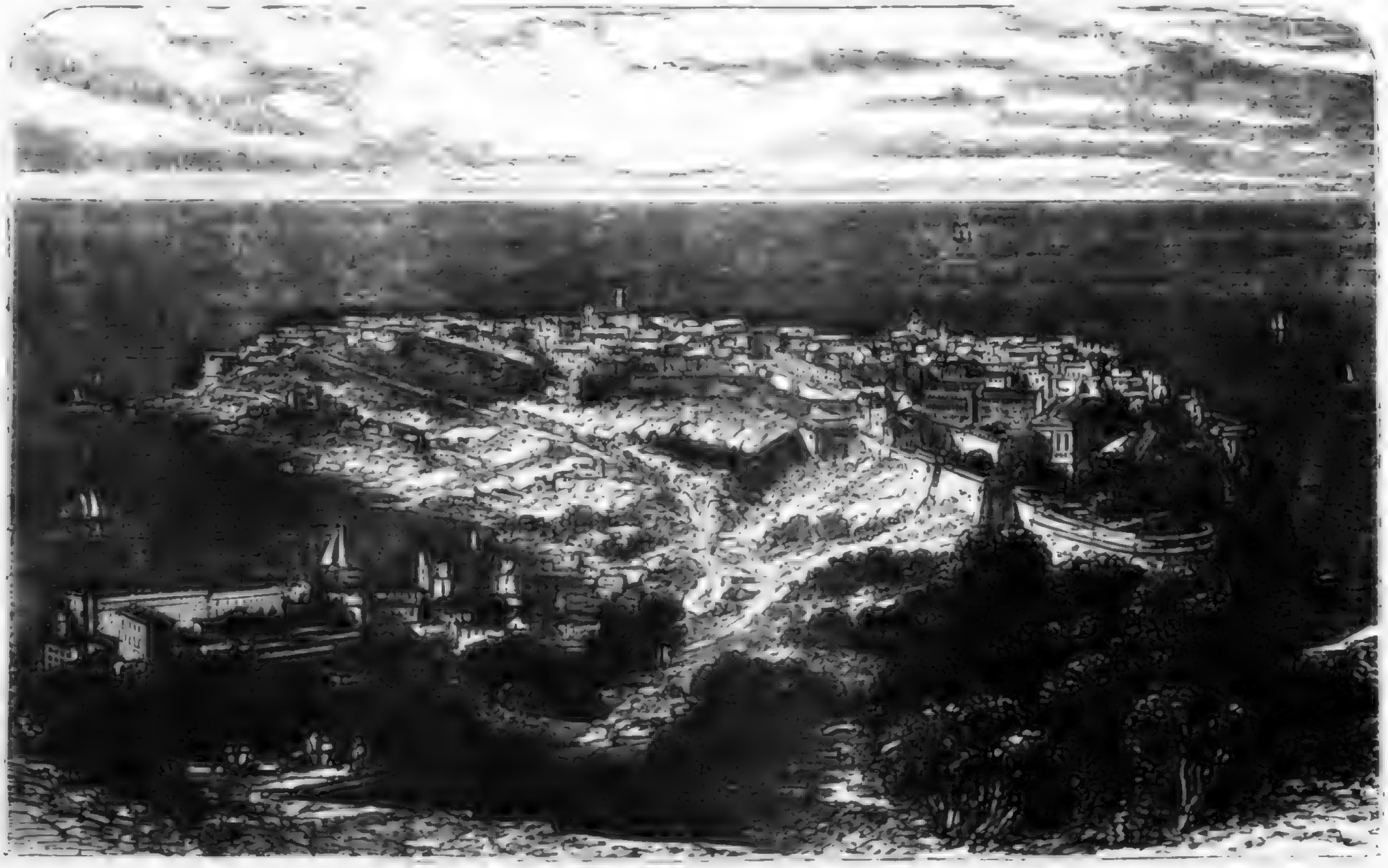
The citizens, who are far from being privileged characters in their own city (on the contrary, much to the reverse in every way), speak what is called the "Nizzard," a wretched dialect derived from the ancient Provençal language, the same that the troubadours delighted to use in their songs, and these songsters are said to have given the earliest impulse to the poetry of Italy. The "Nizzard" is uncouth, and abominated by the foreigners, who, of course, talk with the utmost freedom and ease, each his or her own tongue; thus Nice in Winter comes nearer, perhaps, to being a polyglot dictionary or a Tower of Babel than any other city extant. At the table d'hôte of the hotels all languages cross the table with the strength and rapidity of electricity, and, far from being shocked or stunned, the guests of various nationalities do not even remark the difference and confusion of tongues. Meanwhile the native, with his poverty, ignorance and wretched Nizzard lingo, stays on the bottom rounds of the ladder—that is to say, when he is not engaged in holding it up for the foreign magnates, or in some other form nursing their magnificence. But such is the fate of "natives" in every fashionable resort the world over. Only there is a greater display of such a fate at Nice than anywhere else; the citizens make their living by merely being "natives," some of them even amassing small fortunes through the process. Money can be rarely seen so all-powerful and one of the various roots of all evil, as in this little "free," "off" city of Nice, given up to pleasure on a Sybarite scale.

The neighborhood of Nice is exceedingly lovely, and the gardens, many of which abound with tropical plants, are most luxuriant. The flora is so rich and plentiful that it would scarcely be inappropriate to say that the locality is one immense flower-garden. If Nice has any one thing that might be called a specialty, it is certainly flowers—of all kinds, and all the year round, out in the open, tame and wild. This blooming display is always ready at hand, to be delighted in at every step. The air is everywhere, in the town, in the streets, squares, houses and on the surrounding hills, scented with the fragrant odors. Flowers on the men, women and children, flowers on the horses, oxen, donkeys and goats—an indispensable part of the attire and gear of all, and more or less cherished and cultivated by all. Wild-flowers line the walks in the environs. Flowers are borne about by the carriage and wagon load, and shipped not only to Paris and London, but to all parts of Northern Europe, icy St. Petersburg included.

Fair Florence has its name derived from flowers; Nice has the article itself, and is entitled to bear the palm, for nowhere else is it to be seen in such astonishing profusion and loveliness. The eye is certainly pleased to behold so many various kinds of roses and violets—of kinds that are unknown in other and colder regions—to light at every turn on the intermingling of colors, well illustrated by the profusion of scarlet, purple and pink anemones, forming such a gaudy floor for the neutral olive-trees in the olive grounds. As civilization increases, the appreciation of flowers, Nature's most sightly gift, becomes more and more general; and few who frequent Nice fail to acquire a fondness for them.

The main outlets are the drives along the seashore, the principal one of which was made originally at the expense of the English visitors, who raised a subscription for the purpose of opening a splendid drive for the city and of employing the poor. It was called, in their honor, *L'Avenue des Anglais* (the English Avenue). It has of late been extended and greatly improved, and is the finest seashore avenue in Europe, frequented as it is only by the most elegant and wealthy society of all nations, the town's folks considering themselves out of place on it. The beauty and fashion, the wealth and culture of both worlds may be surveyed on the "Avenue des Anglais," and hence a description of the equipages, thoroughbred horses, toilettes, etc., etc., need not be given. The parts unite to form a congenial whole. The other drives in and around the city are very pretty, and afford magnificent views, the calm expanse of blue sea being always within a stone's throw, under a bright, balmy sky. There are points two or three miles distant to which a pleasant drive may be made by way of excursion. At Cimella, only two miles off, are the remains of a Roman amphitheatre, called by the peasants the "Bath of the Fairies." Another excursion may be made to San Bartolomeo, a picturesque old convent; also there are fine drives to Vallone Oscuro, a noted gorge; to Fontana del Tempio, a cheerful valley; to the Chateau Villeneuve, to the Convent of Sant' Andrea and the Villa Guerrio.

It is only during the extreme heat of Summer that Nice is uncomfortable, and relatively deserted by the fashionable throng, which then hie to cooler latitudes. It is not a bathing-place, only on account of the excessive heat, for there is otherwise every accommodation for sea-bathing, a privilege that the natives avail themselves of with alacrity. Even in midwinter Nice is so warm and bereft of shade, artificial or natural, that parasols by ladies and umbrellas by gentlemen (both of a light stuff peculiarly Nicean) are universally used. Old Sol there darts down his benignant

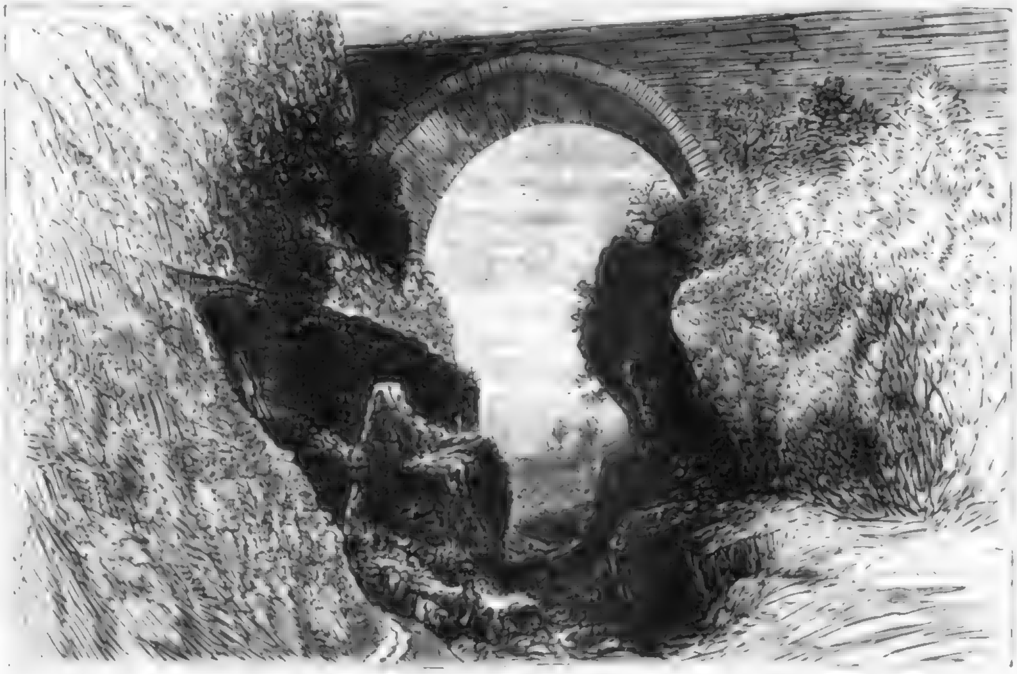


BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CITY OF MONACO.

rays while Paris is shivering amidst ice and heavy snows; hence the frozen Parisians at that season drop down to Nice in order to be thawed out. Mixed with the other foreigners, chiefly among whom are Americans, English and Russians, they are to be met parading the avenues, climbing the hills and basking in the gardens; but one easily perceives that they are not thorough amateurs, and are longing all the time to be back home on the treadmill of the Boulevards. So near Paris and yet so far away, the Parisian is verily a fish out of water on the Nicean shore. The other foreigners are not only evidently at home there, but they are fascinated by the many attractions. All the world sees and knows each other at the hotels, in the clubs and theatres, on the avenues and drives; the interest never lags; families meet, fun goes on, and friendships and close ties are formed for a lifetime. Crowned heads are often seen disporting their grandeur along the "Avenue des Anglais," though they are supposed to be present *incognito*—that is to say, under fictitious names. The Prince of Wales is an old habitué, and so are many of the other crown princes; and as for English lords and Russian grand dukes, they are to be counted by the dozen. Altogether the crowd forms a merry set.

But the revelry is not so much carried on at Nice as at a little village distant half-an-hour's ride by rail—Monaco. There they all get on a lark. The spice of life at Nice is running to and fro several times night and day to Monaco, which is equipped with the powers of the magnate—and that magnate is gambling at "Monte Carlo," the one institution giving the locality its high renown among cities. Shortly after leaving Turbia—the before-mentioned seat of Augustus Cæsar's trophy—the wayfarer comes across a custom-house, upon which is painted in gay colors the lozenge shield of the Grimaldi family, surmounted by a crown. This custom-house informs the said wayfarer that he has entered the territory of the Prince of Monaco, the smallest monarchy in the world—just as San Marino, in the old Papal States, is the smallest republic. "Limited" is the trade-motto of both.

The history of this smallest of monarchies is very obscure, though it does not go back into the usual

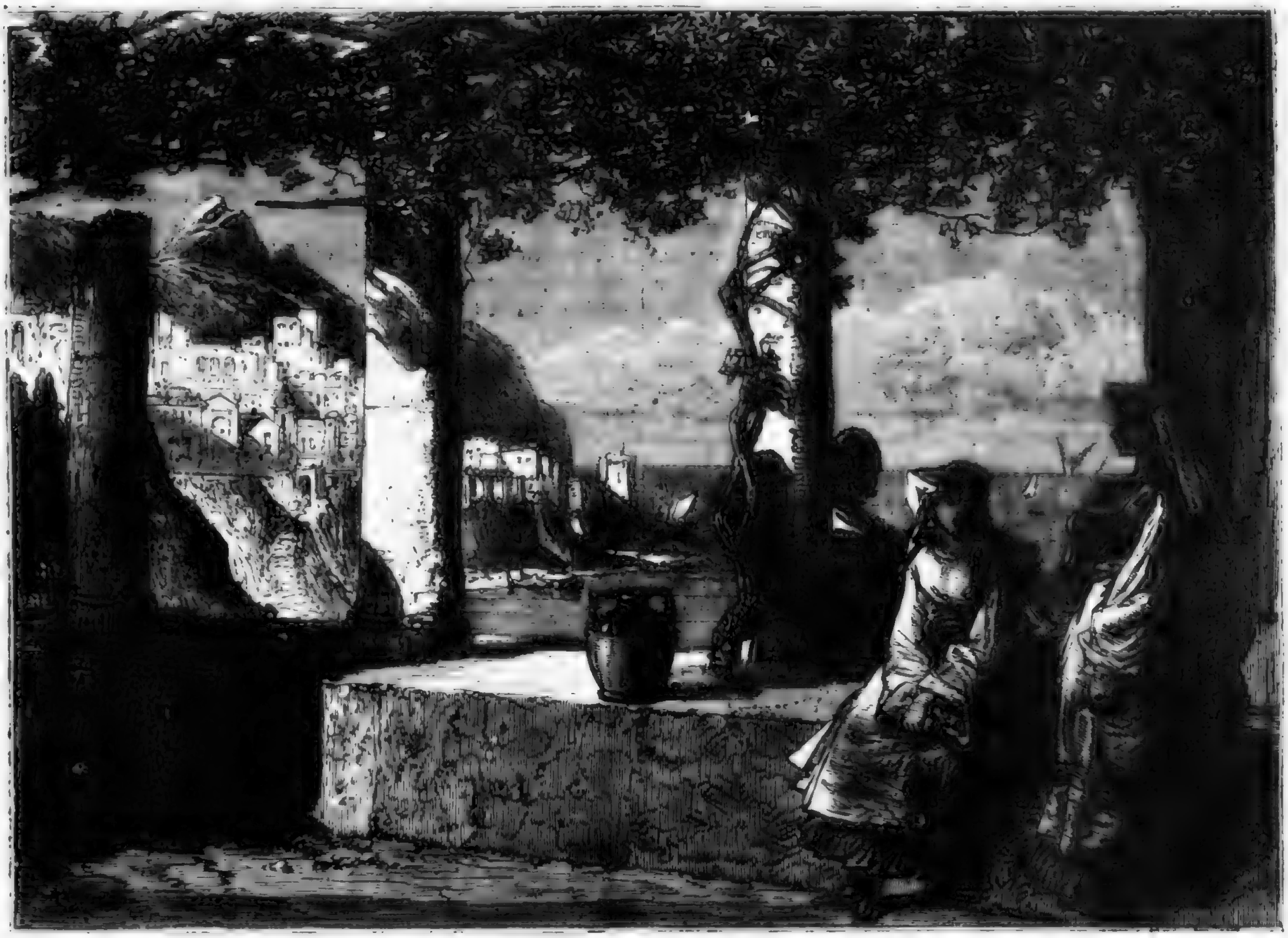


THE ARCHWAYS AT MENTONE.

legendary myths uniting men with the gods. It seems, however, to have been one of the very few allodial domains which escaped the process of feudalization. The sovereignty was acquired by Mr. Lucchino Grimaldo, the first of the family, in 1344. The family became extinct in the male line in the person of Antonio Grimaldi, who died in 1631, and left one daughter, wedded to a count. This count assumed the name and arms of the Grimaldi, and from him the present house dates. The late ruling prince, Honoré IV., was in the line of direct descent, and something of a scapegrace. He found his dominions dull, and, indulging in absenteeism, lived the greater part of the year at Paris in as luxurious style as his restricted treasury would allow. The inhabitants are very proud of their separate sovereignty of a few acres, and of the dignity of their royal house, which they generally suppose to have been founded by an illegitimate son of Louis XIV. The officials of the monarchy do not take the trouble to bother travelers passing through their little territory. The revenue arises in part from a rent in kind; the remainder is derived from the license given to the gambling-hell flourishing at the villa of Monte Carlo, on the royal soil. The whole number of subjects is 6,000, living in two towns and one village.

Monaco, one of the towns, was the old capital; Mentone is the new one. Monaco stands close to the seashore, covering the table surface of a broad rock commanded by higher hills. It is of very remote antiquity, its foundation having been attributed to the Greeks, who were at an early period acquainted with Liguria, where many of their traditions were in fact localized for the sake of convenience, as attested by the classics. It is not worth while, however, to go into them on such a small point. Monaco was fortified at the expense of its putative royal founder, Louis XIV. The view, as one looks down upon the town within its microscopic walls—the towers above, and its little quiet port in the centre of such a wide expanse of sea and mountain shore—is peculiar and pretty. The royal palace is in a large square, and contains some fine apartments: one is rich in painting, gilding, and all the attributes of sovereignty; guard-room, ante-chamber, and throne-room are there, but all in sad abandonment and decay.

At Monte Carlo, the site of the most famous and now unique gambling-hell in Europe, things are lively, and no sad abandonment exists there, except of the gold raked in by the *croupiers*, or dealers, so to say. Here many bet away their "bottom" dollars, and lives to boot. To say the establishment is elegant and gotten up in the most tasty way conceivable, in full view of the prettiest of shores and seas, is almost a picture completed. The charm of scenery and gambling combined has been enough to draw men and women from north, south, east, west. A few details may be, however, thrown in for those not possessed of the imaginative *forte*.



ON THE RIVIERA.

The grounds form a garden on an eminence, overlooking the sea, the railway running between at the foot of the eminence, up which paths and broad walks lead from the station. Flowers and rare shrubs and trees are at every step; outlying chalets, pagodas, music-stands, *cafés*, etc., abound. In the centre of the grounds stands the modern Hades, over whose doors the words "Leave all hope behind ye who enter" are not written. They are not necessary, being in the end indelibly stamped upon the minds of the players when they leave the building—a far more profitable way of warning them. Some of them go home and digest the warning. The building has all the modern appliances and latest discoveries to the hour in running use. You can have anything you ask for—the "bank" itself, if luck consent, for often has a lucky player broken the bank—temporarily, for afterward the bank would take its "revenge" and break him with as much unconcern as the other thousands of betting nincompoops. Several parties at the head of the bank have successively grown rich. The late M. Dupré, among the number, became an arch-millionaire, and delighted to increase the accommodations and renown of the place. He died not long ago, leaving the machine to be run in the family, by his widow. The costliest furniture, finest wines and fares, obsequious flunkeys, good music—in short, it goes without saying that all these things and the like are on hand to be tapped perennially. And above all and before all, the grand centre-table is there, covered with the green cloth, ruled by the dealers, and adorned with rows of the fairest, the wittiest, the bravest, the deckliest of Europe's high society, intent in their seats on only one thing—winning a pile of gold or notes at the game of "*rouge et noir*" (red and black) and "*trente et quarante*" (thirty and forty). The players keep the score or run of the cards as they are turned out by the dealers, sticking pin-indentations on printed narrow slips or cards. Let everything else blow up behind them—let a player rise and take the floor for a suicide or an apoplectic stroke, it matters not; let the corpse be removed, and let business proceed. On with the game!—and verily the game does go on. "Make your game, gentlemen!" coolly urges the dealer, in the stereotyped, mechanical voice usual to his profession; and, after the bets are made and the cards are evolved, he as coolly adds: "*Couleur gagne, rouge perd*" (black wins, red loses), or "*Rouge gagne, couleur perd*" (red wins, black loses). And so it goes on for ever.

The anxieties of the gambling-table are trying to the children of men, as is well known. These perils and anxieties are only intensified at Monte Carlo, in view of the immense stakes played for and of the parties playing, who stake other advantages besides that of a bank-account. Of course, decorum, an air of indifference to loss or gain, are the rules observed; but, for all, the pitch is boiling under the surface of smiles, jokes, rank, fame, beauty, culture. The defiling process is sure to crush in the end, except a very few of the luckiest ones. Young and old, fair women and handsome men, loaded with every luxuriance, sit down to that green-covered banquet-table, and ere they rise up again are changed into utter wrecks, beyond recovery. It is a sad spectacle—one of the most disgusting to any one who will or can look under the outside glitter.

Between Nice and Monaco is situated the fine and large harbor of Villafranca, now the station of the American war-vessels cruising in the Mediterranean. It is also a station for the French navy. The port and dockyards are in good condition, particularly the latter. Though so close to Nice, the climate is softer than that of the latter place, and thus it is considered a snug retreat by invalids requiring privacy and quiet. In the rocks near by is found the shellfish *dattola*, or sea-date, a name given to it either from its shape or its sweetness. It is a great delicacy, and is very dear, a dish of it sometimes costing ten dollars. The cliffs all along this part of the coast abound with picturesque grottoes and caverns.

The new capital of the smallest of monarchies, Mentone, is a very dismal little town, just bordering on the frontier of Italy; but the site is lovely. It has some fine villas and gardens, and is a favorite resort for foreigners in Winter, being so snug and cozy, mild, and sheltered from any biting winds that may arise. On a hill above, its sides feathered with gray olives, are the ruins of an old castle, very much admired. The female peasants in this part of the country wear a straw hat pointed at the top like the roof of a barleymow; and their appearance in bevies on *fête* days is singular to behold, thus crowned and decked out in gorgeous streaming ribbons. At Mentone, the beauties of the Cornice Road to Genoa fairly begin. From this part, or at Montalbano, the view is particularly fine. To the west, the great bay of the Mediterranean extends as far as Antibes and far beyond, the coast of France losing itself in the horizon; to the east, Villafranca, the Riviera, headlands, towns and towers sweep away in the perspective. The coast-route of the Cornice is never blocked up by snow in Winter, as were the Mt. Cenis and St. Gothard passes before their tunnels were built. The road has been most skillfully carried along the shores or slopes of the mountain-range, as the latter traces them. In some parts it ascends to a great height; and, though in reality always safe, yet a parapet wall has been deemed necessary to calm the apprehensions of nervous travelers, by keeping off the immediate view of the precipice below.

Upon the sides of the hills sloping to the sea grow olives, oranges, cypresses, and the stone-pine, so frequent in the landscapes of the great masters. Then successive indentations of the shore, large bay-inlets, headlands advancing and closing in the prospect, and the blue sea, constitute the leading features of this most favored tract, in which Alpine heights and maritime scenes are conjoined to the ornaments given by human art. The yachts and sailboats, of the Latin *felucca* order, as seen from eminences of the road, form admirable pictures on the placid Mediterranean expanse. Poets innumerable, some of the greatest Italy ever possessed, have sung of the charms of this particular route and its unequaled scenery.

The towns and villages, thickly studded along the coast, and glittering upon the sides of the hills, sometimes placed at a great height, wear a gay aspect. The churches for the most part have very lofty fronts painted in fresco. At a distance their lofty, bold elevations, the gay colors, the tall belfries and the numerous cupolas, produce a striking effect, thoroughly Italian, yet altogether differing from the styles prevalent in Lombardy and Tuscany. The Cornice road frequently passes through the towns, where the streets are generally so narrow as only just to admit a carriage; and then all side-shows, in the shape of other passengers on foot or astraddle donkeys, are obliged to stand in the gateways to allow the vehicle to pass. As corsairs continued to harass the coast as late as 1770, and carry off much plunder, towers were planted, so that from their summits alarms might be given at the pirates' approach.

The Riviera, sloping to the sea and exposed to the Southern sun, enjoys in many parts a mild temperature, such as is not again met with until the Bay of Naples is reached; and this is its greatest claim to the sympathy of the unfortunate legion of invalids. This is most strikingly evinced to the eye by the tropical luxuriance and character of the vegetation. The cactus or prickly pear, the Eastern palm, the American aloe, flourish in profusion. The palm was introduced and cultivated for the purpose of supplying the branches used in the ceremonies of the church on Palm Sundays. Several families have, by special license from the Popes, the exclusive privilege of furnishing the churches of Rome with palm branches. The people of the Riviera are the least beautiful of its objects; still they are a stout, active and hardy race, generally well clothed and fed, and, when met on the Cornice Road, they do not detract from its beauty, thanks to their variegated attire and animation.

San Remo, close upon the seashore, about midway between Nice and Genoa, is a flourishing town of 20,000 inhabitants, and a resort much patronized in Winter by delicate queens and crown princesses of feeble health. It is quite an exclusive, aristocratic resort. The members of the German royal family are very fond of wintering there. The town rises from the shore up a lofty hill; terraces and orange groves are seen intermixed with handsome churches and white houses, in gay and picturesque confusion. Many fine residences and hotels have been put up since the distinguished royal personages gathered there of late years. It is in the vicinity of San Remo that the palms grow in the greatest luxuriance. The gardens, generally upon terraces, are very pretty, filled with jasmine, the orange-flower, the long, waving branches of palms; and, in short, whatever in the shape of flowers that can give sweetness, has here a peculiar fragrance. Ariosto, the poet, has some very graceful verses in regard to the odoriferous groves and babbling, rushing streams around San Remo.

Pegli, within a few miles of Genoa, is a favorite resort of the Genoese, who occupy it during the Summer season for its magnificent bathing facilities. It is situated immediately on the water's edge, and its sandy beach is much enjoyed day and night by the mercantile craft from Genoa. The dwellers in the latter city are really driven to Pegli for elegant rustic quarters, as the streets originally built by the Genoese fathers afford little room for an airing—they are so steep, narrow and obscure from being lined with lofty palaces. True, many of the latter are of marble throughout, and are justly admired specimens of architecture. Genoa is now a fine port, the first of Italy for business; within the last five years it has been greatly improved, through a legacy of four millions of dollars left for the purpose by a wealthy old citizen. To the Cornice Road Genoa forms a very worthy termination. In appearance it is the queerest of large cities, though majestic in its crescent-like seat upon a mountain slope. Its galleries, churches and monuments are well worthy of its great commercial fame. It need scarcely be remarked that busts and statues of Columbus abound in Genoa.

Spezia, between Genoa and Leghorn, is one of the finest natural harbors on the Mediterranean. It was long the American naval station, and it has yet a fine navy yard. Some of the recently built monster ironclads of Italy were built there. The environs are charming, and much frequented by strangers; the town has ten thousand inhabitants, and is blessed with the usual mild and fructifying climate. A little further down the coast stands Leghorn, which is the chief trade centre of Tuscany, and the bathing-place of the Florentines. The baths (mineral springs) of Lucca, not far distant, on the spurs of the Apennines, are also well patronized by all the other cities of the Peninsula, as well as by foreigners permanently domiciled in the kingdom. Its waters are highly beneficial in certain maladies. Pisa, within a few miles of Leghorn, is renowned for its balmy atmosphere and its famous Leaning Tower. Pisa enjoys the reputation of being the finest of all the resorts for consumptives; and foreign society helps to enliven it very much.

In South Italy merry Sorrento, perched on the cliffs just across the cerulean bay of Naples, that prettiest of all bays, occupies a rank somewhat similar to that of Nice in the North, though there are no gambling facilities in the neighborhood. It is a charming retreat, ensconced in one vast grove of orange and lemon trees. It is only a village, and lives on the revenue derived from foreign visitors, and the sale of its artistic woodwork to these customers, and of its fruit and fish in the Naples markets. The climate is one of the finest along the whole coast—in Winter, that is, for in Summer the heat is excessive. Within a short row, by boat, of Sorrento, stands the Island of Capri, athwart the entrance, as it were, of the harbor of Naples, thus affording excellent protection to the latter. Many foreigners delight to dwell in Capri, as the Emperor Tiberius did of old. The ruins of his palace are still extant. Capri presents a most effective feature in the generally lovely scenery around fair Parthenope, the old city founded by the Greeks.

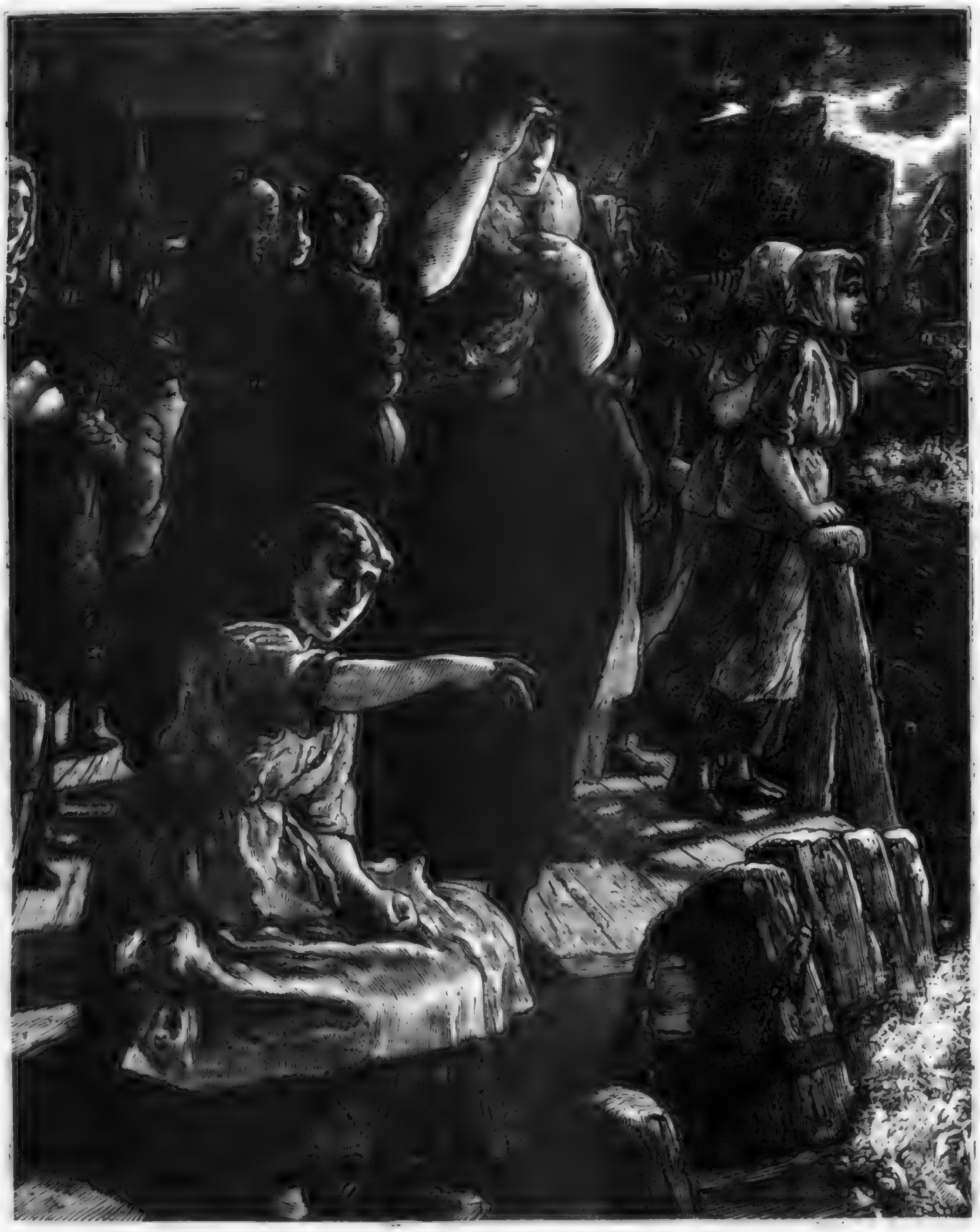
HOW HOGARTH ONCE DISPOSED OF HIS PICTURES.

On the 16th of January, 1745, William Hogarth, of Leicesterfields, England, painter and engraver, put forth an advertisement offering for public sale nineteen pictures in oil, of his execution. These comprised the six paintings of "The Harlot's Progress," the eight of "The Rake's Progress," "The Four Times of the Day," and "The Strolling Players in a Barn."

The conditions attached to the sale were curious. To every bidder was allotted a numbered page in the sale-book, in which were entered his name and place of abode. On the day of sale a clock striking every five minutes was to be placed in the auction-room; and when it struck five minutes after twelve the first picture mentioned in the sale-book was to be deemed sold; the second picture when ten minutes after noon had struck, and so on in succession until the whole nineteen pictures were disposed of. Upon the biddings the advances were only to be in gold; and to this the painter added the injudicious stipulation that no persons were to be allowed to bid save those who had previously entered their names in the book. He furthermore begged as a favor that, as his rooms were small, none but duly inscribed bidders would come to view the paintings.

The sale proved singularly unproductive. The painter had thought to emancipate himself from the thraldom of the picture-dealer and the auctioneer, and to secure to himself, without the costly agency of middlemen, the price which persons of rank and wealth might be induced to offer publicly for works of genius.

But the novelty of the method proposed disgusted, instead of attracting, the town. Noblemen and gentlemen were offended at the tedious formula of having to enter their names and places of residence in a book open to indiscriminate inspection, and they resented as impertinent the proposals of the artist, who seemed to consider that he did the world a favor in suffering them to bid for his works. In any case, the noble and wealthy patrons of Art haughtily staid away from the sale, and from the aggregate of nineteen pictures Hogarth only realized the sum of four hundred and twenty-seven pounds, seven shillings. The engravings of the "Harlot's Progress" had sold much better than those of the "Rake's"; yet the former produced only fourteen guineas each, while the latter went for twenty-two. The picture of "Morning" brought twenty guineas; the "Night" fetched six-and-twenty. By the same cumbrous and blundering process he subsequently disposed of his immortal pictorial drama, the "Marriage à la Mode," for which there was only a single bidder, who obtained the six magnificent works for the sum of one hundred and ten guineas, or little more than nineteen pounds apiece.



WATCHERS BY THE SEA.

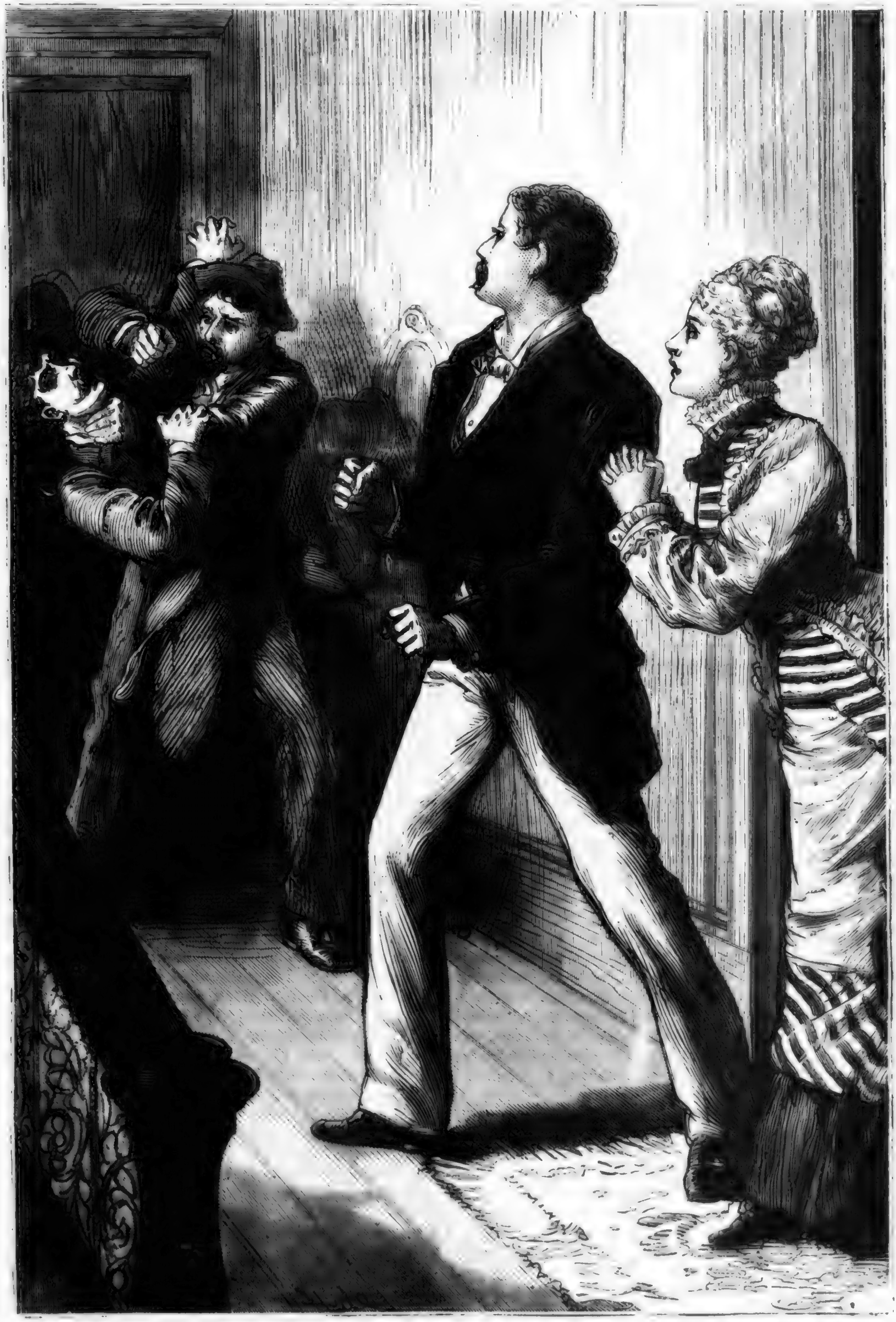
By Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks.

Oh, sparkling and clear in the setting sun
  Shone the dancing wavelets within the bay,
As our fishing-boats sailed out one by one
  To the deeps where the gleaming mackerel lay;
So we crowded the jetty, old and young—
  The weather-worn jetty that met the tide—
With gay good wishes on lip and tongue
  Of the widowed mother or blithe young bride;
Whilst we waved our kerchiefs with hearts at ease,
For the sun shone bright on the smiling seas;
And fishermen's sweethearts, mothers, and wives,
Have hopeful hours in their anxious lives.

But midnight came with a thunderous shock,
  Blue lightnings flashed o'er a turbulent bay,
Mad breakers beat on the threatening rock,
  Drenched women and jetty with blinding spray;
The sky was as black as the boiling flood,
  Our faces as white as the frothy foam,
Yet heedless of roar or of rain we stood,
  Waiting and watching, for love and for home—
Watching with eyes that strained thro' the dark
For sail or sign of a home-bound bark—
As fishermen's wives must watch and wait
When tempests rave and the boats are late

Oh, never did watchers so welcome the morn,
  Under cold gray skies and pitiless rain,
As we wretched women, wet and forlorn,
  Still looking out o'er a billowy main;
And brighter than ever streak of the sun,
  Was the first white speck of a tattered sail
But we held our breath until, one after one,
  We counted our boats from the jetty rail—
Counted our boats, ah, counted not *men*,
Back my true love came never again!
Watch I, or wait by the taunting tide,
Never comes Reuben back to his bride.

XUM



HOW AN ADVERTISEMENT WAS ANSWERED.—"HE GAVE ONE BOUND, BUT IN THAT MOMENT TWO OFFICERS WERE UPON HIM."
SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

HOW AN ADVERTISEMENT WAS ANSWERED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT HUSBAND OF MINE."

"A MIDDLE-AGED lady would like to become housekeeper in a small family during the Winter months. No wages required; best of references given."

This singular advertisement met my eyes one morning while I sat alone at the breakfast-table, reading the *Daily Item.*

Two of the children were sick, an inefficient servant added to our trouble, my wife's health had nearly given way under her housekeeping cares, and everything seemed to me on that special morning going to the dogs.

My situation was a good one, and my salary fair, but then the doctor's bills were unusually large, and our cook wasteful, because Mary—that's my wife—could not attend to her kitchen and take care of the sick children at the same time.

Mary, allow me to say here, is one of the sweetest of sweet women; not only in face, expression and manners, but in taste, in dress, and all the little *etceteras* that make a man's home the best place this side of heaven. She thoroughly enjoyed everything that I did—art, music, literature; and, during the first two years of our married life, we were literally in paradise. I gave not one regretful thought to my old companionships, although I had numbered among my friends some of the best fellows in town, and had been very fond of society.

Then the little ones came, and they were welcome; but trouble, in the shape of accidents, illness, constant and petty cares, came with them.

Jack, our eldest, was now seven; Tom, five; Alice, our fairy girl, three; and the little crib in the room up-stairs held a rosy beauty, who did nothing but sleep.

Tom and Jack, however, were healthy, energetic, and consequently troublesome. Mary managed them with a firm hand until scarlet fever took up its pestilent abode with us for nearly two months.

Mary grew thin and white with watching and anxiety, for our two noble, handsome boys are her idols; and since the fever left them with many a little ailment which could only be removed with care and time, the tender-hearted woman had forgotten almost everything but their welfare.

Hence the cook had her own sweet will, not only in the kitchen, but about the house; and, to tell the truth, it was neither comfortable nor pleasant for me.

Only the day before the doctor had said that the boys would require constant attention all through the Winter. What was to be done, therefore, but to submit to his verdict? The consequence was that I ate my meals deprived of the light of Mary's countenance—that Mary herself was growing more and more hollow-eyed, and looked no longer like the neat, trim little lady, so anxious to be the all-in-all in a husband's partial eyes.

"If I only had a sister or an aunt," she often said, "you would not be so lonely; but you married a woman without relations."

For which—though I did not tell her so—I hope I am reasonably thankful.

One morning—by-the-by, it was the very morning I had read the advertisement—my wife came panting to the table, a smiling cherub in her arms, and sat down to her cold coffee, trying to smile. I had marked the advertisement in the *Item* with my pencil, and now I laid it before her. She read it, and her face brightened.

"What do you think of seeing this woman?" I asked. "She only seems to want a home during the hard times, and we are able to afford that, I hope. If she can oversee the house and 'legislate' the cook, and give you more time to attend to the boys—your humble servant includes himself"—I added, "what a blessing she will be!"

"I dislike to think of a stranger coming to the house," said Mary.

"So do I; but, remember, in a little time she will no longer be a stranger; besides, if she is a capable woman, she will take entire charge of the premises. Of course we needn't have her if we don't like her appearance or her references."

After a few more talks Mary concluded to send for the woman, and, accordingly, dispatched a letter as the advertisement required.

"Well," said my wife, on my return that day, "she came, she saw, she conquered."

"Rather Cæsarean," said I. "I trust she is not a general in petticoats. Tell me all about it;" and I seated myself opposite the cozy sitting-room fire, beginning to dread the intrusion of a third party.

"She came here about noon," said Mary; "a peculiar, prim-looking woman, in a plain traveling-dress. Her face and manner prepossessed me in her favor, and, according to her own account, she certainly is a very capable person. Only think, that she can play the harp and piano, and is very well educated!"

"Worse and worse," thought I; and then said aloud: "But what about references?"

"Her principal reference is a Judge Nelson, and he lives in Ohio."

"All right. I know his brother pretty well; he is a practicing lawyer here. I'll write to the judge and speak to the advocate, and between them both we shall probably get a satisfactory certificate."

The funniest part of this veracious narrative is that I did neither, but allowed the matter to drift away from my memory altogether.

"Well, did you engage her?" I asked.

"On the whole, I thought I had better. She can come here and stay awhile, and, if we suit each other, of course she will remain. In fact, we must have somebody; your comfort must be looked after. As it is, she is at some expense, as boarding, of course, uses up what little money she may chance to have. I told her to come to-morrow and get a little used to the house. Did I do right?"

"I am inclined to think you did," was my reply. "Best to have the strangeness over as soon as possible."

"But there's one thing I am sure you won't like," said Mary, after a brief silence.

"Well, what's that?" I asked.

"She wears spectacles."

"Horror!" was my rejoinder.

"Blue ones!"

"Worse and worse!"

"I knew just how you would feel; but she has very pleasant eyes under them, and she thinks she may soon be able to dispense with them altogether."

"Then I will endeavor to endure the infliction with the best grace I can. How does she look?"

"That's a woman's question, and I sha'n't answer," said my wife, laughing. "However, I will say that she is tall and fair, with blue eyes, blue dress, and a blue vail."

"Blue seems to be the prevailing color," I said; and there the conversation stopped, tea being brought in.

On the following day I came home to company. In other words, I was introduced to Miss Campsted, and by stealth took an inventory of her charms, for the lady was rather good-looking. She wore a small, plain cap and the blue spectacles aforesaid. The hair, put smoothly back, showed ripples on the surface; the features were small and regular, but at first I was not pleased with their expression, though I could not have told why.

The dominant thought with me was that Mary could rest, and, with a mind wholly at ease, give herself up to the care of her little ones for a season.

For a few weeks things went on as smoothly as I could desire. The coffee speedily improved in color and flavor, the tea was delicious. Little *entrées* made their appearance which before our circumstances had not seemed to warrant. The table was always in order, even at times decorated with flowers, and the work was well done, and as if performed by some invisible agency.

"Harry, she is positively a treasure," said my wife to me, one evening, after we had retired to our room. "I have so much more time, now, to attend to baby and the children. Miss Campsted is an admirable manager, and she has some very nice-looking people to visit her."

"Has she many visitors?" I asked. "I thought she talked as if she were a stranger here."

"Now and then one—richly dressed—almost too richly," my wife added, in a hesitating voice. "But then we don't visit, and really know nobody. She has a brother, too."

"A brother!" I cried, more and more surprised. "She told me she had no relations here."

"Well, he wasn't here till yesterday, when he returned from California. I caught a glimpse of him as he went down-street, and he is really a majestic-looking man."

"Oh, this will never do!" I said, impatiently. "We are not rich, but there is considerable solid silver in the house, and some little gold in the way of watches and chains, which are, besides, valuable as heirlooms. I don't like visitors—I don't like the brother."

"Now you are suspicious and unkind," said Mary. "I would trust her with everything in the house—even my husband," she added, laughing. "And though she calls herself middle-aged, and perhaps she is—some women wear so well—she looks almost like a young girl, with her cap and spectacles off, and her hair dressed differently. You will see, for I have persuaded her to dispense with both to-morrow."

To-morrow presented Miss Campsted as a young lady of perhaps twenty-two or three—not a year older, according to appearance—and yet yesterday she looked forty.

The ripple in her hair ran to curl now. The spectacles gone, disclosed beautiful eyes, fringed with long, soft lashes. She noticed my look of surprise, and smiled, as she said:

"I have worn caps since I was thirty, but your wife has persuaded me to leave them off for a while. Do you, too, think it an improvement?"

"I certainly do," was my reply, "for I hate caps and abominable spectacles.'

"What a fright I must have appeared in your eyes, then!" she said, sweetly, which speech necessitated a complimentary answer, and made me feel excessively silly.

Her brother dined there one day. He was a heavy, handsome, well-read fellow, apparently young and very clever.

"Would you object to my brother's presence at dinner to-day?" soon became a regular form of request.

What could I do? Her brother was good company, played the piano, violin and flute with skill, talked well, and almost before I knew it, I was supporting him as well as his sister.

His conversation entertained me, and though my better judgment protested against the encroachment, still I allowed it until it was impossible to say No.

Mary occupied herself more and more with the children, who continued ailing and nervous. Gradually she withdrew herself from our circle on the plea of work for the little ones, and one thing and another, all of which excuses I allowed to convince me. Unconsciously, I began to look forward to the pleasant after-work hours.

Miss Campsted read, sang and played equally well. Always she deferred to my judgment, sang my songs, read from my favorite authors. Her brother was equally ready to talk, or to add to the amusement of the evening.

I became accustomed to this interesting partnership. Sometimes Mary stole in to sit with us a while, and then stole out again.

I knew she was not my Mary as of old, but I laid it to her cares. Nor did I notice, then, that her eye grew languid, her movements slow; that she seldom smiled—that her merry, silvery laugh never rang out as of yore.

I did not dream that she was fast becoming a prey to insidious disease.

"Your wife is not well," said Miss Campsted, on one occasion. "She devotes herself too constantly to her nursery cares. I often beg her to let me assist her, or take her place for a while, but she will never allow me. She does not do herself justice, do you think? A wife had better forget her children than neglect nearer ties."

"What do you mean, Miss Campsted," I asked, turning toward her.

Something in her manner—in her voice—made me angry.

"My wife," said I, in cool, measured tones, "forgets nothing—no one; it is her duty to remember!"

"Oh, of course! Pray pardon me. Mrs. Blair is most lovely! Pray—pray forgive me, and understand me. It was solicitude for her welfare, and anxiety to relieve her of some of her daily burdens, that made me speak."

She put up her hands, white and shapely, with an appealing gesture, and I saw what makes any man a fool for the time—tears on her lashes.

"Why do you talk of offending me?" I said, half laughing, half distressed. "I thought you spoke of my wife in a rather thoughtless manner; but, of course, you cannot comprehend her anxiety with sickly, nervous children."

"Indeed, I meant nothing but for her good. At least—at least—I sympathized with your loneliness, and felt so sorry for your wife," she murmured, confusedly.

"Oh, Mary and I can take care of each other," was my reply.

Did the small arrow she had let fly annoy me? I think it did, on reflection, but not in the way she intended.

I thought of Mary's increasing pallor, silence, alteration; surely she was changing—but what had I to do with it? I never thought to ask what had Miss Campsted to do with it.

Mary grew worse. The doctor said it was some disease of the nerves. Miss Campsted was full of solicitude. She and her handsome brother were very attentive.

When I went into the hall Miss Campsted contrived to be there to bid me good-morning. I never thought of her now as middle-aged. She appeared to me, gradually, to become an impertinent, forward young person.

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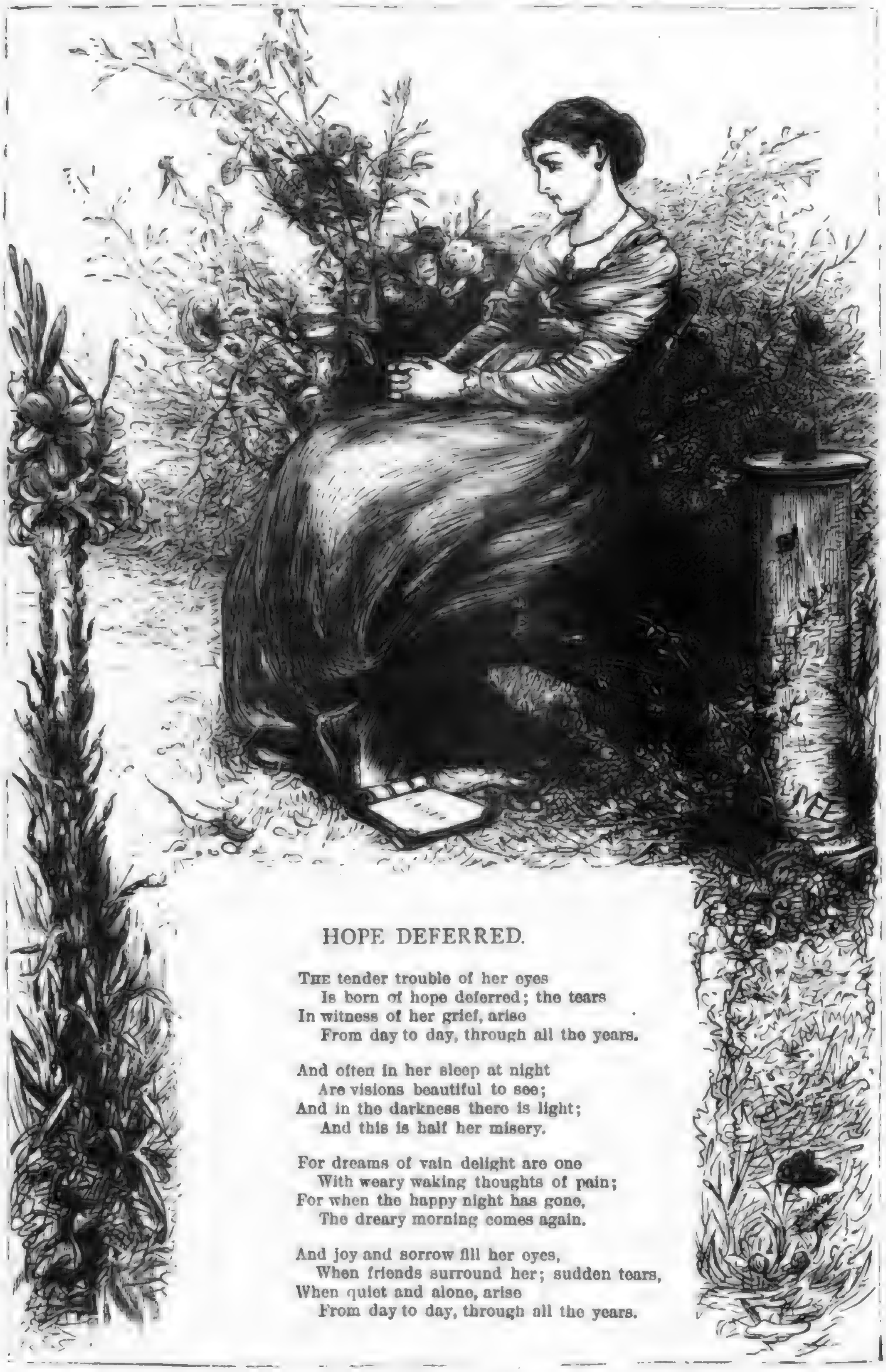


HOPE DEFERRED.

The tender trouble of her eyes
Is born of hope deferred; the tears
In witness of her grief, arise
From day to day, through all the years.

And often in her sleep at night
Are visions beautiful to see;
And in the darkness there is light;
And this is half her misery.

For dreams of vain delight are one
With weary waking thoughts of pain;
For when the happy night has gone,
The dreary morning comes again.

And joy and sorrow fill her eyes,
When friends surround her; sudden tears,
When quiet and alone, arise
From day to day, through all the years.

One memorable day—shall I ever forget it?—I went up-stairs to say something that had escaped my recollection, after my usual visit to Mary's room.

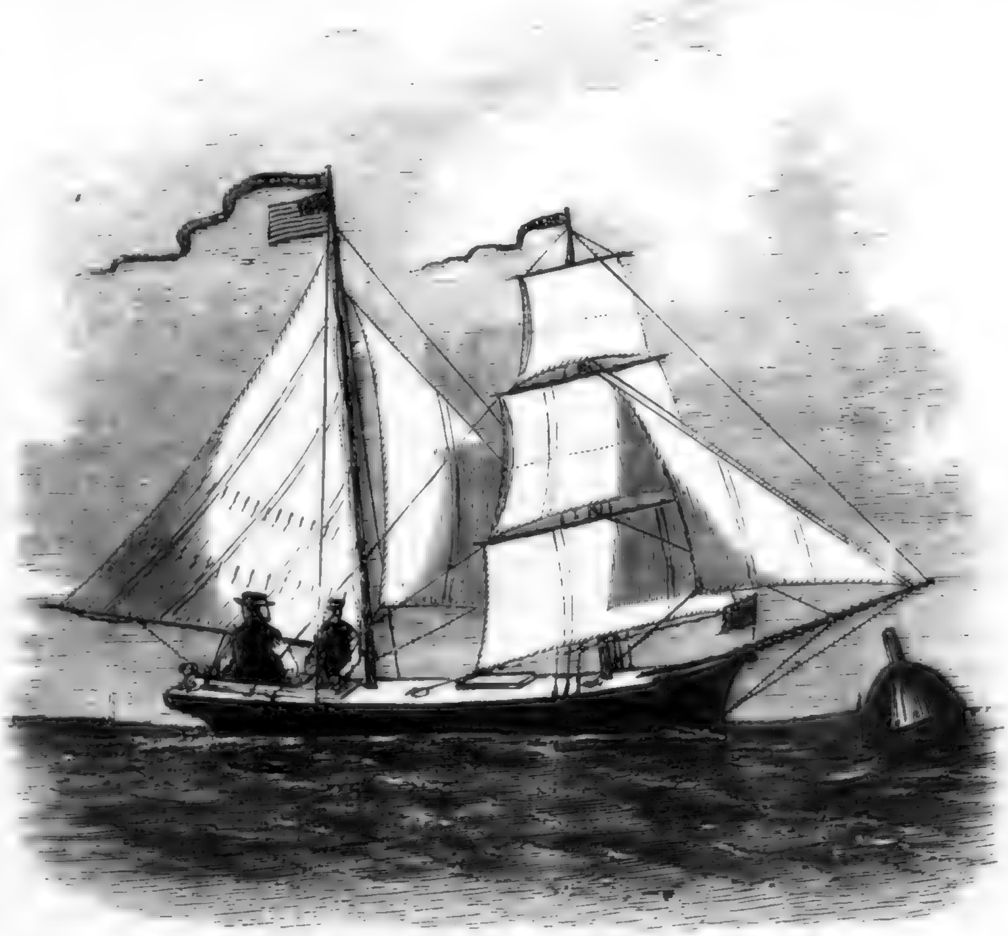
I found my wife weeping hysterically, with all the children grouped about her and crying in chorus.

"For heaven's sake, Mary, what has happened?" I cried, frightened almost out of my wits.

"Don't stay, Harry," she gasped; "it does me no good. I am better alone. Go down—please go down."

"But I'm not going down or out, leaving you in this state," I said, throwing down hat and bundles, and trying to take her in my arms. But she resisted my tenderness.

"No matter for me," she sobbed. "I shall be better soon out of the way, perhaps."



THE TINY CRAFT MANIA.—THE "VISION," 1864.—SEE PAGE 439.

"Mary, darling," I said, at my wits' end, "if you won't let me stay, at least let me send Miss Campsted up."

"That woman!" cried my wife, with hysterical anguish —"no! Do you want her to poison me? It is bad enough that she has ruined my home."

I was thunderstruck.

"Poison you!—ruined your home! Miss Campsted! What can you mean, Mary? Are you crazy? I thought you considered her invaluable?" I repeated, still dazed and nervous.

"Invaluable!" murmured Mary, great tears running down her pale cheeks; "can I like a serpent? Can I like one who has stolen from me all that made my life blessed —my husband's love! I hate her! Go! go! She has told me, oh, such horrible things! Leave me; Miss Campsted is down-stairs," and she fell to shuddering.

I have heard that an innocent man always has his weapons about him. I don't believe it. At all events, it was not so in my case. So obtuse and confused was I at this entirely new phase of matters, that it took a minute and twenty seconds before the real import of her words reached my consciousness. I am quite positive of that fact, for mechanically I was following with my eye the hands of the clock in the corner. Then it dawned on me by degrees, and Mary, after a while, told me a pitiful story.

My wife, my one crown of glory, my idolized Mary, had been subjected to the most cruel of all tortures, that of hearing her husband's words and actions misrepresented, stories manufactured, lies cunningly invented.

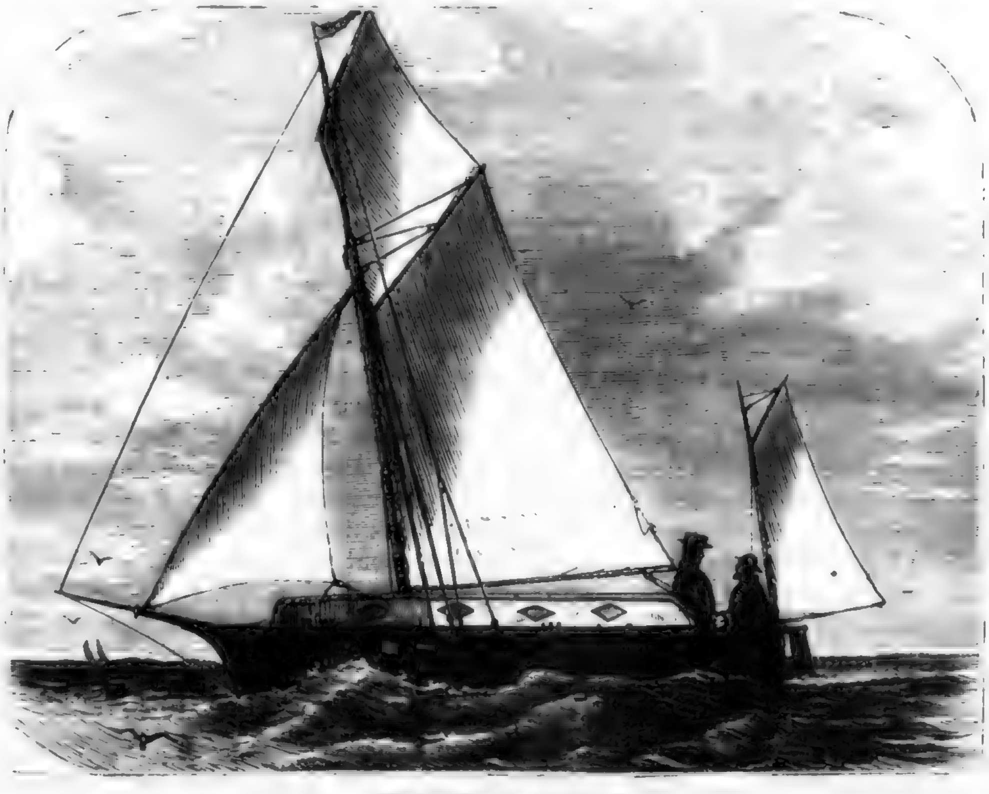
I no longer wondered that my poor wife felt a dread and abhorrence for the creature, which no language could express, or even feared for her life in the presence of such a viper.

The strangest thing to me was, then—in truth, always will be—that Mary did not tell me of these things; but a foolish fear of being thought jealous, and something also of pride and the sensitiveness of her nature, sealed her lips.

In my anger I suppose I rather overstepped the bounds of prudence, and in my next interview with the fascinating Miss Campsted, as some of my friends called her, I had a grand opportunity of witnessing the uncontrolled fury of a woman whose vileness had been prematurely unmasked.

Never, even upon the stage, have I seen such a perfect piece of acting.

Trouble never comes singly, they say. I had given Miss Campsted warning, when a person, whom I had reason to believe was a detective, entered my house. In an instant Miss Campsted grew pale and quiet, and begged me to allow her to see the gentleman alone.



THE "CITY OF RAGUSA."

Of course I consented, keeping strict guard, however, outside the door.

For some time the conversation went on in a low tone; then, gradually, Miss Campsted's voice changed to entreaty. Sobs followed, and bitter weeping.

Suddenly in came Fred Campsted, whistling softly an air from one of the operas.

Seeing me in the hall, apparently on guard, he started, slowly hung up his hat, took it down again, asked for his sister, and seemed very much surprised when I told him she had company.

"You had better go in," I said, "for I fear she is in trouble."

"Oh, hang it!" was his rough response, "she's always in trouble. I have an errand down-town, and must be excused."

He turned, and there, facing him, standing on the door-step, was another detective. How long had they been watching my house?

The man looked like a tiger. He gave one bound, but in that moment two officers were upon him; then he seized his pistol, which was snugly concealed, and fired.

One of the men was wounded; but the other, with the strength of a lion, secured the prisoner, and brought him, bound and raving horribly, into the house.

"Do you know, sir," asked one of the detectives, afterward, "that this house has been a rendezvous for thieves during the past six months?"

How should I, absent all day? How was I to be made aware that our cook had been bought from time to time with heavy bribes to allow the ingress of packages of great value?

How did I know that Miss Campsted brought three immense Saratoga trunks with her, professing that they had been left in her charge?

After that we examined those same trunks, wherein property was found concealed to the amount of forty or fifty thousand dollars—silks, velvets, diamonds and jewels.

One of the packages—a very small one—I looked upon with great distrust. It was taken with the other things to the station-house, and found to be a machine calculated to destroy both life and property, for it was filled with explosive materials, and, opened by ignorance or chance, life would most certainly have been the forfeit.

To this day I look with distrust upon such advertisements as the one that heads this story; and, though that was probably the single exception in a thousand, no earthly power could induce me to repeat the experience.

And if, after a long search after some article not to be found, we conclude to give it up, we place it to the account of the fascinating Miss Campsted.

WHAT THEY KNEW FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

From one of the books compiled after the manner of our modern cyclopædias, and the compilation of which is shown to have been made more than 2,000 B.C., it has been ascertained, what has long been supposed, that Chaldea was the parent land of astronomy; for it is found from this compilation, and from other bricks, that the Babylonians catalogued the stars, and distinguished and named the constellations; that they arranged the twelve constellations that form our present zodiac to show the course of the sun's path in the heavens; divided time into weeks, months, and years; that they divided the week, as we now have it, into seven days—six being days of labor and the seventh a day of rest, to which they gave a name from which we have derived our word "Sabbath," and which day, as a day of rest from all labor of every kind, they observed as rigorously as the Jew or the Puritan.

The motion of the heavenly bodies and the phenomena of the weather were accurately noted down; and a close connection detected, as M. de Perville claims to have discovered, between the weather and the changes of the moon. They invented the sun-dial to mark the movements of the heavenly bodies; the water-clock to measure time; and they speak in this work of the spots on the sun—a fact that could only have been known by the aid of telescopes, which it is supposed they possessed, from observations that they have noted down of the rising of Venus and the fact that Layard found a crystal lens in the ruins of Nineveh.

The "bricks" contain an account of the Deluge, substantially the same as the narrative in the Bible, except that the names are different. They disclose that houses and lands were then sold, leased and mortgaged; that money was loaned at interest, and that the market-gardeners, to use an American phrase, "worked on shares"; that the farmer, when plowing with his oxen, beguiled his labor with short and homely songs, two of which have been found; and to connect this very remote civilization with the usages of to-day, I may, in conclusion, refer to one of the bricks in this library, in the form of a notice, which is to the effect that visitors are requested to give the librarian the number of the book they wish to consult, and that it will be brought to them; at the perusal of which one is disposed to fall back upon the exclamation of Solomon, that there is nothing new under the sun.

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

As soon as the flames had been got under, and all fears of a further outbreak removed, the step of the Council was to institute an inquiry into the cause of the fire. Upon this point the nation was divided into three distinct sets: those who attributed the fire to the designs of the French, the Dutch, and the Papists; those who attributed it to the vengeance of an offended Deity at the open sin which was allowed to reign supreme in high places; and those who, like sensible persons, believed that the fire was entirely due to accident and to the combustible nature of the materials with which the houses were then built. The first section were, however, in a large majority. Wading through the vast correspondence of this period which has been preserved by the State, almost every letter which alludes to the subject lays the ruin of London at the door of the foreigner and the Papist. In the different towns of the kingdom the Catholics were keenly watched, while Frenchmen and Dutchmen were hauled before the magistrates, and might consider themselves fortunate if they were not at once committed to jail as suspicious characters. The wildest rumors were circulated, and in some places it was dangerous for a foreigner to show his face. Witness after witness came forward and swore to having seen Frenchmen and Dutchmen wandering about the country, throwing fire-balls into the open windows of houses. Numbers of innocent persons, but who had the misfortune to profess the creed of Rome, were seized on "eminent suspicion," and found to have on them "several fire-balls as large as tennis-balls."

In Warwickshire and Leicestershire suspicion seems to have been very much on the alert, owing to a curious form of theft. Sheep were stolen from the meadows; "strange robberies have been committed, many sheep having been killed in the fields, and only their tallow

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taken away; this was thought to be intended for the making of fire-balls, and one malefactor was apprehended who said that he did it through poverty, and sold the tallow." The harshest conclusions were drawn from the flimsiest of premises.

To be a foreigner was to be an incendiary; to be a Papist was to be a plotter against English security; to be seen with a ball in the hand was to be the owner of a fire-ball. "It is impossible," writes one Ralph Hope from Coventry, "to persuade the people into any other belief than that the Papists have a design to rise and cut their throats; and they impute the late sad conflagration solely to their continuance and propagation; this has been insinuated by what has happened at Warwick. A boy gathering blackberries sees a man doing something in a ditch, who hastily puts something into a bag and goes away; the boy finds at the place a blackish-brown ball, and carries it away before the deputy-lieutenants there met. There is no appearance of anything combustible in it, but all take it to be an unfinished fire-ball; the boy describes the man, and takes his oath; the whole town takes the alarm; hue and cries are sent out everywhere to take the man, but in vain; the town is in a tumult all day, every man in arms, besides the militia-horse keeping strict guard all night."

THE FATE OF DAMIENS.

On the 5th of January, 1758, as King Louis XV. was entering his carriage at Versailles, a stout young man pushed through the Swiss Guards and stabbed the King with a pocket-knife. The wound was slight, but all France was convulsed. The assassin was Pierre Damiens, a fanatical Jansenist, a poor lunatic without accomplices, plan, or rational motive. In his pocket was found a neatly bound New Testament, and his purpose was to promote the orthodox faith. From the hour of his arrest to the moment of his death, a period of two months and twenty-three days, he was in torture whenever he was awake, so cruelly was he bound, chained and confined.

When at last the day of execution came he was taken to the torture chamber and subjected to the greatest amount of anguish which the human frame is capable of enduring, surgeons standing by to give timely notice of insensibility. Then he was driven by a circuitous route through the streets of Paris to the place of execution. This took an hour and a half. Another half-hour he was kept waiting in full view of the preparations, the apparatus not being ready.

Then, in view of the assembled multitude, many of whom were women, he was placed on a lofty platform and the hellish work began. First his right hand was burned off; next masses of flesh were torn from him by red-hot pinchers, and melted lead and rosin poured into the wounds; lastly, a strong horse was attached to each of his four limbs, and an attempt was made to tear him in pieces. After a considerable period it was found impossible to do this, and a message was sent for permission to cut the muscles of the joints. It was refused, and again an attempt was made to tear the limbs apart, but without success. A second time word was sent that the horses could not tear the dying wretch asunder. Permission was then given, and the muscles were severed, but not until both legs and one arm had been torn off did the prisoner expire.

In talking, everything is unseasonable which is private to two or three or any other portion of the company.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

"As SAFE as the Bank of England" is an assurance of safety which is never questioned. No one has ever lost money by the Bank of England. Its notes are good all over the world. Many strangers go to see it; only a few persons can go round at once with a guide. In one room notes that have been paid have the corners torn off and holes punched through them. Over 50,000 notes, worth £1,000,000, are paid every day, and thus cut. They are kept five years; and if you give the number and date of a note, in less than three minutes it can be found; so that, if you paid a note you owed, and a man said you did not do so, you could prove that you had paid it. The largest note is £1,000. One hundred and twenty men are in the room where paid notes are clipped, and 1,200 in all the bank. All the notes used are printed in the bank, and the printing machines keep a register of every one. Here pensions are paid to crippled soldiers. Here gold and silver plate (private property) is kept.

Two things I heard interested me.

"Gold is very brittle," said our guide. "If you throw a good deal about upon a counter—that is, a number of good pieces—and then sweep it off the counter, you will find that the fragments count up. We are very careful of them. In the weighing-room, all gold sovereigns that you put in your pockets in the morning, with other pieces of coin, at night will not be just the same. We know that, and we weigh every sovereign that has once been out of the house. The bankers lose the difference. We have sent boxes of gold coin to them by express that have come back to us unopened, yet the rubbing of the gold has worn off five pounds' worth."

We came away agreeing that this great bank was one of the world's wonders.

THE TINY CRAFT MANIA.

"FEAR," says Sir Philip Sidney, "is more painful to cowardice than death to true courage"; and Hobbes observes, "Courage may be virtue, where the daring act is extreme; and extreme fear no vice, where the danger is extreme." There is a deal of truth in the saying that the sensation of danger is agreeable to men. Danger is courted; hair-breadth escapes, by flood and field, eagerly sought; the hundredth chance taken against the other ninety-nine. To have stood the test—to have been in the sinking ship; before the blaze of the battery, or in the imminent deadly breach—to have faced the King of Terrors, no matter when, where, or how, is an inner craze with individuals otherwise cast in cold and passionless mold. And thus it has been, and thus it will ever be.

There is a "crank" amongst seafaring men at this present writing that is likely to develop into a novel but royal road to suicide—namely, the "Dory crank"; the crossing of boundless oceans in boats scarcely fitted for fishing excursions to adjacent islands. The smaller the craft, the greater the glory; and because, forsooth! half-a-dozen fools have, by a combination of lucky influences, escaped a watery grave, hundreds of fools, in an endeavor to follow their perilous example, are bound to go down to what mariners playfully term "Davy's Locker." Here, indeed, the sensation of danger *must* prove agreeable to the Dorvites.

And now, before attempting to cross the Atlantic in a dory, let us take a glance at the various diminutive craft in other hemispheres, specimens of which we may look forward to beholding in New York Bay ere the leaves on

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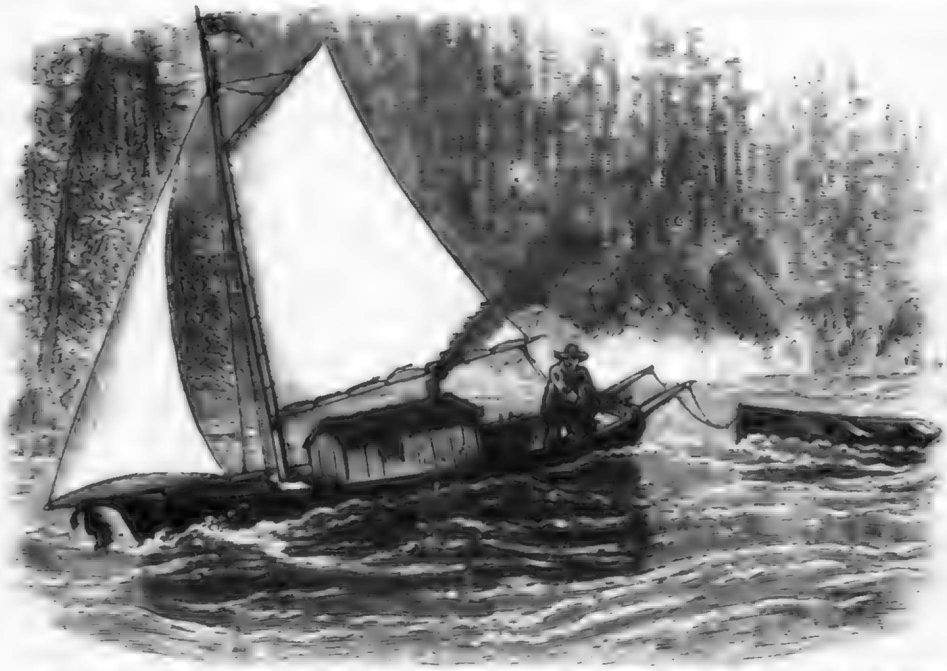
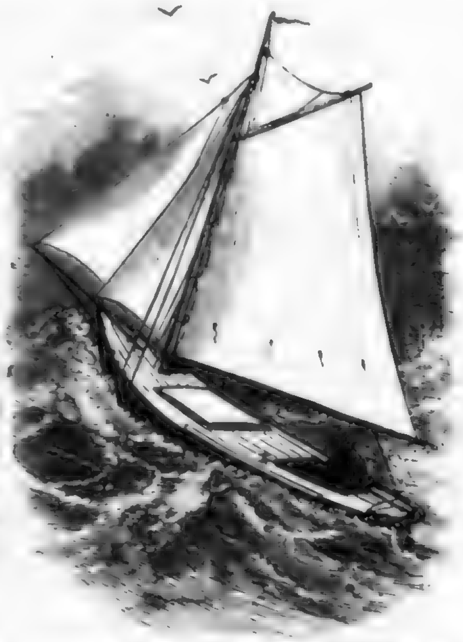


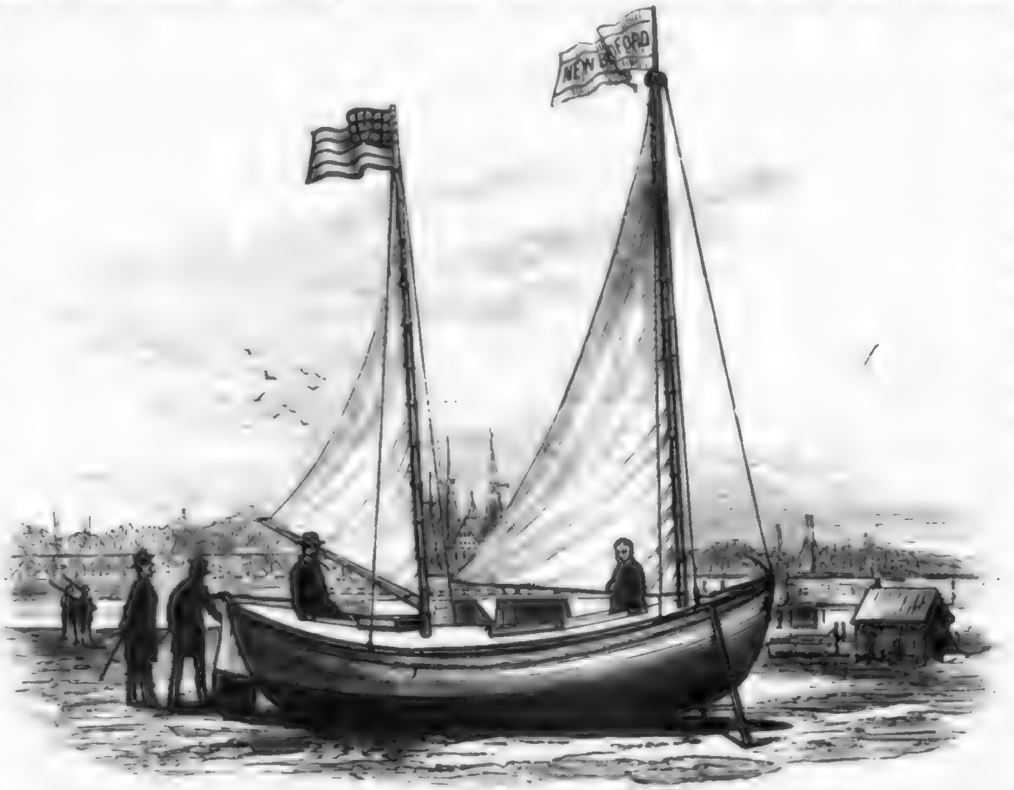
WILLIAM JOHNSON'S VOYAGE DOWN THE YELLOWSTONE, MISSOURI AND MISSISSIPPI RIVERS.



CAPTAIN JOHNSON'S DORY "CENTENNIAL."

the verdure-clad heights of the Hudson, in the Fall of '82, assume their Autumn mantle of yellow and russet and gold.

Russia has copied all her vessels from English models since the time Peter the Great came over to England to study naval architecture in a shipwright's yard. The only small vessels peculiar to the Baltic are little Finnish schooners, which cruise along the coast, and bring up provisions to the capital. They have sails of thin white canvas, and very few ropes, and those are white and free from tar. The Finns, however, are a very hardy race, and the best seamen of all the people under the dominion of Russia. Holland possesses some peculiar small craft. *Galliot*, *Dogger*, and *Schuyt* are names given to different sorts of Dutch vessels. Let the *Galliot* serve as a type for the rest. She is very strongly built with stout timbers and thick fir plank, she has flat floors, and but little keel. There is not much difference in the shape of her head and stern, which are both well rounded, or, rather, the bow may be called very bluff, as she has little or no keel, but a deepish, thick stem, and her rudder is very wide and is hung outside of all. On each side is hung up a huge leeboard, to prevent her going to leeward. Her planking is not painted, but after she is calked it is covered over with a very thick coat of a yellow and peculiarly bright varnish, which shines in the sunbeams. She has high bulwarks, and the after part of the deck being sunk slightly, a wooden house with arched roof is raised over it. The masts are well scraped and polished, and the cross-trees and mast-head are painted. She is really a very fine sea boat.

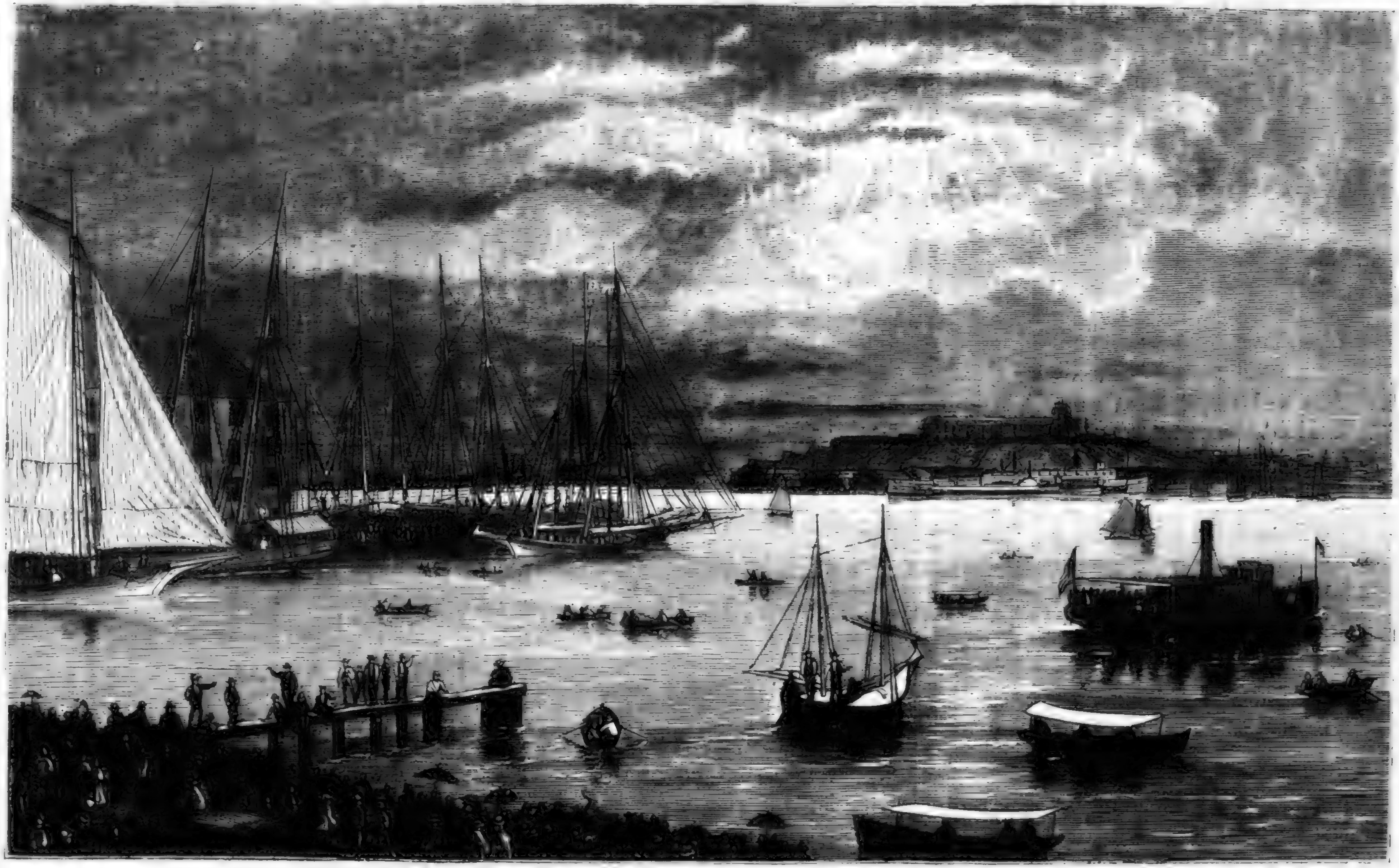


THE SAILBOAT "NEW BEDFORD," 1877.

CAPT. JOHNSON'S ENCOUNTER WITH A SHARK.

THE "CENTENNIAL" CAPSIZED.

From Holland and Belgium we pass along to the coast of France.



THE "JOHN T. FORD" SAILING FROM BALTIMORE IN JUNE, 1867.

Here luggers of all sizes are prevalent, as well as the long narrow fisher vessels, with bows bluff above the water, though sharp below, and flat sterns. In Spain the same class of lugger is found, but Portugal boasts of tiny trading schooners unlike any other craft, the *Heate* being a notable example. They have only lower masts, which rake at different angles, while the gaffs of the foresail and mainsail hoist to different heights. The *Rasca* is long and low, with considerable sheer, low bulwarks, with stern and stem much alike, both being sharp, rising also at each end. She has two or three short stumpy masts, raking forward, and on these are set beautifully cut lateen sails, with long tapering yards, so that, when under way, she has a peculiarly picturesque appearance. The entire outside is painted black, and generally green or some dark color inside. The Lisbon *Beanpod* is the most curious of European small craft. Beanpod exactly describes her shape. The *Catria* employed by the pilots and fishermen off the Douro is accounted one of the finest sea-boats afloat. The wine-boats of the Douro are remarkable constructions, but we may never hope to behold one on this side, unless it be brought over piece-meal.

The *Scanparia* of the Mediterranean is a graceful-looking craft, of a very mixed order of rigging; the mainsail is square-rigged, while her foremast rakes forward, and carries a lateen sail, with a steering bowsprit, and a little jib. On her mizzen mast, which rakes aft, she also carries a small lateen sail. In the *Bombarda* the foremast has no tops or cross-trees. The *Polacca* brig is a very common rig amongst the Greeks; its masts being all in one, they have a peculiarly light and graceful appearance. The Greek *Mystico* has but one mast, with square sails set on it; it rakes forward, while the bowsprit steers upward. The *Felucca* of the Mediterranean is a long, sharp, gracefully-built boat, with two lateen sails and a jib. The *Balanza* of Sicily is something of the felucca. The *Settee* has two masts pretty close together with high, peaked lateen sails. When running they are set wing-a-wing—that is, one over each side, and, under these circumstances, a triangular sail is set between the two points, which, when she is bow on, gives her a very peculiar appearance.

The vessels of the Adriatic are quaint and picturesque. The *Trabacolo* is a fore and aft rigged vessel, like a schooner, but her sails are high, narrow lugs.

Having run the gamut of European coasting boats, specimens of which are likely to visit these waters during the prevalence of the "Dory crank," let us see if Africa or Asia is likely to join in the exhibition of cockleshells manned by maniacs.

The numerous large and powerfully armed vessels fitted out by the Barbary States, and which at one time held the merchantmen of Europe in terror, have now disappeared. The *Saicque* is one of the few crafts which remain. She is broad of beam, carries two stumpy masts, with large lateen sails and no jib, and is a fast sailer. The Riff pirates are partial to rowing boats, but possess a craft not unlike a dory, in which they prowl about the seas for weeks, seeking whom they may devour.

The boat of the Nile we will not see; with her quaint little house built up at one end, where passengers sleep and live.

We now come to Asia. Along the shores of that wonderful quarter of the globe there exists a very great variety of boats and vessels. No people in the world surpass the natives of the Empire of India in the art of boat-building, especially in the way in which they join the planking of the vessels, so as most effectually to keep out the water without any additional calking.

The Arab *Dow* possesses a hull of an odd shape, and has a most unseaworthy look. The bow rises high out of the water, gradually narrowing, and projecting a long way beyond the hull, till it becomes a mere point. Her stern is raised, and ornamented with quaint and elaborate carving. She carries one large lateen sail, extending completely fore and aft. The boat used in the Indian seas is peculiar, its great principle being the outrigger, which projects a long way out on the weather-side, with a small canoe attached to it. The lee-side is perfectly flat, but the weather-side is rounded to throw off the seas. The stem and stern are exactly alike, so that the boat is never put about, the sail alone being shifted. These craft are of different sizes, and some are decked, with one mast and a shifting bowsprit.

The Ceylon *Dow* is shaped like a Dutch *Dogger*; indeed, in consequence of the Dutch having been long masters of the principal parts of the island, it is very probable that she was formed after the smaller vessels that came from Holland. Next in order come the *Pattamar* or *Pattamach* of the Malabar coast, the *Catamaran* or surf boat of Madras, the *Budgerow* and *Dingy* used on the Ganges, the Burmese boats, the *Chop* or cargo boats of the Chinese, the *Mandarin* boat and the *Junk*. The Japanese are certain to come to us in one of their fir or cedar junks. Upon our own boats it is unnecessary to write a line, while the Brazilian and Peruvian vessels are not worth mention, save for the peculiarity of the formation of their canoe craft.

Having thus taken a flying glance at the craft of the world, specimens of which are likely to sail into our waters, we shall return to the dory, while we scud across the Atlantic, and see what has been done by the mad mariners who, with the craze of notoriety or gold upon them, have ventured to do and dare four thousand miles upon the trackless plain of ocean's melancholy waste.

The first case recorded is that of the *Vision*, built and sailed by Capt. John Donovan, in June, 1864. He left New York on the 15th in a 16-foot yawl boat, converted into a hermaphrodite brig, 4 feet 10 inches beam, and 2 feet 9 inches deep. She had masts 19 feet high, and spread 50 yards of canvas. On the 5th of July the *Vision* put into Boston, leaking; and having been repaired, again set out. On the 20th she was supplied with provisions by the Montreal Ocean Steamship Company's steamer the *Peruvian*. The little craft never has been heard of from that day to this, and though no news is proverbially good news, this is one of the exceptions which proves the rule—false!

On the 9th of July, 1866, Capts. John N. Hudson and Francis E. Fitch, accompanied by a small poodle, left New York in the famous little *Red, White, and Blue*. This craft was constructed in part from an Ingersoll life-boat, and was water-proof, fire-proof, and worm-proof. She was 24 feet long, and 5½ feet beam, drawing 20 inches of water aft and 18 forward, and was fully rigged as a three-mast ship, spreading 65 yards of sail. She reached London in safety on the 16th of August, having occupied thirty-eight days in the passage.

On June 4th, 1867, sailed the life-saving raft *Nonpareil*, manned by Capt. Mikes, a Prussian seamen of twenty-seven years' experience, and George Miller and Henry Lawson, sailors. The *Nonpareil* was of a construction patented in 1865, and consisted of three 26-inch cylinders, 25 feet long, each with a double rubber casing, covered with white canvas duck. She carried five sails, and had in the centre a little locker, 6 x 4 and 14 inches deep, containing two compasses, two quadrants, and ocean and English channel charts. As additional means of propulsion, the *Nonpareil* was provided with seven oars. She

XUM

had twelve water-tanks of India rubber, six holding seven gallons each, and six ten, and was furnished with canned provisions, biscuits, hams, etc., for forty days' full rations. She reached Southampton July 26th, having occupied fifty-one days in the passage.

In the Summer of 1870, E. R. W. Hayter and N. Primriaz sailed from Liverpool to Boston in 90 days, the return voyage the following year occupying 38½ days. The *City of Ragusa*, in which they made their voyages, was 19 feet long and 6 feet beam, and on her way out (Sept. 3d, 1870), rode out a storm on George's bank, in which two large ships were dismasted.

In 1876, Alfred Johnson, a Dane, crossed the ocean alone in a decked sailing-boat, 16½ feet long, 5½ feet beam, and 2½ feet deep, arriving in the Mersey Aug. 20th, after a voyage of sixty-six days.

June 2d, 1877, Capt. Thomas Crapo and his wife sailed from Chatham, Cape Cod, in the schooner *New Bedford*, built somewhat on the whale-boat model, but shorter, broader, deeper, and with more sheer. Her custom-house measurements were as follows: Length over all, 19.55 feet; breadth, 6.4; depth, 3.16; length of keel, 13 feet; centre-board, 3½x1½; tonnage, 1.62. The foremast was 18 feet from the deck, and mainmast 17; the principal sails were "leg of mutton," and she hoisted the American ensign at the main, and a burgee with her name at the fore. She was provided with an anchor, pump, oars, etc., and carried 130 gallons of fresh water in six kegs, three on each side. Canned provisions and a kerosene stove brought the weight of stores up to 1,500 pounds. She reached Mount's Bay, near Penzance, in forty-nine days, having been compelled to lay to fifteen days through stormy weather. In one gale the *New Bedford* shipped a sea, soaking the bedding, and involving the crew in signal discomfort. When Capt. Crapo reached England he had stood one watch of seventy hours, and his left hand was stiff and clinched from long steering, while his wife was nearly dead from eight days' suffering with diarrhœa and sea-sickness.

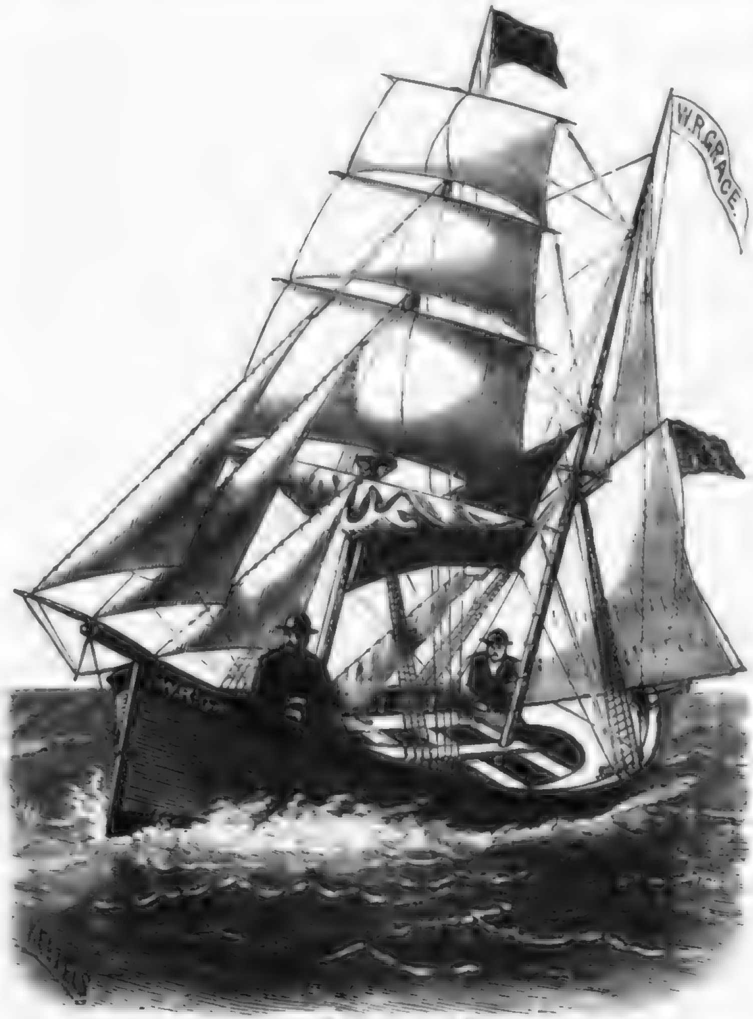
June 13th, 1878, the *Nautilus* sailed from City Point, South Boston, manned by two brothers, William and Walter Andrews, of Beverly, Mass. She was 19 feet over all, 6 feet 5 inches beam, and 2 feet 3 inches deep, copper-fastened, and weighing 500 pounds. She was lateen-rigged, with a mast 8 feet long and a 25-yard sail, bent on a boom 23 feet in length; she also carried two storm-sails. The voyage to Mount's Bay occupied forty-nine days, and was full of discomfort. For eighteen days they never saw the sun, and for four weeks they had to sleep in their wet clothes, on sopping bedding, while several days they could not sleep and scarcely dared take time to eat. One of the brothers talked of coming back to the United States alone; or, rather, in company with a dog, but nothing more was heard of the plan. The other got into trouble in England, where he stabbed a man.

In 1879 cockle-shell navigation was all the rage. One enthusiast sailed from New York to Boston in a boat the size of a small coffin, five feet long, the voyage occupying forty-nine days; while two Boston architects, Messrs. Clarke and Baron, cruised from London to Constantinople in a two-ton yacht, the *Dorian*. June 1st, Captain Lewis Gerhardt Goldsmith, a Danish sailor, left Boston in the *Uncle Sam*, accompanied by his wife, to whom he had been married but a short time. The *Uncle Sam* was 18 feet over all, and 6 feet 4 inches beam, having a depth of 3 feet 2 inches, with air-tanks at the bow and stern, and a water tank under the standing room, running to the keel. Between the inside of the boat and the gunwale were eight tanks or lockers, four on a side, for storing provisions, while round the boat ran an unusual thing in boats of her size, a three-inch bulwark. A "trunk" covered with duck was provided for the lady's accommodation. Mrs. Goldsmith, who had never been to sea, funked decidedly on one occasion, and was for returning home, but regained her courage, and the boat went on, reaching Halifax June 20th, and St. Johns, Newfoundland, August 7th. Mrs. Goldsmith, after being laid up with seasickness, had an attack of inflammation of the bowels, and her husband had to work day and night. A dense cold fog prevailed on the banks August 14th, and after being nearly run down by a brigantine, he had to take to using the fog-horn, till his lips were swollen with blowing it. On the 16th, in a tremendous storm, which carried away the boat's drags and oars, the *Uncle Sam* shipped a sea which saturated all the bread and clothing, and left the husband and wife lying in water up to their necks. Thence till the 19th he did not sleep, and had no food but some cold canned mutton. Three of the cleats to which the mainsheet was fastened gave way, and only the fourth stood between them and destruction, when they were rescued by the bark *Queen of Nations*, in latitude 47 degrees 36 minutes north, and longitude 43 degrees 20 minutes west. Mrs. Goldsmith, almost dying, was hauled on board by a bowline, and the *Uncle Sam* sank with her stores and instruments as the captain's foot left the deck.

Captain Goldsmith's idea had been to go round the world by the way of England, Gibraltar, Suez, Bombay, Penang, Singapore, Hong Kong, Yeddo and San Francisco.

Herbert B. Burrell and Andrew B. Milton planned as ambitious a voyage—from Boston to Cape de Verde, down the African coast to Cape Town, and then across the Indian Ocean to Melbourne, where they intended showing their raft at the exposition. The *Golden Gate*, in which they set sail from Boston July 7th, was schooner-rigged and 19 feet over all, 5 feet 4 inches beam, and 2 feet 6 inches deep. She "tumbled in" from 5 feet 4 inches at the water-line to 4 feet 11 inches at the deck, being planned to right herself if she were capsized by a squall, or in a heavy sea. She spread 75 yards of canvas, and was well fitted with compasses, sextant, quadrant and chronometers; had copper water-tanks lined with tin, and containing two and one-half barrels, and carried five months' provisions hermetically sealed. She had a cabin in which both men could sleep at once, and a system of brass ventilation tubes allowing them to occupy it even when the hatches were battened down. Indeed, the *Golden Gate* was the best equipped of all the tiny vessels that ever undertook the long voyage. She came to grief on the Brazilian or African coast, where the men were compelled to abandon their voyage through the water and provisions spoiling under the tropical sun, involving them in terrible suffering.

The *Little Western* was much more fortunate. She sailed from East Gloucester June 12th, 1880, manned by George P. Thomas and Frederick Norman, and passed the Scilly Isles July 26th. She was 16 feet 7 inches long over all, 6 feet 7 inches wide, and 2 feet 6 inches deep, clinker built, of cedar and pine, and sharp at both ends, being a fishing dory decked over. She was cutter-rigged, with a mast 15 feet high, hoisting a square sail 8x9, with a ten-foot hoist, and a thirteen-foot mainsail. She had a centre-board, and a drag for heaving to, and carried 500 pounds of ballast, 50 gallons of water, 100 pounds of bread, 50 pounds of tinned beef and tongue, 48 cans of tinned fruit, 12 of condensed coffee, besides chocolate, milk, corn, oatmeal, dried fruits, etc., and port wine. They cooked with kerosene and alcohol, and had hot coffee twice a day



THE "W. R. GRACE."

throughout the whole voyage. She made an average of 63 miles a day, and sometimes the little craft reeled off nine knots an hour steadily.

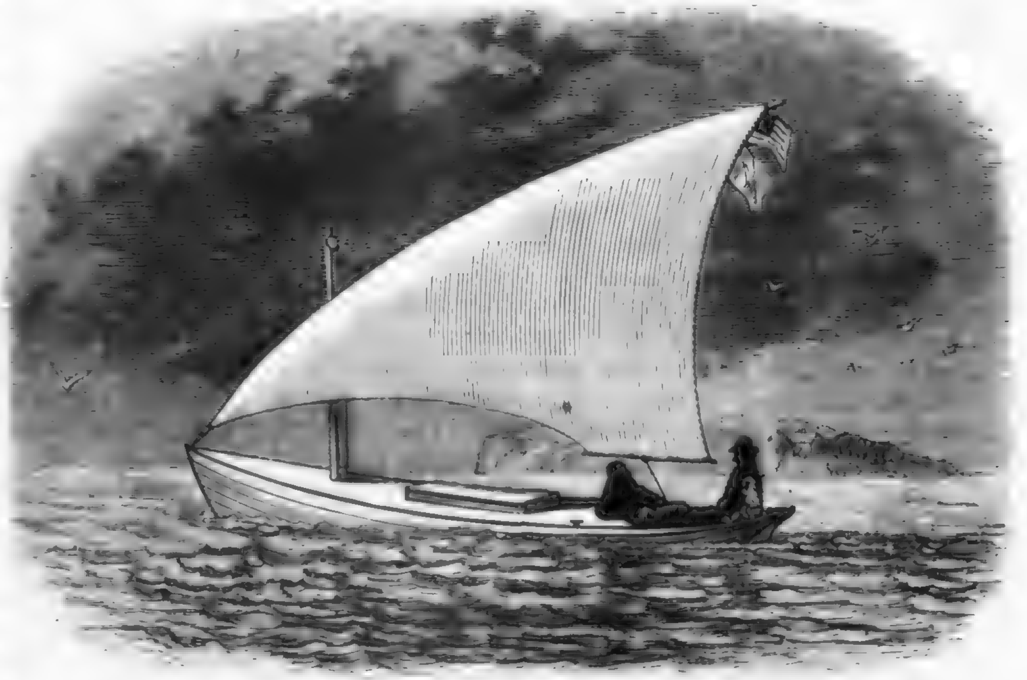
She was first spoken on June 30th, in latitude 44°, longitude 47°, by the British steamer *Bulgarian.* The captain offered to take the two men off, but they declined. The *Little Western* was next spoken on July 10th, by the Bremen steamer *Neckar.* The chief officer of the *Neckar*, in speaking of the incident, said: "We met the *Little Western* right slap in mid-ocean. It was on the afternoon of July 10th, shortly after noon, that we sighted a tiny speck on the horizon. It was a bright, clear day, but a stiff breeze had started the sea in a lively style, so that even the *Neckar* heaved about like a sick porpoise. You can imagine how difficult it was to get, through our telescopes, a glimpse of the little black atom which danced in the distance. At first it was thought that some vessel had run into an iceberg, and left her crew afloat. The captain ordered the life-boats ready to pick up the wrecked men, and all the passengers crowded to the rail, eager to see what they anticipated would be a dozen or more starving sailors. In a few minutes the dark speck proved to be a white one, and then we made out a small boat, with mainsail and jib set, scudding along at a spanking rate. As we approached the tiny craft the crew and passengers were thunderstruck. It was the strangest sight I ever saw. Just think of running across a vessel no bigger than one of our lifeboats, steering on her course as though merely cruising in New York harbor. When we got near enough I saw two men on board. The boat was a large dory, decked over trimly, and they were seated in the hatchway, not seeming to have noticed our presence. When the captain yelled out to them the two voyagers looked up in apparent surprise, and one of them cried out: 'Look out there; in another minute we'll run you down!' This raised a laugh among the passengers, who gave three cheers for the two men, who answered the usual nautical inquiries: 'This is the ship *Little Western*, sailed from East Gloucester, Mass., on June 10th. We are bound for England, and don't you forget it.' The strangers' faces were weather-beaten and bronzed, but they seemed quite happy. They said that the voyage was a pleasant one, and their boat was storm-proof. Before we left them the occupants of the dory refused to take any provisions, saying that they were well stocked. As the two vessels kept together the difference in size, added to the independent demeanor of the men, made the scene humorous."

The *Little Western* was shown at London and in all the European capitals.

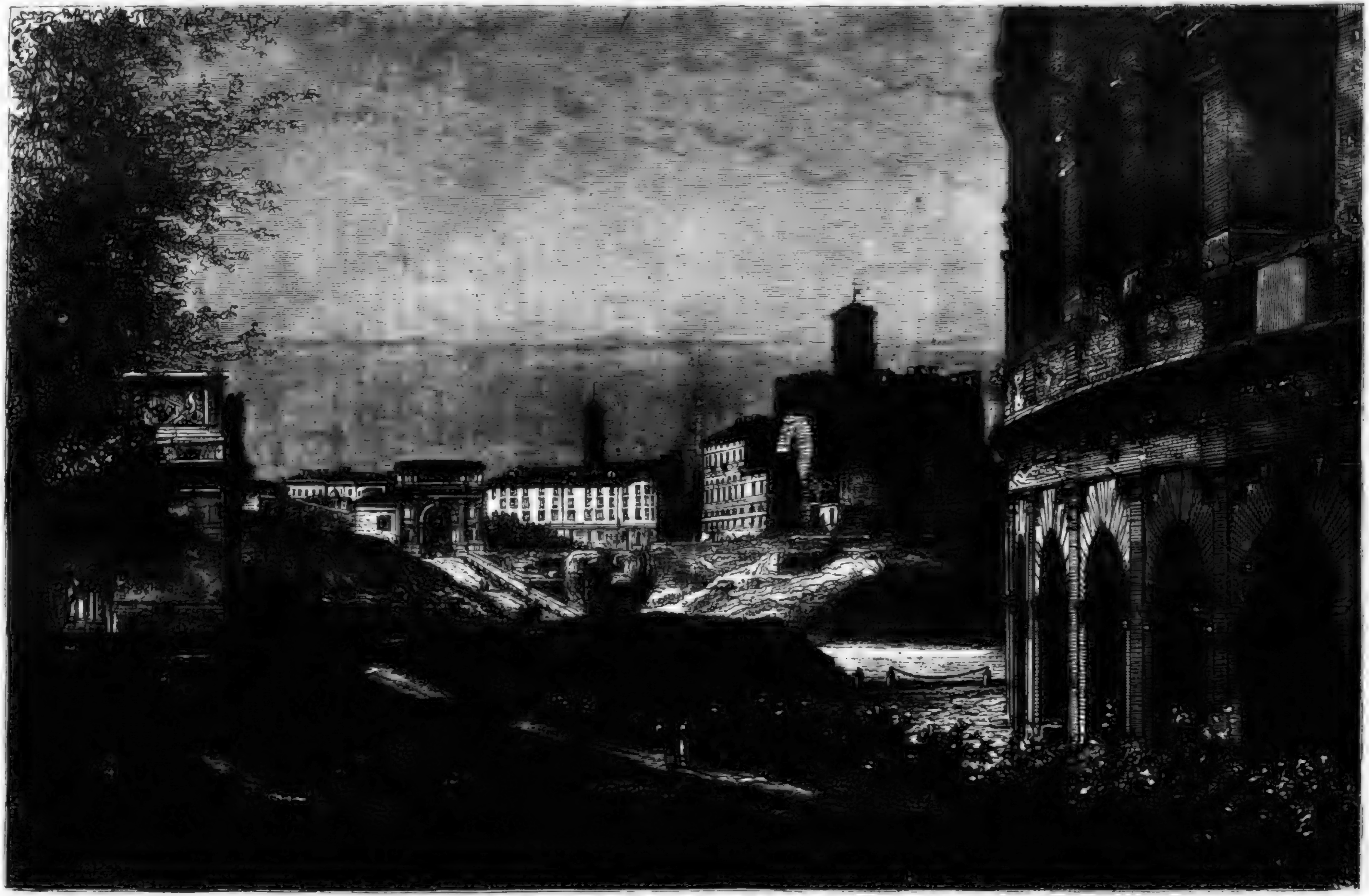
The commander of the North German Lloyds steamship *Donau*, in a letter to the newspapers, complained of an hour's delay to his vessel, caused by his supposition that the dory *Little Western* contained shipwrecked persons. He says the experiment of crossing the Atlantic in small boats is now only a sporting venture, made for money and notoriety. Every shipmaster is morally obliged to investigate small boats, to discover whether they are cases of distress. It is to be feared that some shipmasters, after being fooled in the way he was in regard to the *Little Western*, may not pay attention to the cases of actual urgency if these sea tramps continue to cross the ocean.

The "Dory crank" will boom in the coming year, and we shall be visited by dories from every part of the world.

"What fools these mortals be!"



THE "NAUTILUS," 1878.



A ROMAN LAW-SUIT TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.—THE ROMAN FORUM.—SEE PAGE 447.

PLEASANT CAMP NIGHTS IN GUIANA.

One night some haimara had been caught and hauled into the boat, where their blood got mixed with some water in its bottom. A cayman, attracted to the spot by the smell of the blood, made several efforts to upset the boat, by striking it heavy blows with its tail. We captured two young caymans, each of about three feet in length, and tying a cord round their bodies, kept them in the boat for some time, intending to take them to Georgetown, but they died on the voyage down.

On the rocks at Christmas Cataract we saw a common alligator sleeping soundly. One of the men approached it softly and killed it with my geological hammer, by giving it three or four decidedly heavy blows on the top of the head.

Upon going to my hammock one night I saw, by the lamplight, a sticklike thing, which I touched accidentally with my foot. It rolled away like a hoop, and then straightened out again, when I saw it was a snake and dispatched it. On examination it turned out to be a young poisonous labaria, two feet in length. I had scarcely "turned in" that night before the sweet sound of two jaguars, calling to each other, smote upon my ear. One was near our camp, but the other far off; and they kept up their conversation for a long time. The low, deep notes of the call of the nearer one seemed to make the air quiver and vibrate. It was no doubt a grand sound, with a true, noble ring in it, but one that I would gladly have dispensed with in our situation, with intense darkness around, and no fire near.

So used had we become to forest life that we slept the sleep of the innocent amidst many an unsuspected danger. Some nights, however, we had stirs in camp, the quick ears of the men detecting the footsteps of an animal prowling about us. Then efforts were made to blow life into some smoldering remains of a cooking fire, often without success. When we were traversing forests away from our boats the men took good care to keep a fire smoldering which could be blown into flame in a few moments.

One night an unusual occurrence took place, which caused some merriment after it was over, but which for the moment startled us all a good deal. We were in our hammocks, and most of the men were asleep, while I had just finished my last pipe and was on the point of composing myself to rest, when I heard a heavy body splashing in the river, and then coming thundering up the bank, crashing through the trees toward us. The moonlight fell upon the ground here and there through gaps in the tree-tops, and lit up the place, disclosing the network of white hammocks where the men slept. Toward this spot the crashing noise was making its way, so I sat up to see the result just as the men, roused out of sleep by the noise, and not comprehending its cause, began to yell out in a most appalling manner. This evidently turned the frightened animal, for in an instant I saw the remaining brands of the fire scattered in every direction, as it plunged amongst them, and next moment its huge dark form brushed past my elbow like a flash of lightning. This was rather too close a shave to be pleasant, for had the animal—a large tapir—been going at right angles instead of parallel to me, I should have been completely destroyed. It was very evident that the tapir was going somewhere, most probably in advance of a tiger, and we did not feel very safe until some minutes had elapsed, in case that animal might likewise come headlong through our camp.

From a flock of hogs the men obtained a young one, which we kept for a few days, feeding it on the inside of the nuts of the Sowari palm, but it eventually escaped. The full-grown hogs feed upon these nuts, breaking their extremely hard shells with their strong teeth.

At daylight one morning we awoke to find a large quata monkey directly overhead, which, at the moment we emerged from our hammocks, threw down some dry limbs amongst us, causing us to scatter for safety, to our great annoyance. Ben fired at it to drive it away, never imagining that it could be wounded at such a height, when, to our astonishment, down it came to the ground amongst the hammocks from a height of over 120 feet. This fall, it might be supposed, would have been enough to kill it; but on the contrary, it seemed rather to arouse it to life, for with a hurried look around, it sprang up, climbed a hammock pole, and from the top waved its long arms about, as if to reach the branches overhead. With its red face, in which were a few shot holes, and its black shaggy coat, it was a curious-looking creature. Descending rapidly from the pole, it scuttled quickly to a small tree, up which it ran, and climbing from its top into the branches of a large one, sat looking down upon us for a short time in a most comical way. Then it slowly made off as if nothing had happened.

ANCIENT AQUEDUCTS.

The largest and most magnificent aqueducts with the existence of which we are acquainted were the works of the Romans; and the ruins of several of them, both in Italy and other countries of Europe, remain to the present time monuments of the power and industry of that enterprising people.

The aqueduct of Appius Claudius was the most ancient, and constructed in the four hundred and forty-second year of Rome. It conveyed the Aqua Appia to the city, from a distance of between seven and eight miles, by a deep subterranean channel of more than eleven miles in length. The aqueduct of Quintus Marcius was a more extraordinary structure. It commenced at a spring thirty-three miles distant from Rome, made a circuit of three miles, and afterward forming a vault of sixteen feet in diameter, it ran thirty-eight miles along a series of arcades at an elevation of seventy English feet. It was formed of three distinct channels, placed one above the other, conveying water from three different sources. In the uppermost flowed the Aqua Julia; in the second, the Aqua Tepula; and in the undermost, the Aqua Martia.

The Aqua Virginia, constructed by Agrippa, passed through a tunnel of eight hundred paces in length. The Aqua Claudia, begun by Nero and finished by Claudius, conveyed the water from a distance of thirty-eight miles. This aqueduct formed a subterraneous stream of thirty miles in length, and was supported on arcades through the extent of seven miles; and such was the solidity of its construction that it continues to supply the modern city with water to the present day.

The waters of the River Anio were also conducted to Rome by two different channels; the first was carried through an extent of forty-three miles, and the latter through upward of sixty-three miles, of which six and one-half miles formed one continued series of arches, many of them upward of one hundred feet in height.

Nine great aqueducts existed at Rome at the commencement of the reign of Nerva. Five others were constructed by that emperor, under the superintendence of Julius Frontinus; and it appears that at a later period the number amounted to twenty. The supply of water furnished by these different works was enormous. According to the enumeration of Frontinus, the nine earlier aqueducts delivered every day 14,018 *quinaria*, corresponding to 27,743,100 cubic feet, and when all the aqueducts were in action the supply was extended to the enormous quantity of 50,000,000 cubic feet of water. Reckoning the population of ancient Rome at a million, which it probably never exceeded, this would furnish no less than fifty cubic feet for the daily consumption of each inhabitant.

The remains of some Roman aqueducts in other parts of Europe give evidence of the existence of works on a still more magnificent scale than those of Rome. Of these the aqueduct of Metz was one of the most remarkable. A number of its arcades still remain. It extended across the Moselle, a river of very considerable breadth at this place, and conveyed the water of the Gorse to the City of Metz. The water was received in a reservoir, whence it was conducted by subterraneous canals, formed of hewn stone, and so spacious that a man might walk in them upright. The arches appear to have been fifty in number, and fifty feet high at the deepest part. Some of the middle ones have been swept away by the descent of ice down the river; those at the extremities still remain entire.

The aqueduct of Segovia, in Spain, is in a still more perfect state than that of Metz. About 150 of its arcades remain, all formed of large stones without cement. There are two rows of arcades, the one above the other, and the height of the edifice is about one hundred feet, passing over the greater part of the houses of the city.

Aqueducts have been constructed in modern times, particularly in France, which rival those of the ancient Romans. One of the most remarkable was constructed by Louis XIV., for conveying the waters of the River Eure to Versailles. It extends about 4,400 feet in length, or nearly seven-eighths of a mile, and is upward of two hundred feet in height. It contains 242 arcades, each divided into three rows, forming in all 726 arches of fifty feet span. The introduction of cast-iron pipes, which has only taken place within the last century, has superseded the use of such expensive structures.

A ROMAN LAW-SUIT TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

By E. Cobham Brewer.

In the digests of old Rome we find the following most curious story:

During the month of June, B.C. 217, the Consul for the time being opened his grounds to the public for contests in jumping, running, wrestling, together with the throwing of the discus.

While the sports were going on, the Consul's son, Junius Servilius Nepos, stepped into one of the booths erected on the outskirts of the grounds, to get the dust brushed from his whiskers, his finger-tips re-scented with the "nidor of Hesperides," his golden locks fresh curled, his chin well trimmed, with other coxcombries befitting the young blood of the period.

Por Publius Tonsor—or, to use the more orthodox term, Publipor Tonsor—received his visitor with becoming reverence. He bowed obsequiously to the very ground. He even felt vexed with himself he could bow no lower, but he showed the true spirit of servility by bending his body for the second time.

This ceremony over, he ensconced his guest in the *solium* (or bench with elbows), then withdrew for two or three minutes to get together the few implements required; but first he stepped into the dormitorium, to beautify himself before the steel mirror which hung there. Being togged in his robe of office, he returned to the young knight, bowed to him once more, then throwing the white *penule* round the neck of his customer, proceeded to business.

Behold our young knight covered from chin to eyebrow with thick, white, curded suds, the very picture of helplessness! Behold the very proudest spirit of Rome tweaked by the nose most unceremoniously by one of his own "clients." With well-poised instrument, flourished from left to right, Por Publius Tonsor commenced in true Truefitt style to scrub off the suds from his victim's chin, when lo! his elbow being jerked by some overthrown discus, his keen-edged instrument dug deep into the young knight's flesh, cutting him to the very bone. Out spirted the blood-red tide. It flew remorselessly into the eyes of Tonsor. It covered him with crimson. It trickled in five or six rills down the snow-white *penule*, dropped on the sleeves, dropped on the very ruffles of our knight. In towering wrath he sprung from the solium, clinched his fists, vowing with ten million "Hercules" he'd knock the monster into the middle of next week, or pummel him to jelly like the mummies of Memphis. In time, however, he grew more cool; then trudging off to the city judex, requested the proper summons to bring the wretch before the courts for "cutting with intent to kill."

Por Publius Tonsor, in self-defense, sued him who threw the quoit, the true source of the whole mischief. Two suits were therefore instituted, in which three persons were concerned: first, Junius Servilius Nepos, the young knight; then Publipor Tonsor; then the thrower of the discus.

When proceedings were brought on, the courts were crowded to excess. They were full to the very ceilings long before the doors were open. Silver keys were in use in old Rome, where every petty officer who knew no other spelling could decipher "the letters of Ephesus."

The young noble told his story. The feelings of the court went with him. It is ever so. Mobs, with their wonted inconsistency, deride the titles of the upper ten, while they bow in reverence to their very "shoe-tie." They even glory in being snubbed, provided the snubber is high-born.

When Junius Servilius left the dock, Publipor entered it to give his version of the story; then followed the thrower of the discus. Every incident being duly sifted, the three judges, beginning with the youngest, proceeded to judgment.

"Oh yez! Oh yez!" shouted the court crier. "Silence! while our most noble judge delivers sentence."

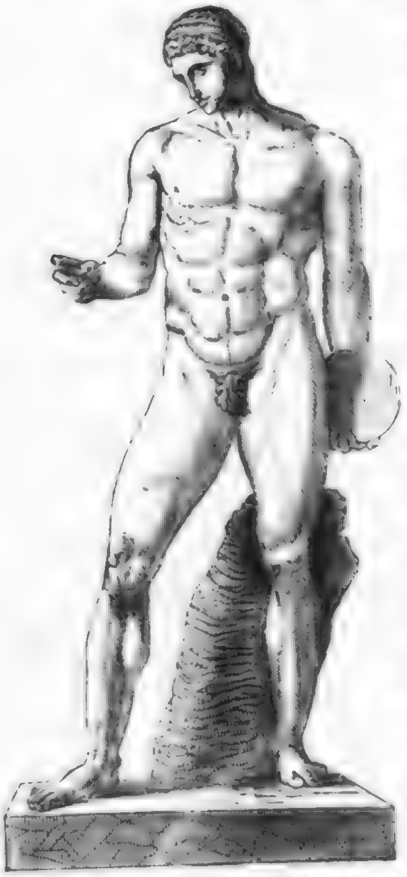
Silence being thus enforced, Lucius Cornelius Scipio, the Just, spoke to the following effect:

He thought the discus-thrower most worthy of the court's highest censure for sending his missile beyond the prescribed limits. Bounds should be bounds, he urged. If suffered to be overstepped, every one will shift the line to suit his own convenience. If B or C is permitted to send his quoit one inch beyond the line, then M or N might shoot more perilous missiles for ells or miles, till no single spot on the whole of Rome would be peril-free. "Now," he continued, "if he who kills his brother wittingly is guilty of murder, he who kills him unwittingly is not wholly irreprehensible. Such, brothers, is my judgment; but I humbly defer to your profounder wisdom. Brother Sempronius, the court is now with you."

Sempronius Fulvius Sophus, the Stoic, folding his fingers over his fist, cried "Hem!" then closed his eyes in solemn reverence. Three times he rocked himself from side to side, then, bending slowly over his purple cushion, proceeded in these words:

"The thrower of the discus, in my opinion, brother

XUM



THE DISK-THROWER.—FROM AN ANCIENT STATUE.

Scipio, is quite guiltless of offense. He did his best, though without doubt his best provoked the mischief. We must not, however, punish those who do their best, else those who do less well will be deemed the better. To me it seems the very *fons et origo* of the whole mischief rests with Por Publius Tonsor, who opened his booth so close to the discus-ground. He could not but know the folly of so doing. He could not but know how quoits will sometimes diverge even with the most skillful. Who knows not how Zephyr once drove the discus of the Sun-god into the skull of his young friend? Who knows not the flower "inscribed with woe," which testifies of this incident? If the indicted is to be censured for hitting the elbow of Publipor with the discus, then the high Sun-god deserves reproof for killing his young friend; but nothing the gods do is ever wrong. The Sun-god we know unwittingly slew his friend, to his deep grief; so, without doubt, the indicted unwittingly struck the elbow of Publipor. Hence, I must differ from the judgment of brother Scipio. The whole onus of this offense rests, in my opinion, with Publipor Tonsor. Out of vile greed, he scrupled not to open his shop-booth on the very confines of the kingdom of Pluto, knowing the whole time the terrible history of the young friend of the Sun-god. Now, this high court must not suffer this; it must not suffer the lust of greed to gorge itself on the lives of the Republic of Rome. Our noble Consul, be sure, when he opened his grounds to the public, did not open them to peril the life of his own son. My sentence is, therefore, this: He who prefers his own greed to the lives of his fellow-countrymen is not fit to dwell in Rome."

With this wise dictum the Stoic closed his eyes, twined his fingers together, thrice rocked himself slowly from side to side, cried "Hem!" then turning to Vitellius, the senior judge, begged him to conclude the business of the court.

Rounds of but ill-suppressed shouts greeted this sentence. The common herd is ever most willing to hound your stricken deer. The judge, of course, frowned, but the corners of his mouth disclosed how he chuckled inly with delight. "Silence!" shouted the court crier. "Silence in the court! our most noble judge delivers sentence."

The hubbub roused Vitellius from his slumbers. White with the frost of fourscore Winters, he piped in his voice from loss of teeth, but his lungs were sound still, so his words were perfectly distinct. They resembled in tone the shrill, full notes of the forum-bell, when it rings the hour of prime, or those other bells, which tell of the presence of the god in the beach-groves of Dordone. Slowly he delivered sentence, without either "if" or "but": "In my judgment, the thrower of the discus, brother Scipio, merits the encomium, not the censure, of this court. He did his best. Well would it be for Rome if every citizen did so, too. Por Publius Tonsor is likewise guiltless of wrong-doing. He, too, did well in minding his own business. Both quit this court unsoiled. In respect to the spot where Publipor built his booth, we must not interfere, brother Sophus, with the liberty of the subjects. It is not for this court to fix the 'where' one is to seek his livelihood. Every one must be his own best judge. One seeks it in the town, one in the suburbs, others in the fields. I should never interfere, I must confess, if some enterprising citizen thought fit to open his shop-booth in the bosom of Vesuvius, in the ghoul-cells of the Cyclops, in the nethermost pit of Pluto, or in the wretched confines of Æolus, the despot of the winds. It is wholly the concern of the persons themselves, not of this court, to find out where is their best interest. The only one deserving of censure, in my opinion, is the young simpleton with the cut chin. He risked his life with his eyes open, the risk therefore rests on his own shoulders. He must not come here for the court's protection when his own folly brings him into trouble." Then, turning to Servilius, he continued: "We dismiss you, young sir, without condign punishment, for your wound is punishment enough for your indiscretion. Henceforth chew upon this: those who will heedlessly meddle with edged tools must not be surprised if their fingers get sometimes cut."

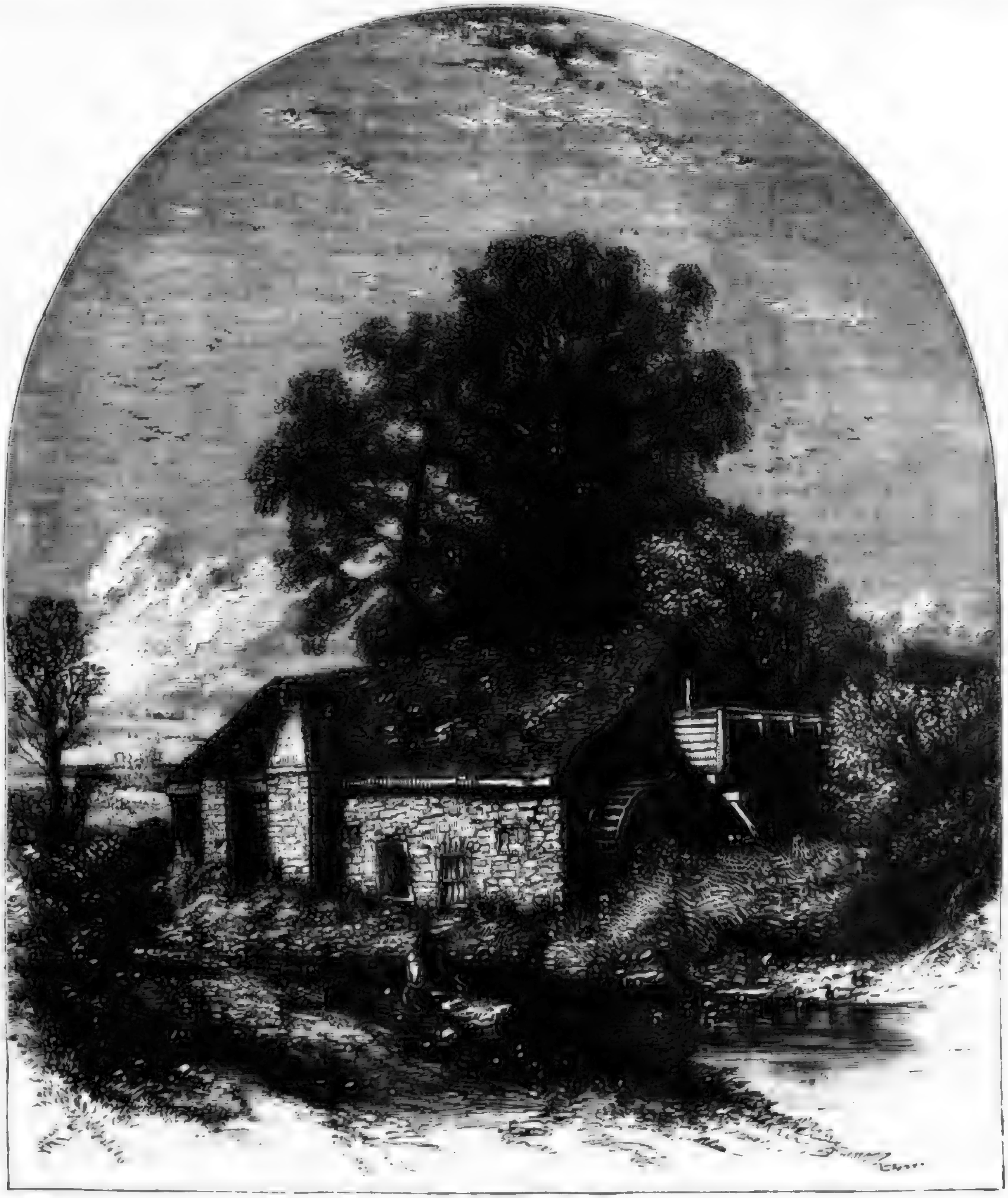
The court rises.

Honor to high Jove!

MEASURE Christianity by its teachings, and not the short-sighted, selfish practices of a few unworthy followers.

RASH words are scarcely more dangerous, and are generally much less unwholesome, than capricious silence.

THE DISK-THROWER.—FROM THE STATUE IN THE VATICAN, ROME.



BY THE LAKESIDE.

A LATE REMORSE.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Part II.—Chapter XI.

"Your voice sounds tired, Elinor. Don't read any more. I declare, I am growing a dreadfully selfish woman—I impose upon you worse every day. I am quite ashamed of myself."

Miss Seymour spoke so penitently that Elinor laughed outright.

"If you wanted to be selfish, you would not know how to set about it," she replied. "I should like you to try, just to see what an ignominious failure you would make of the business."

"You see me succeed without trying, only you won't give the thing its right name," returned Miss Seymour. "The truth is, you enjoy being imposed upon, I think; you are never so happy as when you are making sacrifices of some sort."

Elinor rose and approached her friend's chair, leaned forward and kissed Miss Seymour's forehead, saying:

"I hope what you say would be true where you are concerned, Lucy, if there were any sacrifice that I could make; but certainly the occasion has never yet offered."

"Well, I should say that stopping shut up all Winter with a fretful, captious invalid, tending on her, comforting her, being hands and eyes to her, would come under that head!" exclaimed Miss Seymour.

"And now for my side of the story," returned Elinor. "I was desolate and alone; a new trouble had overtaken me, and a kind friend carries me out of reach thereof; gives me a home—gives me what is worth far more, confidence and affection. What do you think I must feel?"

"Ah, my dear! if I had thought you were going to take me up so seriously, I'd not have said what I did," replied Miss Seymour.

"It doesn't pain me to think of those things, Lucy—I like to, sometimes. The contrast makes the peace and sunshine of the present seem even more blessed."

"Then we are both satisfied! Oh, Elinor! what should I have done without you this Winter? I thought I was resigned, but when my poor eyes began to fail so much more quickly, I knew I had not realized what it would be to find myself blind."

"But you won't be, entirely. Dr. Graves says the trouble with the left eye is completely arrested. He is certain that in a few months an operation can be performed on the other which will prove perfectly successful. Don't forget that."

"Oh, I am not complaining; I can still see your dear face—so I am never without sunshine," replied Miss Seymour, cheerfully. "But only think if I had been alone during those weeks when I was threatened with losing the sight of both eyes!"

"I am thankful you were not; but if you had been, you would have borne it patiently—I know that."

"I hope so; I should be sorry to have to despise myself. But it would have been very dreary. Then, I could not have kept the fact from Reginald, and he would have come back at any cost; and only think what a loss, if he had had to give up those commissions!"

"Luckily he did not—and what wonders he has done! I wrote him the other day that he had become so famous and made so much money, we felt quite embarrassed at receiving him in our quiet abode, and expected him to put on as many airs as if he were the Grand Turk."

"Fancy Reginald putting on airs!" said Miss Seymour, laughing. "The dear old boy! Only a few weeks more, and we shall have him back."

"Yes; and you won't lose him again. He can afford to settle down in America, now that he can command his own price for his pictures."

"Then I shall have you both!" cried Miss Seymour. "If you were not the hardest-hearted pair in the world, you would fall in love with each other, and make me perfectly happy."

"I am afraid we can't go so far, anxious as we are to content you!" replied Elinor, playfully.

"I suppose not," said Miss Seymour; then she added, more gravely: "But, oh, Elinor! I do hope he has got entirely over that affair—it was so long ago—but he hadn't when he went away; I could see! He tried to be the same, but I felt the difference. It seems to me that I never can forgive that Florence Denham!"

"My dear, if she was capable of trifling with a man like Reginald, she is not worth hating," returned Elinor; "and you may be sure that, however much she made him suffer, he will get over it. He is too strong, too full of good sense, to allow his life to be wrecked by the wicked folly of a frivolous coquette."

"Yes, I know that. Ah, well! sometimes I hope to see him happy in the love of a good, true woman!" Miss Seymour said, sighing as she spoke. Then Elinor's hand, laid on her shoulder, seemed to her a warning not to indulge in sad reflections, and she looked up with a cheerful smile, adding: "She couldn't be as nice as you, dear, because no girl ever was. But I shall have to be content with the second best, I suppose."

"Mercy on us, what tendencies toward match-making you have suddenly developed!" retorted Elinor. "By-the-way, if you are anxious to exert your powers in that line, you might devote them to Jenny and the good-looking new gardener. I saw them only this morning standing down by the asparagus bed, with such sentimental faces that I felt quite confused at having interrupted them."

"Oh, good gracious, I hope there is nothing of that sort going on!" cried Miss Seymour, ruefully. "Jenny's head is none of the best at any time, and love-making will upset it completely. Why, she will break every teacup in the house, and Townsend will let all the flowers die—else he'll pick them for her."

"You see, the prospect of lovers in the house is not so agreeable as you fancied it would be, so you had better leave Reginald and me as we are," said Elinor, teazingly.

"Wouldn't interfere for the world!" Miss Seymour declared. "Dear me, dear me, perhaps that accounts for Jenny's being gone so long. I sent her to the post-office a great while ago, and told her to hurry back."

"I think she is innocent this time," said Elinor; "I asked her to go on into the village and see if the people in the bookshop had not received those reviews you wanted. Here she comes now," Elinor added, as the door opened, and a pretty, exquisitely tidy girl of eighteen or so entered, her face rosy from the effects of a rapid walk.

"Please, Miss Seymour," she said, "it isn't my fault I was gone so long. I went on to the village, as Miss Elinor told me, and got the magazines."

"That is all right; still the village is not more than a Sabbath day's journey, and a teacher in Sunday-school, like you, knows how far that was," Miss Seymour answered, pleasantly.

She had brought Jenny up from a child, and was very fond of her, though a rigid disciplinarian in a mild fashion, but more for the girl's own good than because nature had made her a martinet.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I know; but, indeed, I didn't dawdle," pleaded Jenny. "There was nobody in the shop except old Mrs. Perkins, and she was busy ever so long, and after that she couldn't remember where she had laid the books—she never can."

"Well, then, Jenny, we will let the blame rest on Mrs. Perkins—only as she is old, we needn't be very severe."

"No, ma'am; but I think I'd be there yet if the young lady herself hadn't spied the magazines on a shelf, and took 'em down."

"Why, you silly Jenny, you just said she was alone—and what young lady has she got for clerk?"

"Oh, good gracious! *she* a clerk!" cried Jenny, laughing outright, then beginning to color at having done so, but too eager to pour out some wonderful news she wished to impart, to have leisure to grow much confused. "It's the people that bought Mrs. Delancy's place, furniture and all—and the name isn't Towers, as Miss Roswell said the night she was here to tea. Mr. Towers, he was only the agent, and——"

Miss Seymour lifted her hands appealingly, and glanced up at Elinor, saying, in a doleful voice:

"Oh, my dear, you were certainly right—I may as well send an order to town for unlimited china." Then she turned to Jenny again. "Your young lady, who was not a clerk, has developed into a whole family very suddenly.

How often, my girl, have I tried to teach you to explain things clearly, when you feel the necessity of explaining at all."

She spoke too pleasantly for Jenny to be disconcerted; then, too, she was aware that, seldom as her mistress cared to pay or receive visits, she liked to hear what was going on in the neighborhood.

"Yes'm," she said, rather breathlessly, "that was her, and oh, so pretty spoken, for all she was dressed so fine and riding in her carriage—just running behind the counter herself to help Mrs. Perkins, when she knocked down a big box of paper——"

"Always in the carriage, Jenny?" interrupted Miss Stuart, with a burst of irrepressible laughter, in which her friend joined, and added, "I don't wonder such a remarkable performance upset your poor head, my girl. But what is the name of this princess who drives her coach into shops, and has bought Mrs. Delancy's place?"

"It's not her—it's her stepfather drives—I mean buys — that's buyed—no, bought Lakeside," cried Jenny. "Though Mrs. Perkins says by all the talk, she's rich enough to do it herself if she wanted—only no need, because of him being richer—millions, Mrs. Perkins says he's got, this Mr. Gresham, and he's going to give them all to her—to Miss Denham, for that's her name."

Jenny stopped—not only because she was at the end of her account, but because she saw that the sensation she had hoped to produce was a much stronger one than she could have expected. Miss Seymour half started out of her chair, and Elinor Stuart grew pale. There was a moment's silence, then Miss Seymour said:

"Well, we have got to the bottom of your story at last, Jenny. Now run away to your sewing!"

Jenny departed; and neither of the pair spoke for some moments after she had gone. Elinor began diligently arranging the books and papers that lay on the table near, and Miss Seymour sat with her hands folded in her lap, her eyes cast down, looking sadly disconcerted and troubled. Presently she said:

"Who would have dreamed of such a thing happening? Oh, what will Reginald say when he hears that girl is near him?"

"I think you will find that he will pay no attention whatever to the fact," returned Elinor.

"Ah, he may behave as if he did not, but it will make him restless. I shall be afraid he is unhappy here, and that will spoil all my enjoyment of my dear little home. I declare, I feel as if I should like to sell the place at once and go away!"

"They probably will not spend a great deal of time here," said Elinor. "It seems odd Mr. Gresham should have bought an estate so far away from his place of business."

"Oh, perhaps it is for her!" exclaimed Miss Seymour. "That girl may be going to marry her cousin soon, and this house be a present to them."

"That may very possibly be," replied Elinor, calmly.

"Good gracious! how can you take the matter in that quiet fashion?" cried Miss Seymour.

"Because it does not in any way concern me," rejoined Elinor.

"I hope Reginald will feel the same," murmured Miss Seymour.

"They are not likely to trouble us," continued Elinor. "We live too quietly even to run any risk of meeting them, except now and then by chance, when we are out walking or driving."

"Unless that wretched creature should want to try and amuse herself by worrying Reginald——"

"From what I know of him, she is not likely to get the opportunity," said Elinor, encouragingly, as Miss Seymour paused.

"I know one thing!" she exclaimed—"not one of them will ever cross this threshold! If anybody wished to introduce me, I should decline. Well, after all, as you say, they are not likely to trouble themselves about such insignificant people as we are! Then that dreadful Mrs. Alderly will be coming up often to make visits. I am glad, Elinor, that you made me tell our few friends that old story—she can't do any harm now, if she tries."

"So let us put her and the others out of our minds," returned Miss Stuart, "and go on as if they were still far away from us."

"Anyway, it is a comfort to see you take it so quietly," rejoined her friend. "If Reginald only can! There won't be time even to write and let him know; he would not give any address, and was not certain whether he should sail from Havre or Liverpool."

"It is just as well, Lucy. Don't worry: you will find that Reginald is as indifferent as you could wish."

"Goodness knows, I hope that time will prove you are right!" sighed Miss Seymour. "Hark! I hear somebody coming up the porch-steps. I dare say it is Mrs. Hooper; she sent me word she meant to come and sit with me this afternoon."

Elinor approached the window, and glanced out from behind the curtains.

"Yes, it is Mrs. Hooper," she said. "I think I will go for a walk while she is here."

"It will do you good, dear. And don't hurry back; I shall make her stop to tea—so take a long tramp—the rain kept you in-doors all yesterday."

Elinor hastened to meet the visitor, brought her into the room, and after a few moments' conversation left the friends together. She went up to her chamber, but did not remain there long; the tidings so unexpectedly imparted had roused too many troubled thoughts and memories for her to be able to rest; the fresh air and rapid exercise would prove of more benefit than anything else, so she put on her hat and set forth.

When her ruthless enemy's second blow had struck Elinor Stuart, Miss Seymour and her brother had at once taken her away from Amford, and as the time appointed for Reginald's sailing was near at hand, they went directly to New York.

After his departure, Elinor, certain that Lucy would be happier in her beloved country house, persuaded her to return there, for the oculist under whose charge she was had said that above all things, a regular life and freedom from excitement were necessary. Miss Seymour's place was within a few hours' reach of New York, some eight or ten miles back of the Hudson—as pretty a spot as one could desire—and from the first Elinor had felt contented and at rest in her new abode. Lucy's eyesight had failed very rapidly during the Autumn; the left eye was entirely blind, and the other so weak from sympathy that she could only see dimly, so that, to use her own words, Elinor literally became "hands and eyes to her," and these months of companionship had drawn them even more closely together.

The Winter passed very quietly; the oculist several times visited his patient and remained a few days; he was confident that within the year the operation could be successfully performed, and the invalid rested hopefully upon this assurance. The neighborhood was dotted with fine country seats, but they had been empty at that season, and, indeed, Miss Seymour knew very few of their occupants. There was a large village about half a mile distant, a flourishing paper-mill the only manufactory it could boast, and so many of the employés therein were women, that its presence affected little the tranquillity of the town.

Miss Seymour had for years led a very retired life, and this Winter she had been a complete recluse; a few old friends came to visit her, and these gladly adopted Elinor among their acquaintance, and as they were intelligent, cultivated people, she enjoyed their society.

So the Winter had proved pleasant enough; she kept herself busy, fought diligently against her sorrows, and met with the reward the human being always does who tries unselfishly to live down sorrow.

She knew that life could never be the same; although the slander which had assailed her was not likely ever again to make an active trouble in her existence, it was not possible to forget its shadow—the darkest which can fall about the path of a sensitive, delicate woman; but at least she could bear her burden with resignation, and be thankful that she had been delivered from its hindering her usefulness. She knew, too, that no efforts had enabled her to call her heart back from the thraldom of its beautiful dream; trust and respect were gone, but she still loved Kenneth Alderly. It seemed so weak, so unworthy, that to face the fact made a galling pain almost unendurable; the truth was there; she might refuse to contemplate it—she had strength so to do—but there it was, and there it must remain.

Elinor passed through the garden and took a path which led across the fields to a little lake, fed by several streams that flowed down from the neighboring hills. Miss Seymour's meadows gave directly upon it, and Reginald had built a boat-house there. Elinor was fond of rowing, and during the Autumn this had been her favorite way of taking exercise. The Spring had shown itself unusually stormy and capricious, but it was the close of April now, and the weather fine enough to atone for its misconduct. Only that morning the gardener had told her that Reginald's sailboat, and the skiff she used, had been put in order, and had given her the key.

She found the skiff already in the water, unfastened the chain and rowed herself out across the shining lake. It was a pretty scene; in the distance towered a range of blue, misty hills; the dogwood thicket that lined the shore was bursting into blossom, and the whole wood had assumed its gorgeous Spring livery since Elinor's last visit.

Sunset was approaching; a great bank of gorgeous red and yellow clouds lay piled up in the west; a soft breeze ruffled the waters; a flock of wildfowl went circling past; the whole scene was so full of peace, that it helped to still the restlessness which had seized Elinor on learning that fate had again brought her in reach of any person connected with the most dismal era of her life.

She rowed toward the middle of the lake, and let herself float about for awhile, then resumed her oars, meaning to skirt the shore and regain the boathouse. Miss Seymour's farm lay to the left; to the right of the bank which Elinor was approaching a dense wood stretched down to the water; the underbrush had all been cleared away, carefully arranged paths cut through it, and in the distance, on a hill, rose the towers and chimneys of a great mansion—this was Lakeside, the place which Mr. Gresham had purchased.

Elinor rowed quickly on. She wanted to get out of sight of the dwelling; she must learn to think about it no more than she had done when it belonged to its former proprietor—but the news of to-day was too recent for her not to be disturbed even by a glimpse thereof, remembering who the people were that the stately house now sheltered.

Just beyond, the land made a deep curve, forming a little bay where the current was very deep to within a few feet of the shore. The trees grew close to the bank; the late winds had blown down a dead pine, which the gardeners had not yet removed; it lay, stretching its black length out into the lake, reaching a wide bed of water-lilies that were just beginning to blossom.

As Elinor guided her little bark in that direction, she saw a lady standing on the fallen tree, evidently with the intention of trying to reach the lilies, ignorant of the depth of the water in that place. Elinor called aloud, but she was a long distance from the shore—the lady did not hear. She ran lightly and fearlessly along the log, which swayed ominously up and down beneath her tread. Elinor rowed swiftly on, to get near enough to warn her of the peril. In her eagerness, the girl did not appear to notice the boat; she gained the end of the tree; Elinor heard her give a gay, triumphant laugh as she held fast to a branch with one hand, leaning far forward in her efforts to reach the lilies.

Suddenly the dead bough snapped in her hold with a sharp crack like a pistol; she uttered a cry, and fell headlong into the water. She disappeared for an instant, then came up, clutched desperately at the log, and seized it with both arms. But the trunk bent so under her weight that she could not lift herself. The long, stout lily-stems had twisted themselves about her like snakes, and were dragging her down; she could not keep her hold long—and Elinor seemed so far off—so far!

She rowed with all the strength of desperation; she tried to call out—to utter some words of encouragement; her voice was gone. She knew who the girl was; some strange presentiment told her that it was Florence Denham, and if she did not hasten, she would drown before her eyes.

On—on! The wind had quickened and was dead against her; she seemed to make no headway, and the tree swayed more and more. Once the girl's clutch loosened, but she did not utter a sound; she showed, too, by the resolute efforts she made, that fright had not deprived her of presence of mind.

Elinor was quite near now; she got her voice back—she shrieked, frantically:

"Hold fast! hold fast! I shall reach you in a moment!"

But the lily-bed was so wide that she had to pass directly through it; the tenacious stems impeded her progress; the girl's force was giving out—one arm relaxed its grasp—she was sinking; but just then Elinor pushed the bow of the boat within her reach.

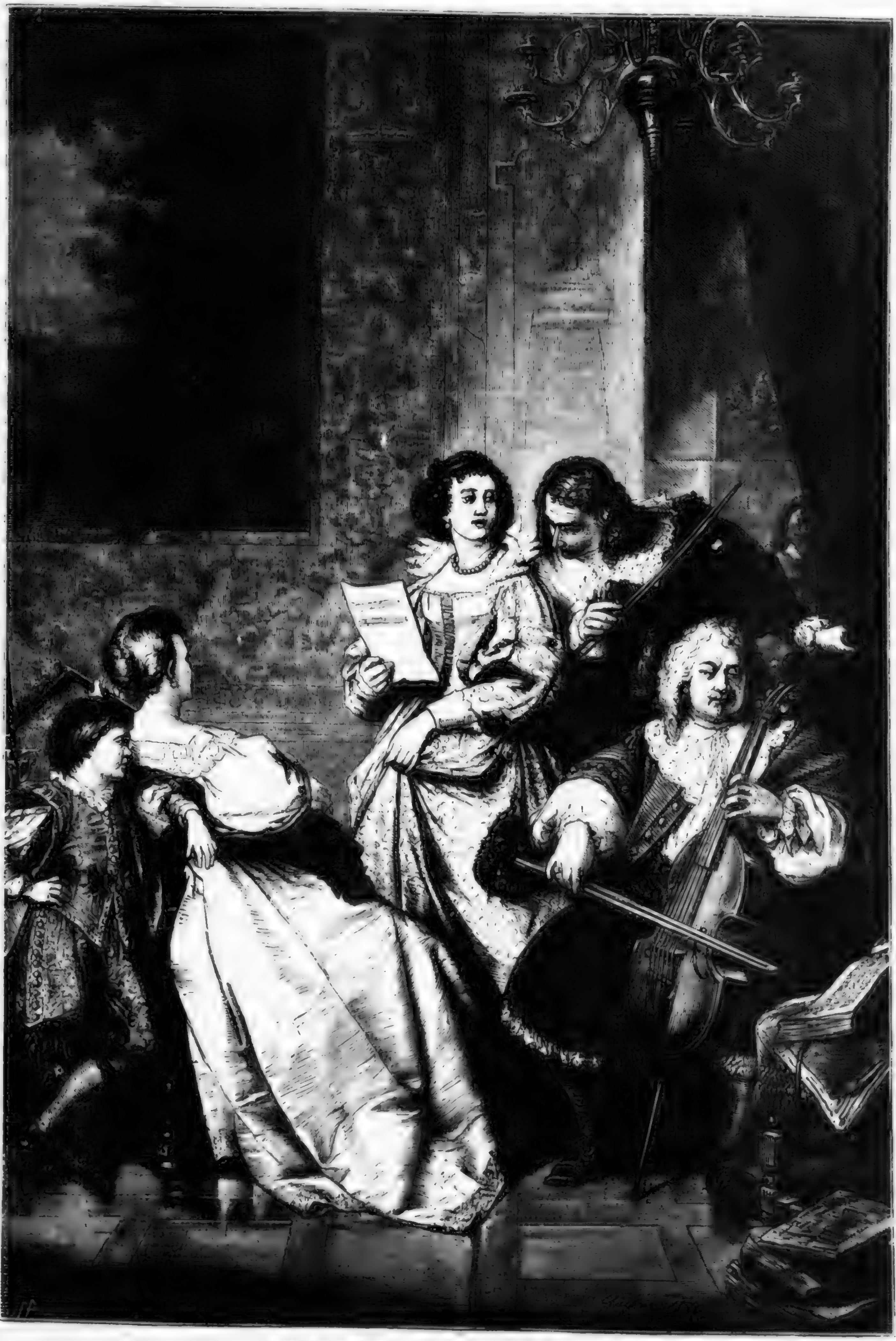
"Put your hand on it!" she cried; "hold to the log with the other."

The girl summoned her waning strength to obey. Elinor moved carefully along, caught her arm with one hand, seized a branch with the other, and between the aid she gave and the lady's own efforts, managed to drag her partially into the boat. In another instant she was safe, huddled quite still in the skiff, while Elinor grasped the boughs for a little to get her own strength back; then took up the oars again, and sent the light bark up on to the land.

She stepped on shore, saying:

"It is all over—you are quite safe. Rest a moment; then I will help you out."

The girl's face had been hidden in her hands; she lifted it now. Elinor's premonition had not deceived her—it was Florence Denham!



THE WRONG NOTE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY ROLFF.

"Are you faint?" Miss Stuart asked, her voice growing suddenly cold under the repulsion which hardened her heart against the cruel woman who had trifled so basely with Reginald Seymour's peace.

"No," Florence answered—"only tired. And I am frightened now; I don't think I was till I got into the boat. Oh, it seemed so long—a whole life; then I heard you!"

She bowed her head again for an instant. Elinor saw her lips move—she was praying. After a little she looked up and regarded Miss Stuart with a pathetic smile; rose and slowly approached her, still trembling a good deal from fatigue, and weighed down by her wet garments.

"I wish I could thank you," she said—"I wish I could!"

"Please don't try—there is no need. I am very thankful that I was near enough to help," Elinor replied.

"Yes, I could not have held out any longer—I should have drowned—drowned!" she shivered. "I don't believe I was afraid; but, oh! if you could know how heavenly sweet your voice sounded! I hadn't heard the boat—I knew I was going down again—I——"

"Don't think about it now," interrupted Elinor. "You had better rest for a moment or two, then you must try to get home."

"I should like to give you one kiss," exclaimed Florence, beginning to laugh and cry at once; "but I'm so wet I must not even touch you."

"The important thing at present is to get to your home—you have not far to go."

"No, only up the hill; I can manage it."

"I will help you," Elinor said.

"No, no; you would only get drenched. I am quite strong now. Oh, I want to thank you—if I could, if I could!"

Before Elinor could speak, a woman coming down the path caught sight of the young lady's wet garments, and began to shriek like a mad creature:

"Oh, Miss Denham, Miss Denham! are you drownded?"

"Not exactly," said Florence, beginning to laugh. "Please stop screaming, Mary, and help me up the hill."

The frightened maid threw her arms about her mistress and burst into frantic sobs and ejaculations. When Miss Denham released herself Elinor was already seated in the boat, and pushing out from shore.

"Oh, don't go!" Florence cried. "Wait, wait!"

"You do not need me—I must get home. I have an invalid friend, who will be anxious if I am gone any longer. Good-night."

"Please, please—just a moment!" called Florence.

"Good-night," repeated Elinor, and rowed swiftly away.

"And I didn't even ask her name," exclaimed Miss Denham, ruefully.

"Oh, Miss Florence, my dear, come away home," moaned her maid, still sobbing and wringing her hands. "You'll catch your death standing here, so you will—as if it wasn't enough to be drownded, without dying of cold afterward. Come away this minute, do."

Florence turned to cast another glance toward the retreating boat, hoping that her preserver would look back, but Elinor did not move her head, and after a little Miss Denham yielded to her maid's tearful entreaties, and walked slowly away.

Chapter XII.

The past Winter had made a great change in Mr. Gresham's life; he had lost his sister, and given up any active part in the business to which he had devoted himself for so many years.

Miss Gresham had died in December, quite suddenly, and almost before her brother realized that her malady was actually serious. Much as he had loved her, Mr. Gresham scarcely comprehended, until she was gone, of what importance the sweet, gentle woman had been in his life. The house where they had lived together so long appeared too desolate for him to think of remaining there. Some eighteen months previous he had taken a ward of his own into partnership, a man in whose abilities and honesty he could trust; the unexpected sales of some valuable Nevada lands had largely increased his income, so that everything combined to induce Mr. Gresham to carry out his often-indulged plan of retiring from any continuous supervision of his foundry and rolling-mill.

Mrs. Alderly was ordered South, and he accompanied the party, remaining a few weeks with them in Florida. The others did not return until toward the middle of April, and in the meantime Mr. Gresham had purchased Lakeside for his new home. He was anxious to take possession, and with the care for his comfort which she always showed in these days, Mrs. Alderly proposed that Florence should accompany him, promising that she and Kenneth would follow in the course of a fortnight.

Mr. Gresham's alarm, and the danger his darling had run, caused him to pass a sleepless night, but he found her the next morning so free from any ill effects, that he could join in her eagerness to find and thank the stranger who had come to her rescue with such promptitude and presence of mind.

"She was the most beautiful creature you ever saw, Uncle Fred," Florence declared, enthusiastically. "She was meant for a heroine—I know she was. Such marvelous eyes, such a sweet, patient smile—I am sure she has had some great trouble, and borne it bravely."

"But you say she looked quite young?" returned Mr. Gresham.

"Well, mayn't young people have trouble, you unimpressionable Uncle Fred?"

"Unfortunately, yes; but I hope there won't any come to my spoiled girl," he said, putting his arm about her as she leaned over him, playing with his thick, curling gray hair. "Now the thing is to discover where this brave young lady lives, and try to show her that even if we can't thank her, we are at least grateful."

"I am sure she lives near the lake. I saw a cottage back among the trees, and she was rowing toward a boat-house just at the end of a path leading down from it."

"Well, it will be easy enough to find out who lives there—one of the servants that was here in Mrs. Delancy's time can tell us. If there's a handsome young lady among the family, she is likely to be the person we want."

"Oh, don't ask!" cried Florence. "That will spoil the romance, and I want to do it all in a romantic way. We'll go down to the lake, and up the path, and take her by surprise."

"And if we should happen to stumble on some cross old maid or bachelor, who refused to know anything about your heroine, and threatened to arrest us for trespass?" demanded Mr. Gresham, laughing.

"Well, then, we'll declare we had missed our way," said Florence. "But I am sure she lives there. She was gone before I knew it, else I should have asked her name. That foolish Mary nearly smothered me in her fright—the dear, good girl! and when I got loose, the lady had pushed off in her boat, and would not stop."

"She thought you were agitated enough without trying to thank her," returned Mr. Gresham. "But we will go to that house and make inquiries, since you won't manage the business in a commonplace fashion. Only we must wait till toward evening; I have done nothing this morning, and after luncheon I must answer that pile of letters."

"I thought you meant to be a little lazy and idle, you bad uncle!" pouted Florence; "and here you manage to work as hard as ever."

"This is about the last of it," he replied. "But there are matters connected with other people's affairs which I must put in order."

"By-the-way, Uncle Fred, the next time we drive to the village, we must inquire how that *protégée* of Aunt Sybil's gets on in her new place—that poor Mrs. Hudson."

"Yes; we will go and see her. I met the manager yesterday; he told me that she was an excellent workwoman. She has settled herself in a little house, with some kind body who helps take care of her baby."

"It was a capital idea of aunty's to think of getting her a place there, when you told her about the mill," said Florence. "She was unhappy in New York; now we shall be able to keep a little watch of her, and see that she is comfortable and doing well."

Just then they were summoned to luncheon, and after the meal was over, Mr. Gresham occupied himself with his correspondence—Florence sitting by his table, and somewhat lengthening his task by stopping now and then in a letter she was writing to her aunt, to hold a little conversation. But Mr. Gresham found it pleasant to be thus interrupted, and Florence knew it.

It was late in the afternoon when they set forth on their mission, taking a circuitous path through the wood to avoid coming out in sight of the place where Florence had met with her accident—neither felt courageous enough to visit it yet.

They reached the shore just by the wall which formed the boundary-line of Miss Seymour's farm, both avoiding so much as a glance toward the deep curve to the left, where the fallen pine-tree still swayed slowly up and down to the motion of the waters.

Florence felt Mr. Gresham's grasp tighten on her arm as they came in view of the lake; she knew what he was thinking, and went on talking rapidly, to keep his mind and her own occupied.

"There is the boat-house," she said. "You can see the path through the field in a moment. There! you can see the cottage now—at least the roof—back among the trees."

"Yes," he replied.

"I am sure she lives there—perfectly sure!" continued Florence. "Oh, how nice if we should happen to meet her coming out for a walk! Then we shouldn't have to go to the house and ask commonplace questions."

"Or make an embarrassing blunder," returned Mr. Gresham, glad to talk and get away from the shiver of dread with which the sight of the waters, laughing and rippling in the sunshine, had filled him. "But you must not be disappointed, Florence, if you find yourself mistaken; we shall easily discover the lady's whereabouts."

"No, no! I will think that is her house," cried Florence, drawing him more quickly forward.

They reached the path, and Mr. Gresham made her pause for a moment to rest, saying:

"You must not over-tire yourself. Why, you look pale!"

"That is just excitement. I know we are going to see her—I know we are!" rejoined Florence, though she stopped obediently for a little, and leaned against the fence. "Now we can go on," she said; "I am quite rested."

She crossed the stile, and Mr. Gresham followed. They walked up the path through the meadow, and reached a grove of maple-trees, which shut the cottage and grounds from sight.

"Such a pretty spot! Just the very place for her to sit and dream, with that Egeria face of hers," cried Florence, laughingly, yet so completely convinced her impression was correct in regard to the stranger's residence, that she glanced about with a feeling of disappointment at not seeing the lady seated somewhere among the soft shadows.

They entered the grove; Florence dropped Mr. Gresham's arm in her impatience, and ran on in advance. The path swerved suddenly, and a thicket of bushes hid her from view. Suddenly he heard her utter a joyful cry and exclaim:

"I knew I should find you here. I knew I should! You would not wait to let me thank you last night, and I can't now; but I want to kiss you, you'll not refuse me that."

Mr. Gresham hurried on, as eager and excited as Florence herself, to meet and thank the lady. He turned the corner in the path, he saw the stranger rise from the rustic bench where she had been seated, saw Florence impulsively fling both arms about her with broken ejaculations. Then the lady released herself from the girl's embrace, and he heard her say, coldly:

"You overrate what I did—no courage was needed."

"Uncle Fred, Uncle Fred! come and thank her!" cried Florence, in her excitement paying no heed to the other's coldness.

She stepped aside as she spoke; Mr. Gresham was close to them now; he stopped, and called out in utter astonishment:

"Miss Stuart! Is it possible—Miss Stuart!"

Elinor was completely at her ease; she had been prepared for the encounter, knowing that of course Mr. Gresham and his stepdaughter would not rest till they had found her, and that, of course, very little time would be needed to discover her whereabouts. She had not yet told Miss Seymour of what had happened; she had almost determined to settle matters by writing a note to Mr. Gresham, telling him that it was she who had aided Miss Denham, and requesting him to refrain from coming or allowing his stepdaughter to come—what she had done had been a simple act of duty on the part of one human being toward another. But she had rejected the idea as undignified and unworthy; if they liked, they must seek her out; perhaps they would hear in season who she was, and leave her alone; if not, for her to shrink from the meeting would look like guilt and shame.

As Mr. Gresham spoke the name, Florence uttered a little cry; it sounded in Elinor's ears like an involuntary expression of disappointment and repulsion—but it had a very different meaning. Florence was busy with a hasty thought that her sympathy for Miss Stuart had not been misplaced. The woman with that countenance could never have been capable of the slightest act deserving of censure.

"I can scarcely believe my eyes," exclaimed Mr. Gresham. "Is it really you, Miss Stuart?"

"Oh, yes, it is I," she answered, with perfect composure. "I hope you are quite well, Mr. Gresham."

He started forward, and held out both his hands; Florence saw Elinor make a movement, as if her impulse was to draw hers back, but she allowed him to take them, and he hurried on:

"How can I thank you—how can I show you how grateful I am!"

"There really is no need for either thanks or gratitude," she replied; her voice was neither haughty nor cold—

simply indifferent. "I merely did what any person would have done. I ran no risk whatever."

"It is my child, it is Florence Denham," pursued Mr. Gresham, his eagerness giving way to a momentary confusion under the rebuff which it had met.

"I am very glad to have been of service to Miss Denham," Elinor said, in the same cool, courteous tone.

"But you will let us thank you—oh, you will believe how grateful we are!" cried Florence. "I won't tease you by praising your courage, if you don't like it. But you saved my life—you must let me thank you—you must believe I am grateful."

"Certainly I do," replied Elinor; "but you overrate my merits in the case—that is natural, I suppose, in the first moments of excitement."

Her voice was a little sorrowful now; she could not help it; no personal feeling caused her to speak so. Had the girl been honest and true, she could only have felt sympathy for her, if she loved a man like Kenneth Alderly; but as she looked in the fair, girlish face, Elinor remembered that this pure, refined-appearing creature was as false as her cousin and her aunt; she had employed the charm of her loveliness to wreck an honorable man's peace, and the recollection of Reginald Seymour and his sufferings steeled Elinor's heart.

"How could I overrate them?" cried Florence, gazing at her with a pleading countenance hard to resist. "Ah, please don't let your dislike to being made a heroine of render you cold! Just think!—it seems almost as if you didn't think my life worth saving."

"At least I will hope that you may make it so, Miss Denham," returned Elinor, with stern, reproachful eyes.

Florence shrank back, and glanced helplessly up at Mr. Gresham, who had been intently regarding them.

"Miss Stuart," he said, in a tone that showed how deeply he was moved, "I fear that you think I was harsh to you in our last interview. Perhaps I was—I have feared so sometimes. At least I want to ask you not to let my harshness prejudice you against Florence; you know how she must feel—how grateful!"

"No person's actions could prejudice me against another, however closely the two might be connected," Elinor answered, still fixing Florence with those solemn eyes.

"And you know nothing about me—so you couldn't be prejudiced; unless you are vexed because I say you are brave—and I will say it!" cried Florence, trying to escape the strange feeling of uneasiness which Elinor's glance caused her, by a pretense of playfulness. "Ah, now, please shake hands with me, and promise that we shall be friends!"

"Mr. Gresham will tell you that it is quite out of the question for us even to be acquaintances, Miss Denham," returned Elinor, quietly, though a glow spread over her cheeks and an indignant light gathered in her eyes.

"Oh, Uncle Fred—Uncle Fred! tell her!—speak!" pleaded Florence.

"Please listen to me a moment, Miss Stuart!" he exclaimed.

"Have the kindness to let me speak first," she said, still resolutely guarding against the least approach to excitement. "I left Laughton, Mr. Gresham, under the darkest cloud that can fall upon any woman's life. I was accused of bad conduct. You believed me guilty—you condemned me mercilessly! Nothing is changed; the cloud remains. Tell your daughter not to forget, and do you not forget in your momentary impulse of thankfulness, that she and I, or you and I, must remain strangers."

Florence gave a gasping sob, and sat down on the bench. In her trouble, her grief, her fright, she could not utter a word.

"If I judged you harshly, Miss Stuart, I beg your pardon. I am a rather hard man in my judgment of your sex; but let me say something in my defense!" exclaimed Mr. Gresham.

"I see no good to result from any talk about the matter," she replied.

"But for my sake—my personal sake!" he urged. "I was very much excited the day I came to you; I had only just heard the stories; but I assure you I did not go in unkindness. I hoped you would be able to explain; but you know you at once resigned your place in the school, and showed me plainly that you desired me to leave you."

"That is quite true," she replied. "You had judged me in advance."

"Oh, why didn't you tell him everything?" exclaimed Florence. "Do now! Let us have everything settled."

"Everything is settled," Elinor answered.

"I could not have hindered the gossip, Miss Stuart," said Mr. Gresham; "but I should have gladly befriended you. Mrs. Alderly told me that you refused her assistance——"

"Ah, you should have let my aunt help you!—she is so good, so kind!" broke in Florence.

Mr. Gresham saw a bitter smile cross Elinor's lips. For the first time, it occurred to him that the woman's part might have been very different in the matter from what he had supposed; yet, ignorant as he was of the terms on which Miss Stuart and Kenneth had stood, he could see no reason to have made Mrs. Alderly other than kind, and unless some personal motive rendered her hostile, she was both kind and generous.

"Mr. Gresham," said Elinor, "I do not wish to discuss the matter in any way; it is ended—the man who could have set me right is dead. The miserable slanders cannot affect my present life. I wish as much as I may to forget them."

"At least you will let me hope that you are happy—that you have friends—employment?" Mr. Gresham said.

"Thanks, I have both. I have a very happy home; neither injustice nor malice could injure me there," returned Elinor. "I want now to ask a favor of you, Mr. Gresham. If you feel that I was able to do you one in being of service to your daughter, I think you will grant it——"

"You cannot doubt," he interrupted, eagerly. "Only tell me anything that I can do—it will make both Florence and me happy."

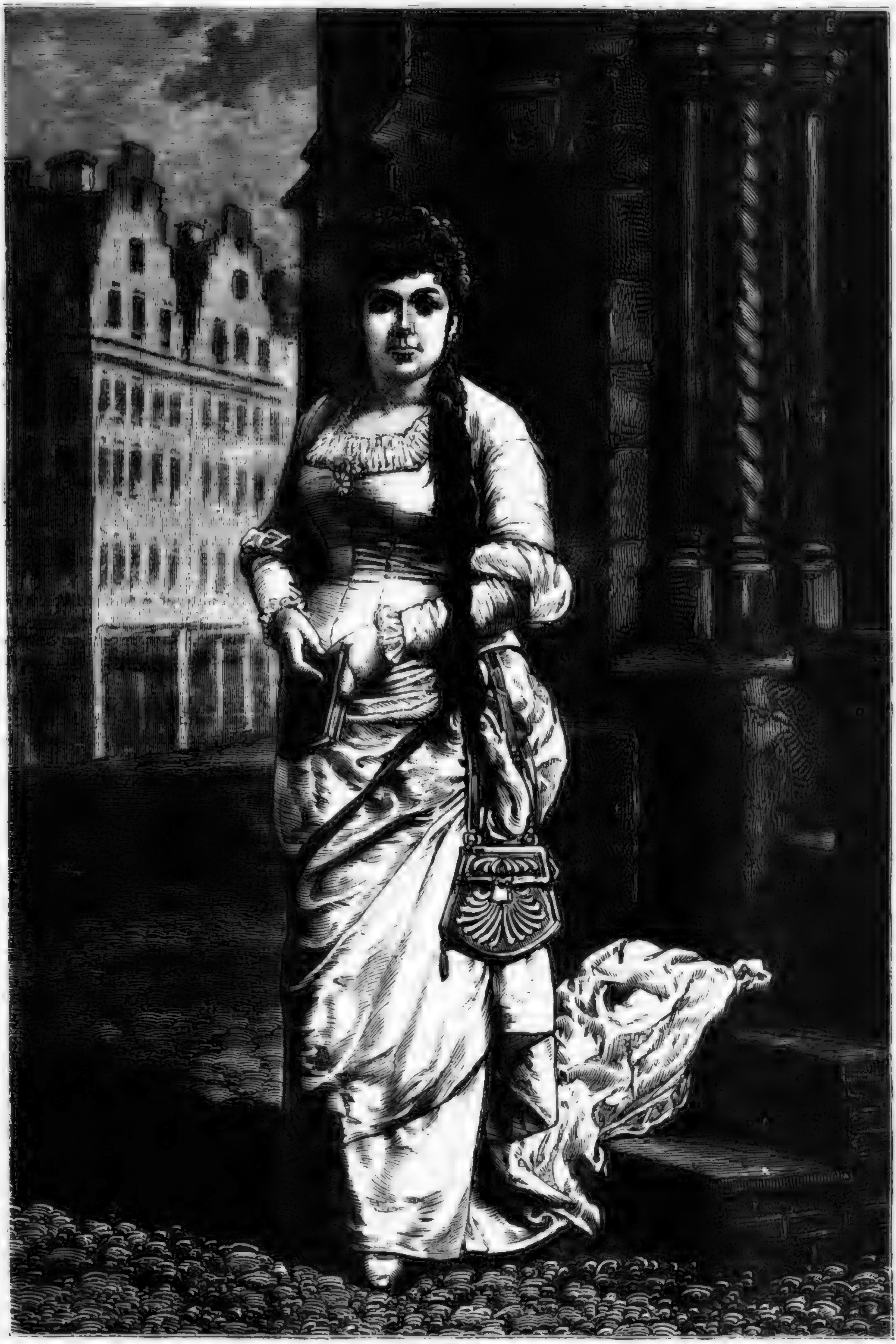
"It is this," said Elinor, "that you and Miss Denham will leave me my life to myself. I go out very little—we are not likely to have mutual acquaintances—it will be very easy to avoid one another."

"Oh, and you won't let me come to see you—you won't be friends!" cried Florence, despairingly.

"My home is with Reginald Seymour's sister, Miss Denham," returned Elinor, looking full at her.

Florence cowered back on the bench; the eyes which regarded her seemed to hold a cruel cognizance of her secret. Elinor Stuart knew that she had cared for Reginald Seymour—he must have told her—have boasted of his conquest. A pang of misery sharper than death left Florence dumb.

Mr. Gresham had been so confounded by Elinor's speech to himself that he scarcely heard the brief sentences exchanged between the two girls; before he could find any words of expostulation or regret Elinor addressed him again.



MARGUERITE.

"That is the only favor you can do me, Mr. Gresham—I must ask you to grant it. The sight of any person connected with the days that were so dark is painful to me—you can easily understand that. I desire this interview to be our last."

"Of course I can only promise not to intrude upon you, Miss Stuart," he said, slowly.

"I beg you to believe there is neither anger nor bitterness in my heart," she continued; "nor do I think you should allow any impulse of gratitude to make you feel remorseful—nothing has occurred, or ever can, to make any reversal of your judgment possible—feeling is not proof. I must bid you good-by now—I shall be waited for at home."

Even in the midst of her mortification, her thought that Elinor had been cruel, Florence could not bear to let her go like that. She started forward and held out her hand, saying:

"At least bid me good-by. God bless you!"

"Good-by," Elinor answered, but she did not offer to touch Florence's hand; she turned and walked away.

As she disappeared down the path Florence flung her head on Mr. Gresham's shoulder and burst into tears.

"Don't, my dear, don't," he pleaded. "I am sorry, very sorry—but really that woman is hard as stone."

"No, no," sobbed Florence; "she seems so, but she is not. I can't understand, but I know she is not."

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. GRESHAM felt that Elinor Stuart had shown herself hard and unforgiving, but their interview fixed upon his mind the conviction that the gossip which had driven her out of Laughton had been utterly undeserved. He had never dreamed of accusing her of anything beyond coquetry, but he knew now that he had deeply wronged her by such judgment. The woman was too intolerably proud for that failing to be one of her foibles; she would not have stooped to such conduct even with an equal. He only wondered that, having in the least known her, he could for a moment have supposed her capable of regarding a man like William Hudson with any other than the kindly interest an ignorant person trying to lift himself out of his night would inspire in a generous nature.

But whatever generosity she had shown in that matter, she certainly had betrayed none in their late conversation. It would not have surprised him had she found it difficult to accept his tardy penitence; but the woman who could resist Florence's gentle pleadings, reject even the girl's gratitude with such scornful haughtiness, must be harder than marble.

Pained as Florence was by the treatment she had received, she clung to her idea that Elinor's seeming hardness was foreign to her character; there was something they did not understand; some powerful motive which had actuated her, but she was not cruel and unforgiving. She said this over and over, when she and Mr. Gresham discussed the matter, though her persistency had no effect, except to make him admire Florence's own generosity. She had heard very little and very vaguely about the scandal, and the subject had never, until now, been mentioned between her stepfather and herself.

She was not even aware of the quarrel which had taken place between Kenneth and Will Hudson, and when Mr. Gresham alluded to that, supposing she must have heard it spoken of, it threw a new light upon Florence's mind. With true feminine tact, she drew Mr. Gresham on to relate all that he knew about Kenneth's acquaintance with Miss Stuart. She learned that her cousin had known Elinor well before they met in Laughton; and then Florence became convinced that she understood everything.

Elinor Stuart was the woman Kenneth had loved!—this hypothesis accounted for the cynical theories her relative held in regard to women; though Florence wondered how he could for an instant have doubted this beautiful creature, every line and expression of whose face was truth itself. But if he had, even for one moment's space, Florence recognized that there was justice enough in her stepfather's opinion of Miss Stuart's overweening pride to be certain she would never forgive such an insult.

The terrible mortification the girl had experienced when Elinor had looked at her so strangely in speaking of Reginald Seymour's sister, did not remain long in her mind. Her estimate of the man's character dispelled her fears; even if he believed that she, Florence, had cared for him, he was utterly incapable of having so much as given a hint of the secret to any human being. She had never felt that he deserved reproach at her hands; he had never flirted; perhaps, unwittingly, she had let him see that she was interested. This fact would account for his abrupt departure from the country place where they had spent such pleasant weeks; he had behaved like an honorable man—gone away the instant he discovered that such was the case.

It was humiliating to think she could so have betrayed herself; but great as this pain had always been, it was easier for a nature like Florence's to bear than to believe the object of her girlish dream a mean trifler—that lowest of sinners, a male flirt.

Her discussions with Mr. Gresham in regard to Elinor Stuart only led to one result with both—they had done all they could—they must obey her request, and leave her alone.

"We cannot force ourselves upon her," Mr. Gresham said. "We must consider the matter at an end, and put her out of our minds, except to be grateful for the aid she gave you that awful day."

"I suppose so," sighed Florence; "but I am very sorry."

"Yes—so am I," he answered. "But I may as well tell you frankly that I think your aunt would have objected to your knowing her. Mrs. Alderly is fearfully prejudiced against her."

"She could not know her and credit one word of that gossip!" cried Florence.

"That may be; but she told me Miss Stuart's conduct the day she went to see her had been abominable. We can easily imagine how haughty and implacable she must have appeared. Your aunt was not likely to forgive that; and you know if she begins to dislike a person, she is ready to believe him or her capable of anything."

"Yes," Florence admitted, reluctantly. "Well, I suppose nobody can be perfect—not even Aunt Sybil. I shall not write to her that we have even seen Miss Stuart; it would only annoy her."

So the matter dropped; the two ceased to talk about Elinor. They never met her in their drives or walks, or heard her name mentioned by any of their new acquaintances, who were confined to people from town, whom the warm May days began to bring up to their country-seats.

On their side, Miss Seymour and Elinor were equally reticent. Elinor told her friend of Florence Denham's accident and the interview which had taken place; but after that they never mentioned the pair.

XUM

Several days elapsed. One afternoon Elinor had walked over to the village and gone into the quarter where the people employed in the paper-mill had their houses. Miss Seymour was a very charitable woman, and now that her health prevented her taking any personal trouble, Elinor was in the habit of going about among her numerous pensioners.

As she was passing down the street that afternoon, the doctor came out of a mean-looking dwelling. Elinor knew him very well, and stopped to speak.

"I have just been to see a poor woman who is very ill," he said, after he had inquired about Miss Seymour.

"Who is it?" Elinor asked. "I don't know the people who live in this house."

"It belongs to a Mrs. Dawson; but it is not she who is ill—a young woman that boards with her—a Mrs. Hudson."

"Hudson?" repeated Elinor.

"Yes," the doctor said, too busy dusting his coat with his pocket-handkerchief to notice Miss Stuart's perturbation. "You see the state I am in—Mrs. Dawson's house always seems to collect all the dust of the village. She is rather a slattern, but a good soul, though she doesn't know much about taking care of my patient—however, luckily she has a knack with babies."

"Has the sick woman a baby?" Elinor asked.

"Yes; a pretty little thing, about seven months old. By-the-way, the mother is a wonderfully handsome creature in a sort of gypsy fashion—she has only been living here about a month."

At this moment a middle-aged woman, carrying a child in her arms, came out of the house; her dress and hair were in great disorder, but she looked clean, and so did the baby.

"Oh, doctor, did you say every two hours for the draught?" she inquired. "I declare, I've got my hands so full I quite forgot. Mrs. Stowe, she promised to come and stop till night, but she hain't got here yet."

She stared at Miss Stuart, and was so much occupied that the doctor had to repeat his directions before she understood.

"What is the matter with the sick woman?" Elinor asked.

"She fell down-stairs in the mill and hurt her arm," the doctor explained; "I warned her that she must take care, but she would not—she caught cold, and has a severe fever."

"She went right off her head like a shot," added Mrs. Dawson; "she's loony every minute, just as crazy as a bumble-bee, poor thing."

"She is one of those excitable persons, who are always delirious with fever," the doctor said. "But you must not be discouraged, Mrs. Dawson; she will get well; though I don't expect to be able to break up the fever for some time."

"Wal, I'm a'most beat," returned the woman; "'tain't that I ain't willing, but I don't know much about sickness—and besides, this baby keeps me busy—one of the neighbors offered to take him, but law, he won't hardly let anybody but me touch him."

"Is that Mrs. Hudson's child?" Elinor asked.

"Yes; ain't he a beauty? There, he's woke up, the little rebel. Did you ever see handsomer eyes than them?" cried the woman, proudly.

The baby sat up in her arms, and regarded Elinor with a slow, grave smile; she had only to look in its face to be certain whose child it was; the eyes were Madge's own, but the other features and the head were a miniature of Will Hudson. The little fellow began to crow and laugh, and stretched out its arms toward Elinor, clutching her sleeve and holding it fast, while it made its desire to be taken manifested by sundry crows and unintelligible ejaculations, which threatened to turn into shrieks if his wish was not complied with.

"Wal, if ever I see the beat!" exclaimed Mrs. Dawson, as Elinor took the child, who nestled close to her neck in delight. "Why, he won't never go to nobody but his mother and me."

The doctor explained to Elinor that Mrs. Hudson had resolutely kept up till the preceding day, then the fever had set in with great violence.

"She's raved and rampaged from then till a little while ago, when she dropped asleep," Mrs. Dawson said, eager to take the account upon herself. "I do' know what I'm to do—who's to pay for a nurse?—and, indeed, they ain't easy to get. I do' know as I told ye, doctor, Miss Hudson she knows them new folks up to Lakeside—they got her the place in the mill; don't you s'pose mabby they might feel to send some help, if they was spoke to?"

"I have no doubt they would," the doctor replied. "I have to go out that road toward evening, I will stop and see Mr. Gresham."

"Oh, land's sake, that'll be powerful kind of you!" cried Mrs. Dawson. "Wal, now, baby, you and me must go in—mother might wake. Ain't he handsome, miss? I swan to man, I've got as fond of him a' ready as if he was my own. Now come, baby, jest you let go of the lady's bonnet-strings; oh, he's the most sot in his way of any young tyrant ever you see."

And baby loudly demonstrated that at present his determination was to remain in Miss Stuart's arms, for when the woman tried to take him he kicked with all his might and began to shriek.

"I'll carry him indoors and stop for awhile, I am in no hurry," Elinor said, "and that will leave you at leisure till your neighbor comes, Mrs. Dawson."

The good soul was profuse in her thanks, and the physician took his departure. Elinor went into the house and sat down in the untidy, comfortless room, for which Mrs. Dawson offered many apologies before going up-stairs to her patient. Elinor played with the child for a while, and at length the little thing fell sound asleep. She laid it in its cradle, and just as she had done so, heard Mrs. Dawson call from the top of the stairs:

"Oh, miss, I beg your pardon! but would you bring me up the bottle of medicine on the table? She's waked up and is going on dreadful—I can't leave her."

Elinor found the bottle, though she had to search some time first—Mrs. Dawson having put it on a shelf instead of the table; but she found it at length, examined the label to make sure it was the right one, and then hastened up-stairs to the room where Mrs. Dawson was busy with the sick woman.

There Madge lay, groaning and muttering; her great eyes closed, her face scarlet with fever. She was very ill, there could be no doubt—there was not place in Elinor's mind for anything but sympathy.

She remained until nearly sunset; then the tardy neighbor arrived; but she explained that some member of her family was ill, and she could not stop the night, as she had intended. Mrs. Dawson was quite in despair; and Elinor told her that if the neighbor's boy, who was to be sent for assistance, did not find some person to watch, she would come back herself after Miss Seymour had gone to bed. She saw that many comforts were needed in the sick-room which Miss Seymour's stores could supply; so she requested them to send the lad over in any case toward nine o'clock, and went away, leaving the

XUM

two women in great admiration of her beauty and her kindness.

Miss Seymour was interested and sympathetic, as Elinor had known she would be, and was too generous herself to feel any surprise at her friend's desire to aid Madge Hudson.

"Of course, we will do everything we can," she said. "One can't stop at such a time as this to reflect whether a person is deserving or not. But it seems a strange chance that has brought all those people near us!"

"Oh, odd things seem to be what happen oftenest," Elinor replied, indifferently.

The boy did not make his appearance until nearly ten o'clock. No watchers had been found, and the doctor had sent his carriage to take Miss Stuart over to the village, having heard from Mrs. Dawson of her promise to return if needed.

Elinor waited to see her friend in bed. There could be no hesitation about leaving her, for Miss Seymour usually passed comfortable nights; then she collected the necessaries she had made ready, and started.

The doctor was at the house waiting for her. He had stopped at Lakeside, but learned that Mr. Gresham and his stepdaughter had gone that day to Albany, and would be absent a week. The housekeeper knew nothing whatever about Mrs. Hudson—had no one whom she could send to act as nurse, and had been so short a time in Mr. Gresham's service that she did not feel authorized to write to him about such a matter—nor did the physician; so, as he told Elinor, they must manage the best they could; he and Miss Seymour would pay for a nurse between them, if one were procurable.

It resulted in Elinor's taking almost the entire charge of Madge for more than a week. She spent night after night at the woman's bedside, and the doctor declared that Mrs. Hudson would owe her life to Elinor's care rather than his skill, for the fever had proved more dangerous than he had expected.

When Madge was not delirious or sleeping, she lay in a sort of stupor, sometimes seeming to rouse up and recognize Mrs. Dawson's voice; but she never recognized Elinor; indeed, her hours of attendance in the sick-chamber were at night, and then Madge was always at her worst. When Elinor could pay a visit during the day, she seldom went up-stairs, occupying herself with the baby, while Mrs. Dawson watched their patient.

She was sitting one afternoon in the little down-stairs room, trying to sew and amuse the baby at the same time, though the young despot sadly interfered with her efforts to be industrious, and only chuckled disdainfully when she informed him that he ought to be good, as she was making him a new frock. Baby evidently cared nothing for new frocks; what he wanted was to be noticed and petted. She at length induced him to sit still on a cushion at her feet and play with a rattle she had brought; but just as she was resuming her work, there came a knock at the street door, and supposing it to be one of the neighbors come to inquire after Madge, she called out a permission to enter.

The door opened, and Florence Denham appeared on the threshold; she hesitated for a moment at sight of Elinor, then advanced, and said in a voice at once playful and confused:

"You will have to forgive me, Miss Stuart—I didn't know that I should find you here. But since we have met, I hope you will let me say that I am glad at least you will shake hands with me."

Elinor could not refuse to take the hand she offered, thinking as she looked in the sweet, innocent face, how difficult it was to resist the charm of her manner; how hard to believe that so winning an exterior could cover a nature so cold and heartless.

"Will you sit down, Miss Denham?" she said.

"Thanks, yes," Florence answered. "What a beautiful baby! Is it Mrs. Hudson's? I should know it was, though, by the eyes—I never saw her but once, but I could not forget her, she was so handsome."

"She is very ill," Elinor said.

"I heard it a little while ago," Florence said. "Mr. Gresham and I went to Albany very unexpectedly—we only got back at noon; the housekeeper told me, and I came over at once. I met the doctor; he said a lady had been very, very kind—that was you, of course. How good of you, Miss Stuart."

"We hope there is a great change for the better," Elinor said, without noticing Miss Denham's compliments. "She has been almost constantly delirious, but last night the fever left her. I have not been up-stairs to-day."

"She doesn't know you have been taking care of her?" asked Florence.

"No, and she will probably be sorry," replied Elinor; "but there was no one else to do it."

"If she is she must be an ungrateful wretch, and I shall tell her so!" exclaimed Florence, hotly.

"I am not aware of any particular good that could do," returned Elinor, in a voice cold as ice. "In fact, I wish it were possible to keep her from knowing, but I suppose it is not."

"She ought to know," cried Florence. "Oh, Miss Stuart, I never knew how much she really had injured you; I'd just heard that something went wrong there at Laughton. I made Uncle Fred tell me. Don't be angry, I must say it—he is so sorry. Do try to believe that."

"I am quite ready to," Elinor replied. "Mr. Gresham is a stern man, but not a wicked man. However, it makes no difference now; indeed, I do not wish to talk about the matter."

"No, no; perhaps it was impertinent in me to mention it, but I had to say that," pleaded Florence. "Now about Mrs. Hudson—we shall send one of the servants over—you must be relieved."

"I am very glad," Elinor said; "I do not think she would allow me to take care of her after recognizing me—and she will do that now. I fancy she is asleep at present—do you wish to go up and see her?"

"Not until she is better. I don't know her—she might be disturbed," Florence said. "I only saw her the day her husband was hurt. My aunt was very sorry for her—she got her a place in New York. After Uncle Fred bought Lakeside they found Mrs. Hudson a post in the paper-mill—the confinement of a city was bad for her."

Elinor made no reply. Florence had uttered the explanations rather to cover her rising confusion; having done so, she recognized that it would have been wiser to leave the subject alone, and grew more embarrassed. It hurt her, too, to see Elinor sit there, cold and unresponsive; her heart was so full of gratitude that she longed to fall at Miss Stuart's feet, and cry out that she believed in her; beg her to forgive Mr. Gresham, and be friends with them both.

There was a silence; Elinor went on with her sewing, evidently not meaning to speak; suddenly Florence said:

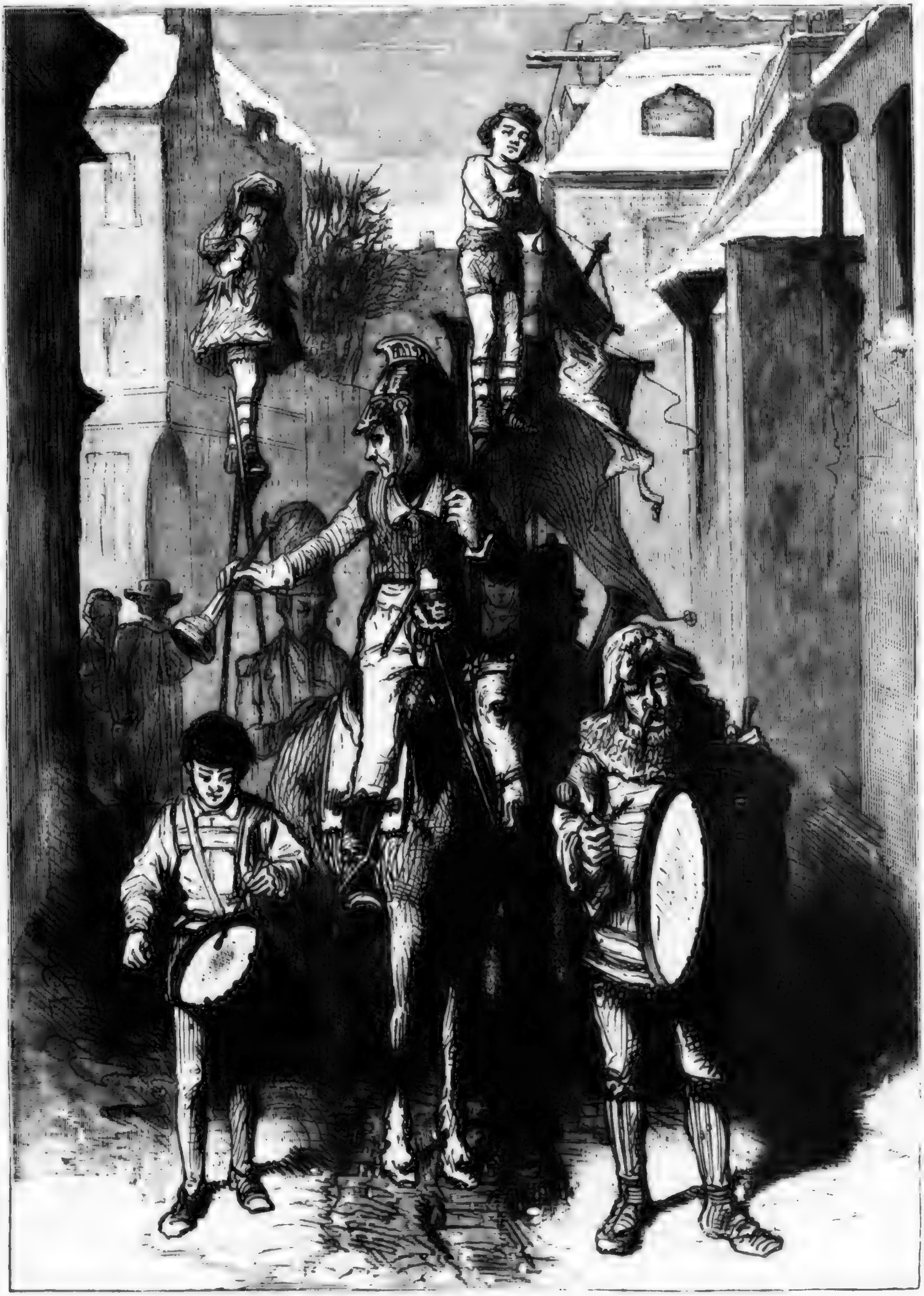
"I see you want me to go. It isn't right to intrude upon you——"

"Excuse me," rejoined Elinor, as the girl broke down; "certainly you have every right to come here. I only took the place because there was no one to help the sick woman. I do not need to come again, and shall not—you are back now; the charge of Mrs. Alderly's *protégée* naturally devolves upon you and Mr. Gresham."

"Oh, yes, yes; we will do everything we can. The woman will be here in a little while," returned Florence. "Oh, Miss Stuart, I can't even feel as sorry for her as I ought. She mayn't be wicked, but it was just her fearful temper that made you so much trouble. There, I won't say a word more."

"I shall be glad to get home as soon as I can," Elinor said. "My friend, Miss Seymour, has been left too much alone lately."

A strong desire seized Florence to speak of Reginald.



THE COMING OF THE SHOW.

She feared that if she had known nothing before, her agitation must have been evident to Elinor the day she mentioned that name. If she could talk of him now, quietly, as she might of any acquaintance, perhaps she could remove suspicion from Miss Stuart's mind, if such existed.

"Where is Mr. Seymour now?" she asked.

"He has been in Europe since last Autumn. We expect him home very soon," Elinor replied, and again startled Florence by a repetition of the stern, searching glance which had so sorely discomfited her once before.

"I used to know him very well," said Florence; and now she wished she had not mentioned him, for she felt her cheeks begin to glow painfully, but the color died out of them suddenly and left her very pale, as Elinor Stuart answered:

"I am aware that you did, Miss Denham."

She turned away her head as she spoke; she was angry. This frivolous coquette wanted to talk of the man whose peace she had destroyed; she was capable of longing to find out if her arts had inflicted some deep hurt.

"I never met Miss Seymour," continued Florence, determined not to give in now she had begun—Elinor Stuart should see that Reginald was like any ordinary acquaintance to her! "My aunt and I knew her brother very well. He was exceedingly agreeable—a very promising artist. He has had a great deal of success this year—I was sure he would, sooner or later."

Elinor bowed. Florence felt that she had succeeded very well; her tone had been quiet and friendly.

"I suppose we are not likely to see his sister," continued Florence, "since you refuse to know us. Oh, Miss Stuart, I wish you would change your mind!"

Elinor was disgusted. Even this attempt at gratitude looked like acting; she was tired of this fit niece of Mrs. Alderly's—this butterfly with a wasp's sting!

"You could scarcely have expected Miss Seymour to be willing to make your acquaintance, even if I were not living in her house," she said.

"May I ask why?" demanded Florence, indignantly.

"I think you know—I think you meant me to see that you knew," rejoined Elinor.

"I will go now," said Florence, rising. "Just one question. I do not understand what you mean—I have a right to ask! I insist on an explanation—no matter what it is, I insist!"

"To end the conversation, I will tell you," said Elinor. "You allowed—yes, encouraged—Reginald Seymour to fall in love with you. When you were tired of your game, you let him know that you were engaged to your cousin, Kenneth Alderly."

At that instant, Mrs. Dawson called Elinor from the head of the stairs.

"I must ask you to excuse me," she said.

She had reached the door. Florence was standing like a statue; suddenly she started forward and caught Elinor's dress.

"Wait one moment!" she cried. "I owe this to myself! I never dreamed of flirting with Reginald Seymour! I never knew that he supposed I was engaged to my cousin—I never was—I never shall be! I am fond of him as a cousin, and he of me—nothing more—nothing!"

She hurried out of the house before Elinor could speak.

CHAPTER XIV.

MADGE was asleep when Elinor entered the sick-room; she sat down by the bed and lost herself in a whirl of confusing thoughts and conjectures, roused by Florence Denham's parting words.

The girl had told the truth when she declared that she had never been engaged to her cousin—had never regarded him in any other light than that of a dear relative. In the first place, Florence could have no object in denying the engagement had it existed; but even without this motive for believing her, Elinor felt that she should have given full credence to the assertion; the very soul of candor had shone in her face and rung in her voice as she spoke.

Still another conviction forced itself on Elinor's mind—the girl's emotion on that day when Elinor had said, abruptly and reproachfully, "I am living with Reginald Seymour's sister," took a new significance. It had looked like shame—a passing remorse for her cruel treatment of the man who had laid his heart at her feet—but it had arisen from a very different cause. Florence Denham had loved Seymour—she loved him still—Elinor was as certain of that as if the girl had openly confessed the fact.

The separation and estrangement between them had been brought about by an exterior influence, deliberately and unscrupulously used. Elinor had no need to search for this agent; it was plain enough who had done the work—Kenneth's mother! Mrs. Alderly had confided to Reginald the secret of Florence's engagement; she had been full of kindness and sympathy for the young man; she reproached herself for having been so many weeks blind to the state of his feelings, but as soon as she did comprehend them she felt it her duty to speak. Florence had been greatly to blame, but he must believe that the dear girl was only thoughtless, not intentionally wicked. She was fond of admiration; she had not meant really to hurt Reginald. When her aunt reproached her she was frightened and sorry; she had begged Mrs. Alderly to explain matters to him, in the hope that he would go away at once; the idea even of holding a single interview with him, now that she began to fear she had done wrong, filled her with pain and terror.

And Reginald had no mind to force a *tête-à-tête* upon her. To tell her of his love, to upbraid her with having known it from the first, although his passion had found no utterance in words; to overwhelm her with his anguish and wrath, would be worse than useless—silly and weak. He had made a business telegram a pretext for leaving the place. Two hours after Mrs. Alderly's revelation he set out on his journey. He had bidden Florence farewell in the presence of a knot of indifferent acquaintances; had given his reasons for going; uttered gay, pleasant adieus to her as to the others, and departed.

Yes, it was all plain—Mrs. Alderly had conceived this falsehood for the furtherance of some plan of her own. Then came a new thought: since the woman had lied in the one instance, might she not have done so when she told Elinor that Kenneth loved his cousin? But here it was idle to speculate; she and Kenneth Alderly were separated forever, though it was a consolation to her pride to be able to think that she had not wasted her affection on a man unworthy.

Suddenly the sleeping woman stirred and murmured some broken words. She was waking; and Elinor, remembering the doctor's assurance that she would do so rational and able to recognize those about, rose softly, meaning to escape. Her gown caught on the arm of the chair; she stopped to extricate it. As she looked toward the bed again she saw that Madge's eyes were wide open, and fixed upon her with a puzzled expression. There was intelligence in the glance; an evident doubt, too, whether she were awake or dreaming. Elinor glided noiselessly away, and the bed-curtains hid her from view. At the door she met Mrs. Dawson, and whispered in her ear:

"She has just wakened; do not let her know there was anybody here but you. Remember the doctor's orders about keeping her quiet."

She stood still and waited, while Mrs. Dawson approached the bed. Presently she heard Madge say, in a weak voice:

"I know you now. I thought somebody else was here. Oh, she's haunted me enough when I was out of my head——"

"There, there!" interrupted Mrs. Dawson, soothingly. "Don't bother about any fancies, my woman! I'm going to give you some broth, and then you just go to sleep ag'in, and you'll do famous."

"Have I been sick long?" Madge asked.

"Not so very. You'll get up fast enough now, the doctor says."

"And the baby?"

"Oh, he's all right, the little villain—jest splendid! Now take a little of this, and arter you've had another nap, I'll bring him up—he's asleep now."

Elinor passed on down-stairs, and found the woman whom Mr. Gresham had sent, and while she was speaking with her, the doctor entered. He was an old friend of Miss Seymour's, and during the Winter had been one of her most frequent visitors, and had conceived a great liking for Elinor, which she warmly returned. Knowing that it would be impossible to keep from Madge Hudson long the fact that she had nursed her, Elinor had requested Miss Seymour to tell the exact truth to the physician, in order that he might understand the necessity of impressing upon Mrs. Dawson that there were reasons why the patient must not hear of Miss Stuart until she got quite well and strong.

Elinor thought it probable that when she heard, Madge would pour out her version of the tale to everybody who came near; her feelings, when she learned who had been her nurse, were more likely to be anger than any softer emotion. The fact that she was indebted to Miss Stuart for a favor would merely increase her bitterness; she would take refuge in what she termed her wrongs, and work herself into fresh wrath and hate in order to get rid of any sentiment of gratitude.

All that Elinor cared about was to keep the truth from her until her health should be sufficiently re-established, so that giving way to her wild temper could not impede her recovery. That she would reveal her grievances and spread the miserable slanders as much as lay in her power, did not affect Miss Stuart; the few friends she had made in her new home were aware of the facts; they felt sympathy, and nothing could change their sentiments. As for the old doctor, since he learned the truth, he had come to regard Elinor as a species of saint, and diligently trumpeted her praises among his circle of patients, high and low, whether they chanced to be acquainted with her name or not.

"As you predicted, she has wakened quite rational," Elinor said, in answer to the doctor's inquiries.

"She'll get on all right now," he said. "It won't be long before she is up and about, if she is careful. The woman has got a constitution of iron; this fever has been violent enough to kill a feebler one, but you'll find that it hasn't even weakened her much."

"Well, she can have good care," Elinor said; "this is the nurse Mr. Gresham has sent down?"

"Yes; I met him," the doctor said. "Well, my girl," he added, turning to the servant, "what Mrs. Hudson wants now is good food, carefully prepared. Mr. Gresham tells me you know all about that, and he will have things sent regularly from his house. You won't be obliged to stop long; she'll be walking about in a week. Are you going, Miss Stuart?"

"Yes. There is no necessity for my stopping now."

"No; and you need rest—mind you take it," said the old doctor, in his abrupt fashion. "Mrs. Hudson may thank you for having got on the way she has—the Lord knows what she'd have done without you!"

"You must not fail to impress upon them the necessity of caution," Elinor said, in a low tone. "I assure you, the poor creature's temper is so violent that if she found out before she gets her strength back, she would make herself ill again."

"I've told Mrs. Dawson—I'll tell the nurse," the physician said. "But, my dear young lady, unless the woman is a born fiend, she must be penitent and grateful."

"She is only an ignorant, bad-tempered, hot-headed girl," Elinor replied—"don't be hard on her. I must say good-by, now. I have neglected Miss Seymour so much lately that I want to go home."

"I would walk part way with you, only I must go up and see my patient," returned the doctor. "Good-by, my dear. You don't mind my calling you so? You are a woman in ten thousand, Elinor Stuart—and that's the truth! There, I feel better now I have said it. Good-by!" and away he went.

(To be continued.)

USEFULNESS OF BIRDS AT SEA.

The pleasure of watching birds at sea, whether in the air or skimming the ocean wave's crest, is to many minds very keen. And there is something more, too, to be considered. Mariners can often tell their way by these birds, especially when nearing a coast.

"I well remember," says an old sea captain, "how I used to watch for them on approaching certain coasts, such as parts of Patagonia, too low to be seen at the ordinary distance. Once when coming from Monte Video, with a mail and important Government dispatches on board for the Falkland Islands, I was able to run on my course in safety, owing to a particular bird having joined company with us. On the occasion I refer to we were approaching the land in thick, misty weather, with a strong, fair breeze. It had been clouded over for a day or two, so that my solar observations were rather doubtful. I was anxious, for it was drawing toward evening, and I wished to get into Port Stanley with the mail that night. It was, however, so thick that we could not see a mile ahead. Presently a shrill noise was heard; a flapping of wings made us look around and above, and soon we saw what we called the "pilot" bird. I knew my distance now, for these birds never fly beyond so many miles from land. Therefore we cautiously ran on till I caught a glimpse of a bluff cape, then steered more easterly till after dark. With a clearer night I sighted Cape Pembroke light, and knowing the passages well, worked my vessel up Port William, then shot through the "Narrows," and anchored in Port Stanley, nearly opposite the Government House, about one o'clock in the morning. Next day I was thanked by his excellency, the Governor—himself a high naval officer—for the quick trip made and the dispatches, beside long-wished-for private correspondence we had brought. But to this day I thank God's feathered pilots, who had then and often shown me the way."

Calumny and detraction are but sparks which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves.

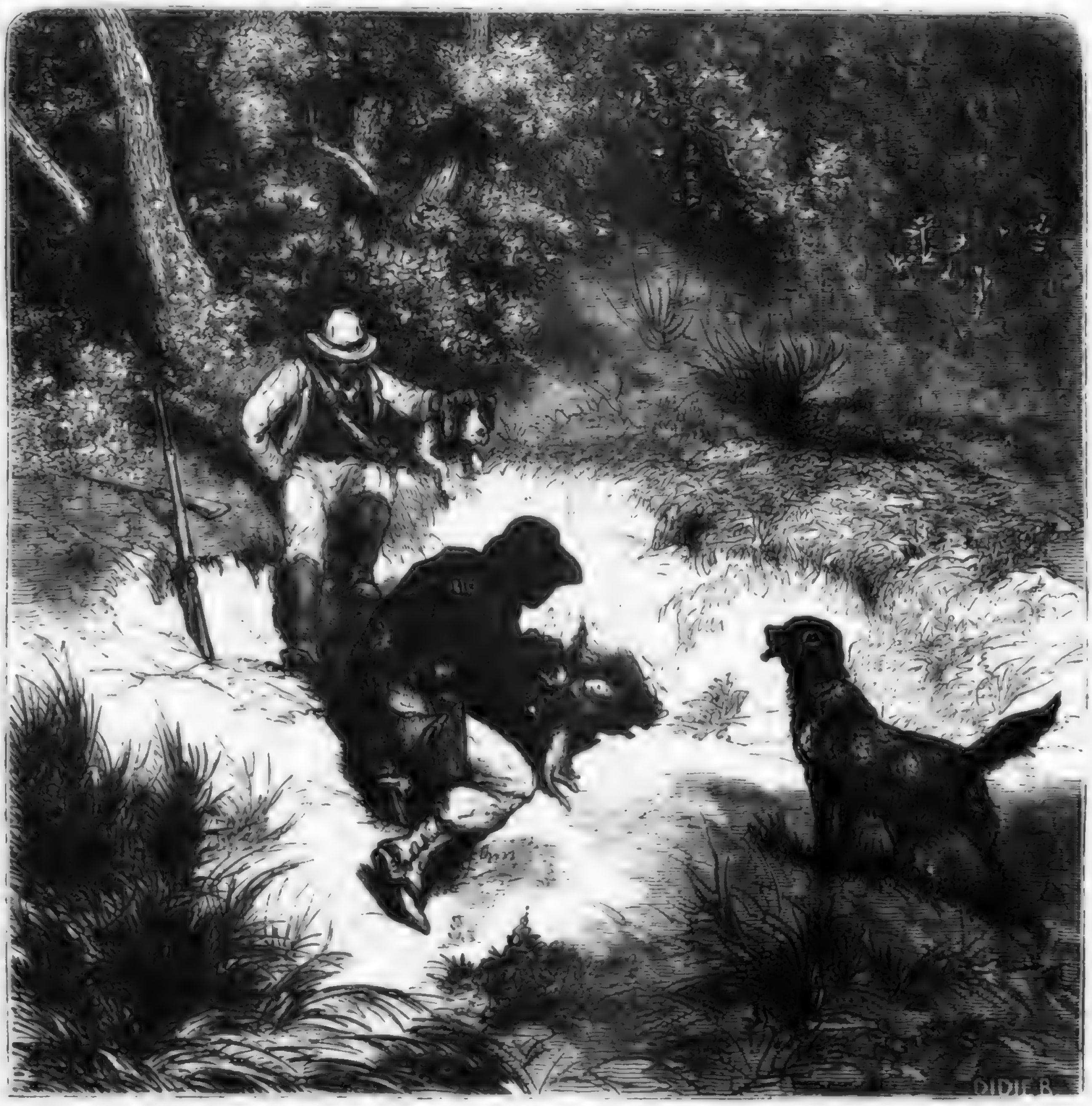
FERRETING.

Many use the word in this country without a thought of its origin, or of the animal which has thus added to our vocabulary.

The term comes from England, although the animals are not a native of that country.

Our illustration shows the use to which sportsmen have applied the ferret's bloodthirsty instincts.

The ferret is an animal of the weasel family, small, slender, generally only about a foot long, its long, fine yellowish hair being of mingled yellow and black, with occasional albinos.



FERRETING.—SCENE IN A RABBIT-WARREN.

It is a native of Northern Africa, whence it was in ancient times introduced into Spain, and so spread over Europe. In Northern countries, however, this little African cannot thrive by itself. It would soon perish if left to the colder climate; but, though in a manner domesticated, it never becomes tame or recognizes a master.

The ferret hunts down its prey with untiring pertinacity and skill. It will rid a house of rats and mice with great celerity and thoroughness; not one of the vermin can escape its ferreting out. But, though housekeepers might appreciate this service of the ferret, it is not likely that it would ever have been brought from Africa for this purpose. It owes its presence in England and France to its usefulness in hunting rabbits; and thus we are brought back to our picture.

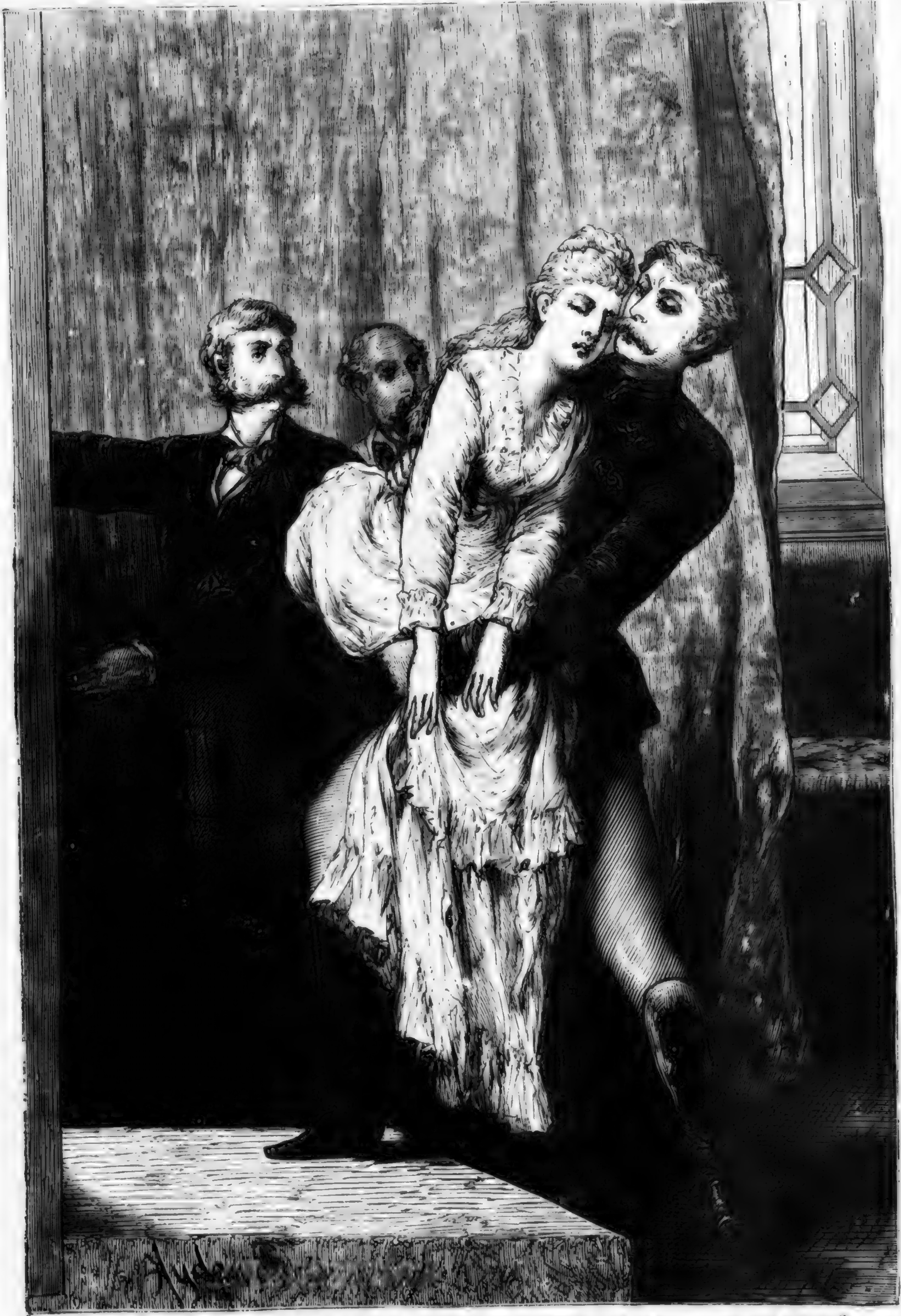
When a ferret is employed the party spread nets over the mouths of the burrows in the warren, having introduced a muzzled ferret into one of them. The appearance and smell of the little creature create a panic in the underground world. The rabbits fly to the mouths of the burrows to escape their foe, and are caught in the nets.

Sometimes the sportsman, having better feelings, leaves the burrows in sight open, and tries his marksmanship at the fugitives as they bound out into supposed freedom from danger.

The ferret has to be muzzled, else it would go on killing the rabbits, breaking the spinal marrow back of the head with one sharp nip, and would then gorge itself with blood, and sink into a torpid state in the burrow.

That is the origin of the term ferreting out.

Only they who carry sincerity to the highest point, in whom there remains not a single hair's breadth of hypocrisy, can see the hidden springs of things.



THE LADY OF LYNDE.—"FOLLOWED BY HIS COMPANIONS, HE HASTILY BORE THE FORM OF IDALIA ALONG THE PASSAGE."
SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

WHAT SHALL I DO?

"What shall I do, lest life in silence pass?"
"And if it do,
And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,
What need'st thou rue?
Remember, aye the ocean deeps are mute;
The shallows roar;
Worth is the ocean—fame is but the brine
Along the shore."

"What shall I do to be for ever known?"
"Thy duty ever."
"This did full many who yet slept unknown."
"Oh, never! never!
Think'st thou perchance that they remain unknown
Whom thou knowest not?
By angel trumpets in heaven their praise is blown—
Divine their lot."

"What shall I do to gain eternal life?"
"Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife;
Yea, with thy might.
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,
Will life be fled,
While he who ever acts as conscience cries
Shall live, though dead."

THE LADY OF LYNDE.

LYNDE is a straggling village in Hungary, and is seated at the base of a high hill, from which the grim walls of an old feudal castle frown down upon it.

It has no specialty, either in manufacture or nature, to call for the presence of business men; and, save its old castle, there is no building of note in the place.

The castle was the home of the Counts of Lynde; but when Vladimir, the last count, died, he had left the castle and broad lands of Lynde to his daughter, the first woman who had ruled the grim old walls, and, uncontrolled, reigned mistress over Lynde.

She was queenly in her beauty, this Lady of Lynde; and, though girlhood still cast its charms about her, there was a grace and power in her acts, a passion and depth in her words, that told of approaching womanhood—told of a soul that was strong and proud, yet full of the sweetness and pathos of love.

Idalia, Lady of Lynde, had no lack of suitors, for the dark old castle carried many a broad gold piece with it; and far and wide, over fields of waving grain, and quiet villages nestling among ladened orchards—across sweeps of meadow-land, and hillsides covered with vineyards, or dark with heavy timber, the Lady of Lynde looked out and saw no land that was not her own; and all of these went with her small white hand when she became a bride.

Perhaps of all her suitors, though all were noble, and could boast of long lines of titled ancestors, but two found special favor in the eyes of the Lady of Lynde.

One, Rudolph, Count of Harstien, was rich in lands and honors, even though young; the other, the Baron von Schelling, was also a young man, with only his sword and his brains, and the memory of dead men's deeds to help him—for Von Schelling belonged to a race that had ever been foremost in action, whenever danger or glory called daring spirits to the field.

Like the Counts of Lynde, the Lady Idalia was not niggardly in spending her wealth; and during the hot Summer months, when cool breezes seemed to seek it, and linger lovingly about it, the door of the old castle hall was flung wide, and the guests were many and welcome.

A widowed aunt acted as her chaperon and protectress, and in the home that she ruled so regally, the queenly Lady of Lynde received her guests, and dispensed her hospitality.

She was nearly twenty now, and the time was near at hand when she should choose, from among the suitors who bowed before her, one on whom she could rely, and to whom she could give her soul.

Lynde Castle was unusually gay this Summer, and to it, fresh from college, came Von Schelling, to fall prostrate, metaphorically, at the feet of Idalia, and, because she chose to smile on him, to meet the scornful frown of Rudolph of Harstien.

But Von Schelling cared nothing for the frown of the Count of Harstien.

True, the count was rich, and his income was a miserable pittance of five hundred thalers, and the salary of a lieutenant of hussars. Von Schelling had all his fame to win, whilst Rudolph of Harstien was a noted diplomatist, and high in favor at Court, even though but thirty years old.

Still Idalia had smiled on him, and smiled his soul away, and to win her was—was worth any danger and toil. And should he shrink from a frown? No! not while he, the Baron von Schelling, had power to love, or plead for love.

Idalia, though of the nobility, and proud of her long line of ancestors, was still full of love and pity for the people—"her people," she called those who resided on her estates—and in this feeling Von Schelling shared.

His college education, and a year of travel in England and the United States, had worn off the prejudice of birth and caste; but Rudolph of Harstien was an aristocrat of the proudest and most uncompromising kind. With him blood and riches were all—humanity nothing.

There were many discussions of this question of the rights of the people among the visitors at Lynde Castle during the Summer, for the people were demanding a recognition of their rights by the titled classes, and perhaps the side that he took in these gave Von Schelling an easy admittance to the favored circle of the Lady of Lynde.

But there are always climaxes in the affairs of people, that bring matters to a swift conclusion, and so it was with them.

The Summer was gone, and the mellow days of Autumn spread their golden haze along the hills.

Already some of the guests had departed from Lynde to seek the gayeties of Munich, Dresden, and Vienna, and Idalia had given notice that she, too, would soon seek the stately mansion in Austria's capital, over whose portal were engraved the arms of the Counts of Lynde.

Still, among the few that lingered, as if loath to leave, were Rudolph of Harstien and Von Schelling; and though neither had spoken a word of love, each knew that the other was his rival, and so was determined not to leave an open field for the prosecution of his suit.

It was a bright day, in the middle of September, when Idalia proposed a gallop across the hills, to the ruins of an old abbey, seated in a deep and romantic valley, and her proposition was warmly seconded.

Soon the party were started, and as they rode along, now in the broad golden glory of the sunshine, then in the deep shadow of the woods through which the road wound, ringing, silvery peals of merry laughter told of young and buoyant hearts.

Even Count Rudolph allowed some of his stately pride to bend, and for the time became affable and courteous.

At the crossing of a small stream, some peasant women were busy washing, and near them several children were playing, whilst the garments that were already cleansed lay bleaching on the grass that bordered the road.

Of the washers, Count Rudolph took no notice; and though Von Schelling and Idalia, followed by the rest of the party, made a slight detour, to allow their work-place to remain clear and undisturbed, he dashed directly through their midst, and, heedless of the damage he caused, forced his horse over the bleaching garments.

Neither did he stop when a playful little one came running along the greensward, and his horse, urged on, gave the poor child a blow with its hoof that flung it, sobbing with fear and pain, on the earth.

In an instant Von Schelling was beside it, and as his flashing eyes sought the face of Count Rudolph, he said, in a loud, clear voice:

"This is a shameful and brutal act!"

Idalia had also dismounted, and was soothing the mother, and assisting Von Schelling, who was busy binding up the bruised and mangled arm, and Count Rudolph sat immovable on his horse, gazing at them with a look of scorn and hatred in his dark, gloomy eyes.

Ere they had finished, he put spurs to his horse, and dashing back by the way they had come, was soon lost to sight.

Von Schelling had learned some little surgery, and this knowledge enabled him to say that no serious harm would come from Count Rudolph's act; and so, after distributing some golden coin, to atone in part for the wrong done, the party rode on, and visited the ruins.

But the pleasure of the day was gone, and long ere the sun began to decline they were on their way back to the castle.

On inquiring, they found that Count Rudolph had returned to the castle, and was even now within its walls; but as he did not mingle with them, they did not heed his near vicinity.

Duty called for the departure of Von Schelling, and that evening, whilst walking in a garden that lay to the south of the castle, he told his hostess of his approaching leave-taking.

"And are you really forced to go?" she said, as her large, dark-blue eyes shone with love, their full radiance meeting his, and filling his soul with a deep and passionate yearning. "I had hoped that you would be able to stay with us until our own departure was very near, and the knowledge that we should soon meet you in the city would make the separation less hard to bear."

Was he dreaming? Did she really regret his departure? Did she, the beautiful Lady of Lynde, standing before him in all her pride and loveliness, care for the unknown Baron von Schelling?

As he gazed on her, his eyes drinking in the picture, noting the mass of golden hair, the deep-blue eyes, the rich color of lip and cheek, the lithe and graceful form, his soul was filled with a wild ecstasy, and a longing to possess it all; yet he held his passion firm, and answered with words as calm as though no desire was burning within him:

"I did not think that the presence of Ernest von Schelling was of so much value in the eyes of the Lady of Lynde."

"A good and true man should be valued by all people."

He bowed, a proud look growing in his eyes.

"How can I thank you for your kind opinion?" he said.

"Simply by continuing to deserve it."

"I will strive to do so, and the knowledge that one so fair and good as you has taken an interest in me will help me."

"I shall always be proud to hear that my friend is doing well, and I feel sure that Ernest von Schelling will not belie my good opinion of him."

Oh, how he longed to take her in his arms and tell her of his love!

But would it be right?

He dared not look at her for fear the words would come, and he be unable to check them.

Yet, had he not a right to speak—the right that his brave manhood and his manly love gave him?

For a little while there was silence, and he stood looking out over the valleys and hills lying below them, a wistful longing in his eyes, and she watched him, a smile of encouragement and promise illumining her beauty.

Her womanly intuition had read what he would say, and her soul was ready to answer him.

As he turned his eyes toward her, they met this smile, and ere he could refrain from the act, his hands had grasped hers, and his eyes were searching her face, their longing growing more and more.

"Do you know what would make me successful in this—do you know what would make me a man, to be honored and respected by all?"

"What?"

"Your love. The knowledge that you would sympathize with and help me. Do you know how I love you—have loved you ever since we first met? Can you not see—have you not seen how my soul worships you? Oh, Idalia, Idalia! I must win you or lose you now, for I cannot wait!"

He stopped, for his love was so strong and pleading, that it filled him with a passion too deep for words.

She saw this, and her eyes softened with the shadow of tears, as her low, sweet voice questioned:

"And do you love me so much—so much?"

"Love you! There is naught but love of you in my soul. Darling, I love you so, that it would be a pleasure to die for you."

"And you will die ere you enjoy her love!" said the deep, cold voice of Rudolph of Harstien, and from the shadow of some shrubbery near which they had been standing, Count Rudolph strode forth. "Think you, Ernest, Baron von Schelling," he went on, in the same deep, cold tone, "that I did not hear or heed your words this morning? I heard them, and a Harstien never forgets or forgives. Ha! you think to win the fair Lady of Lynde, and enjoy your triumph; but I have not done with you yet. I have not commenced to show you how a Harstien can hate one who insults him or thwarts his plans."

He stood with folded arms, his scornful eyes sending their cold, cruel look toward the lovers.

Von Schelling met it with a gaze as scornful, cold and fearless, and Idalia, though she clung fondly to her lover, showed only pride and reliance in those deep eyes of hers.

Count Rudolph went on:

"The Baron von Schelling will be a man when the Lady of Lynde loves him. Was it manly to steal her love from me?"

"The Count of Harstien forgets himself—I never loved

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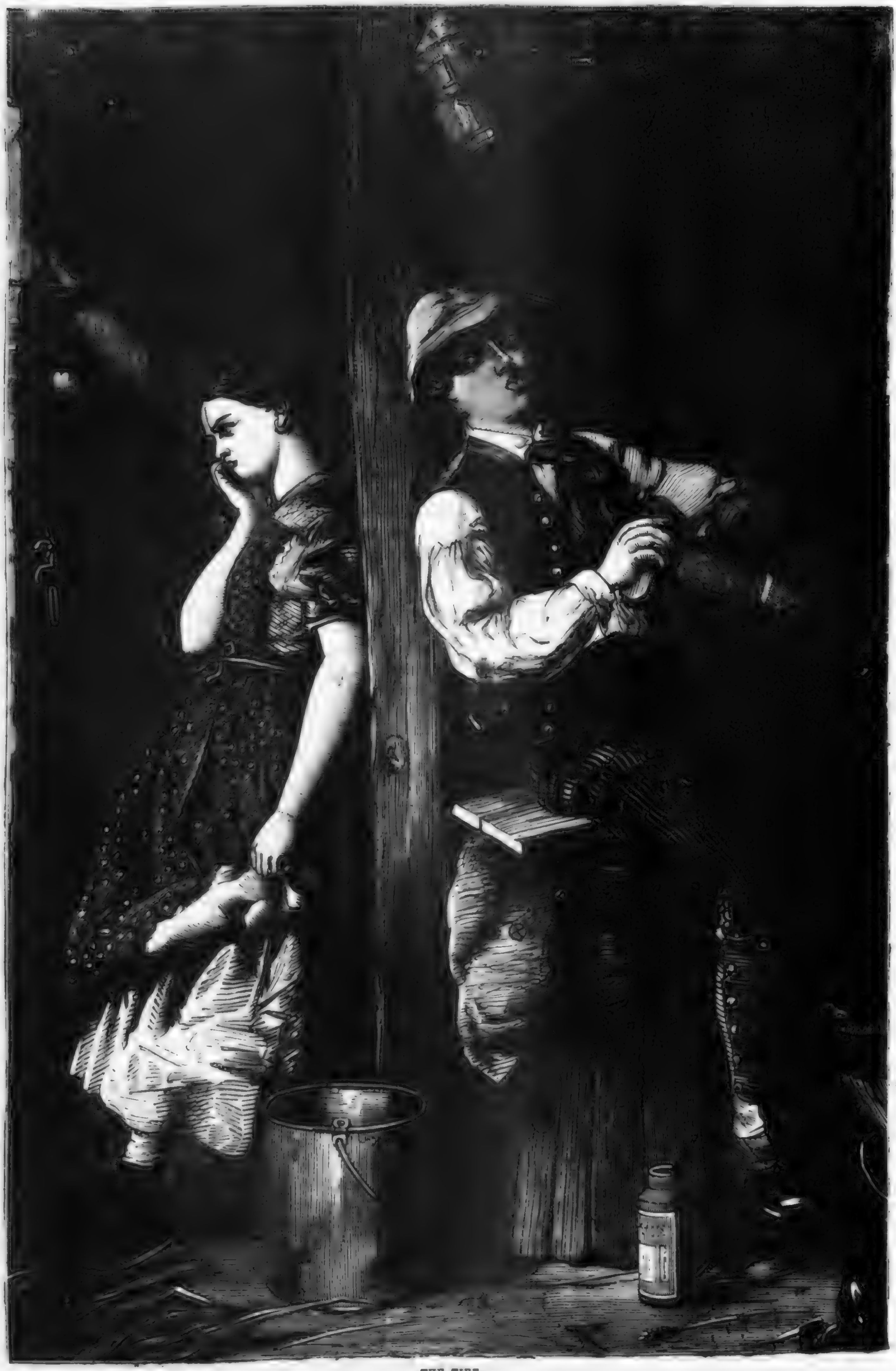


THE TIFF.

XUM

him," said Idalia. "And perhaps," she went on, a bitter scorn in her voice, "he considers it manly to utter base falsehoods, and trample on helpless babes."

"The Count of Harstien will answer at another time. His day will come. Remember, Baron von Schelling, that a Harstien never forgets."

"I defy the whole race of Harstien to drive me from my love or turn me from my purpose," said Von Schelling. "So that the Lady Idalia loves me, I scorn the paltry spite and malice of Rudolph of Harstien!"

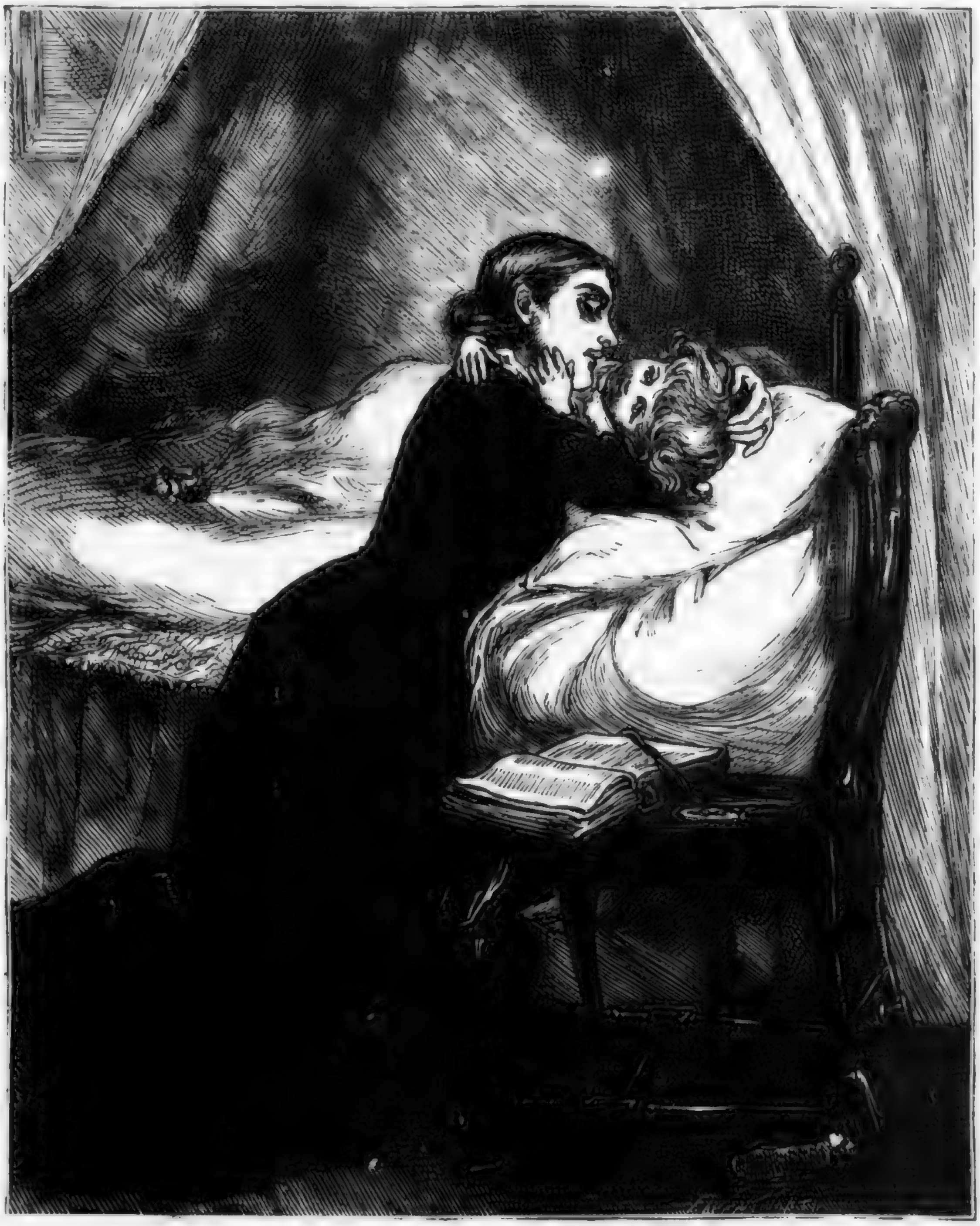
"And the Lady Idalia does love you—will ever love you, come what may!" and saying this, she drew closer to him, and let his arms enfold her. "You have our answers, Count of Harstien, and I bid you adieu;" and her eyes sought her lover's face, and there was love's sweet light o'erflowing them, making his soul supremely happy.

Count Rudolph gave them one more look of hate and malice—a look that Von Schelling met with his honest, fearless eyes; then he turned, and walked rapidly away.

"He will harm you, my darling, for he is an unprincipled man, and it is all for me;" and Idalia clung closely to Von Schelling.

"I care not for his hatred, and I would dare it a hundred times more to win your love. Fear not."

"And yet I distrust him. He has power at Court, and you may be torn away from me, and then I will be alone."



THE WAKING KISS.

"They can only order me to service, and a Von Schelling has friends, too, who will stand by him at his need. I have no fear, my darling," and the young man pressed a kiss on the mouth upturned to him.

Then, as they strolled up and down the flowery terrace, the sweet vows that are so dear were spoken, and the sharp clang of the dinner-bell surprised them in their walk.

On returning to the castle, they learned that Count Rudolph had ordered his horse an hour before, and leaving orders for his servant to bring on his luggage, had ridden swiftly away to the west. The next day Von Schelling announced his departure, and as his leave had nearly expired, he was obliged to set out immediately.

"I shall meet you at Vienna," he said, as he pressed his lips to those of Idalia. "We shall only be parted for a little time; and how sweet it will be to meet, and enjoy our love!"

Then he, too, rode away toward the west, and Idalia watched him, a fond and happy smile on her face, a deep and loving light in her eyes.

She had determined to begin her journey in a week—only a short week, and then she would see him again, and hear his voice, and feel the pressure of his hand.

But a week is a long time for lovers to be apart, and in a week much harm and wrong can be done.

When he reached the capital, Von Schelling hastened to report his arrival at the quarters of his regiment; and as he entered the presence of his colonel, was saluted with:

"Why, baron, you are just the man I was inquiring about. Here are orders for you to proceed to St. Petersburgh with important dispatches. You are to set out immediately, and will await the pleasure of our embassador there."

Von Schelling bowed and withdrew.

He was as pale as death, and a fierce struggle was raging in his heart.

"It is his work," he murmured. "He thinks to lure me to desert, and thus become disgraced; but I will write to her, and trust that I may not be long detained."

Then he again sought his quarters to prepare for his journey, and found there a second cause for vexation and annoyance in the shape of a note from the Count of Harstien:

"Ernest, Baron von Schelling," it read, "you have been pleased to call an act of mine cowardly and brutal. You have been mean enough to rob me of the woman I love; and I call on you for satisfaction. To-day I start on a journey to Munich, but I shall return in two weeks, and at the expiration of that time I shall expect you to comply with my request; and on your refusal or neglect, from any cause, to afford it, I will brand you as a knave and a coward throughout the capital. My friend is Count of Arpaugh. RUDOLPH OF HARSTIEN."

"It is nicely planned, Count Rudolph, but I will foil you yet," said Von Schelling, whose ready brain was busy at work trying to find some way to thwart the purpose of the count. "Ah, I have it! I will take this letter to my colonel, and ask his advice, and he will render Count Rudolph's spleen harmless."

And acting on the thought, he once more sought the quarters of his commander, and showed him the letter.

When the colonel had finished reading it, he looked up at Von Schelling, and said:

"Well?"

"You cannot understand this, colonel, but I will soon make it plain." And Von Schelling narrated the occurrences of the last day at Lynde Castle, and concluded with, "And Count Rudolph is high in power at the Court, colonel, and knows that I must obey orders or be disgraced. He has had me ordered away, and then sends this letter; and, as I must go, he will do as he threatens, and I will come back to hear myself called a coward, and all of my friends and companions will shun me."

"Ah, ha! that is the count's game, is it? Well, my boy, I will become your proxy. If the count wishes to fight, and will not wait until you return, I will see that he is satisfied."

"But I do not wish to lead you into danger on my account, colonel."

"Tut, tut! there will be no danger. I will deal with Count Rudolph even as he has dealt with you. Sit down and write a note to Arpaugh, referring him to me, and go you to St. Petersburgh. Here are your dispatches; and, by-the-way, Von Bernstoff is the embassador there, and he is a friend of mine. I will write to him, explaining matters, and ask him not to detain you."

And the colonel sat down and wrote a letter to his friend, whilst Von Schelling framed his note to Count Arpaugh.

The next day he was on his way to St. Petersburgh, and as his orders were to call at certain places, and follow given routes, it was nearly two weeks ere he reached there; and when he did, he found that the embassador had gone on a journey to the interior, leaving orders for all messages or messengers to await his return to the capital.

It was a week before he returned—a week of impatient waiting for Von Schelling—but no sooner did Von Bernstoff read the letter of his old friend, the colonel, than he said:

"And so you wish to get back to Vienna as soon as possible. Well, I am directed to detain you a while; but as you have been detained a week, I shall consider that enough. To-morrow I will have all my dispatches finished, so be ready to set out on your return at an early hour."

Von Schelling bowed his thanks, and no one could have been more prompt in his arrangements.

He was ready at early dawn, and though the embassador had named the hour of eight, he was pacing up and down the entrance-hall of the legation long before that time.

The dispatches were ready, and, thanking Von Bernstoff for his kindness, Von Schelling set out on his return; and as no restrictions had been placed upon his movements, ere a week was passed he was in the Austrian capital, and had delivered his charge at the State Department.

Then, even before he reported to his colonel, he sought the residence of Idalia, and, with a heart full of love and hope, ran swiftly up the steps that led to her home.

To his question of "Is the Lady Idalia in?" the servant who had answered his call announced that his mistress had gone on a visit to a friend, residing just on the outskirts of the city.

"I will seek her there," said Von Schelling; and that he might quickly do so, he hastened to his quarters, to report his arrival to his colonel.

"What! back so soon!" said that officer when Von Schelling entered his presence. "Why, Von Bernstoff must have been ready for you."

"I was detained a week by his absence; but as soon as he returned, he gave me permission to set out for home."

"I am glad of it. Here is a letter for you to read. You will see by it that Count Rudolph has been foiled, and that he will meet you when you wish."

"Thank you. I will still leave the affair in your hands, merely asking that I may have to-day and to-morrow free?"

"You may; and as this is Monday, you must be ready to meet Count Rudolph on Wednesday, at any hour I may select."

"I will be ready."

"Good-by, then, until that time, and may fortune befriend you."

"Thank you;" and bowing, Von Schelling hastened to his quarters, where his horse stood waiting his arrival.

Mounting, he was soon speeding toward the place where Idalia was stopping.

A rapid ride of an hour brought him to the villa—a large, modern building, seated amid a mass of trees and shrubbery.

As he rode up to the door, he noticed that the people of the house evinced an unusual activity, for they were hurrying hither and thither, and grief and consternation were plainly visible in their looks.

"What is the matter? And where is the Lady Idalia?" he asked of a liveried footman, who came up to hold his horse.

"Alas, sir, the Lady Idalia cannot be found!"

"Cannot be found? What mean you? Speak!" And Von Schelling's hand tightened on the man's arm with a grip that made him wince.

"Only, sir, that the Lady Idalia left the house this morning for a walk in the garden, and has not since been seen, even though we have searched for her. Her shawl was found in that part of the garden furthest from the house, and there were indications of a struggle near it."

In an instant Von Schelling's mind recalled Count Rudolph's threats.

"Has Count Rudolph of Harstien a residence near here?" he questioned.

"Yes, sir. He owns a villa some two miles further on."

"Tell your master that I would like to speak to him;" and taking the bridle of his horse from the man, he bade him hurry.

He was soon joined by the proprietor of the villa, and after a short response to his greeting, said:

"I hear that the Lady Idalia is missing. I have reason to think that she has been carried off to meet the kindly attentions of Count Harstien. Will you assist me to rescue her?"

"Impossible. The count would not dare."

"There is nothing that the Count of Harstien would not dare, so that by it he can accomplish his ends. But come with me, and I will tell you my reasons for thinking as I do whilst we are on the way."

"I will. Let me gather a few friends, for we may need help."

In a short time a dozen young and fearless men were hurrying along toward the villa of Count Rudolph, and as they rode rapidly between the trees and shrubs that bordered the way, Von Schelling told the friend of Idalia why he thought that Count Rudolph had abducted the Lady of Lynde.

In a little while they were skirting the high walls of a spacious park, and soon drew up before the entrance-gate.

A loud knock brought the porter from his lodge, and to their question, "Is the Count of Harstien here?" he answered in the negative, saying that a few hours before he had departed for the city. Then Von Schelling said:

"Open your gate—we would enter, and we are friends of the count."

"I have orders from him to let no one pass."

"We must pass. Do you not see that I am an officer of the Emperor? Refuse at your peril!" answered Von Schelling.

His tone of command and the sight of his uniform caused the porter to open the gate, and they rode up to the door of the villa.

"Perhaps it would be well to guard the house, so that none may have a chance to escape. Let four of our number watch the doors whilst the rest go with me to search the house," said Von Schelling.

This advice was adopted, and when the guards were stationed, the remainder of the party approached the entrance and demanded admittance.

They were again refused.

"It does look suspicious," said the gentleman at whose house Idalia had been stopping. "Why, if all is right, are we refused admittance?"

"All is not right," answered Von Schelling; and again the magical name of the Emperor was used, with the same success.

As they entered, Von Schelling turned to the servant who had opened the door, and in an authoritative voice demanded:

"Where is the lady who was brought here this morning?"

The man turned pale, and stammered out:

"There—was—no—lady—brought—here—sir."

"I wish no subterfuge. Where is the lady?"

His assurance and firmness subdued the servant, and he said:

"She is in the strong chamber; but oh, sir, I shall be murdered for telling you, for the Count Rudolph never forgives."

"I will protect you. Lead us to the place," said Von Schelling; and, following the steps of the trembling wretch, they were soon standing before a massive and heavily barred door.

"The key," said Von Schelling.

It was produced, and thrusting back the bolts and inserting the key, the door was loosened from its fastenings and flung open with an impatient hand, and, striding into the room, Von Schelling's searching look was met by the tear-wet, sorrowing eyes of Idalia, who, as soon as the dim light allowed her to recognize him, sprang forward with a joyful cry, and fainted in his embrace.

"He shall pay dearly for this, my darling," said Von Schelling—"the Count of Harstien shall pay very dearly for this;" and, followed by his companions, he hastily bore the form of Idalia along the passage, and down the broad stairway by which they had ascended to the open doorway.

The fresh air revived her, and Von Schelling asked her if she felt well enough to be moved.

"Yes, yes; take me away from this hateful place!" and a shudder ran through her form.

"You shall go immediately;" and raising her tenderly from the ground, Von Schelling seated her on his horse, and with many murmurs of contempt for Count Rudolph's perfidy and threatenings of revenge, the party set out on its return.

As they reached the gangway, which was standing open, Count Rudolph dashed up to it, and seeing them, reined in his steed with such a powerful jerk that the noble animal was thrown back on its haunches.

His look of surprise and menace was met by the firm, steady, defiant gaze of Von Schelling.

"You shall pay for this," he hissed; "yes, you will never forget the hatred of a Harstien."

"I despise both the Harstien and his hatred," answered Von Schelling.

"Be prepared for your death, for die you shall," said the count. "Ah, my fair Lady of Lynde, you have escaped me now, but you shall never enjoy the love of your gallant;" and putting spurs to his horse, he galloped away.

Idalia clung closely to Von Schelling.

"Take me home—take me to the city," she pleaded; "and oh, do not go near him, for he will kill you."

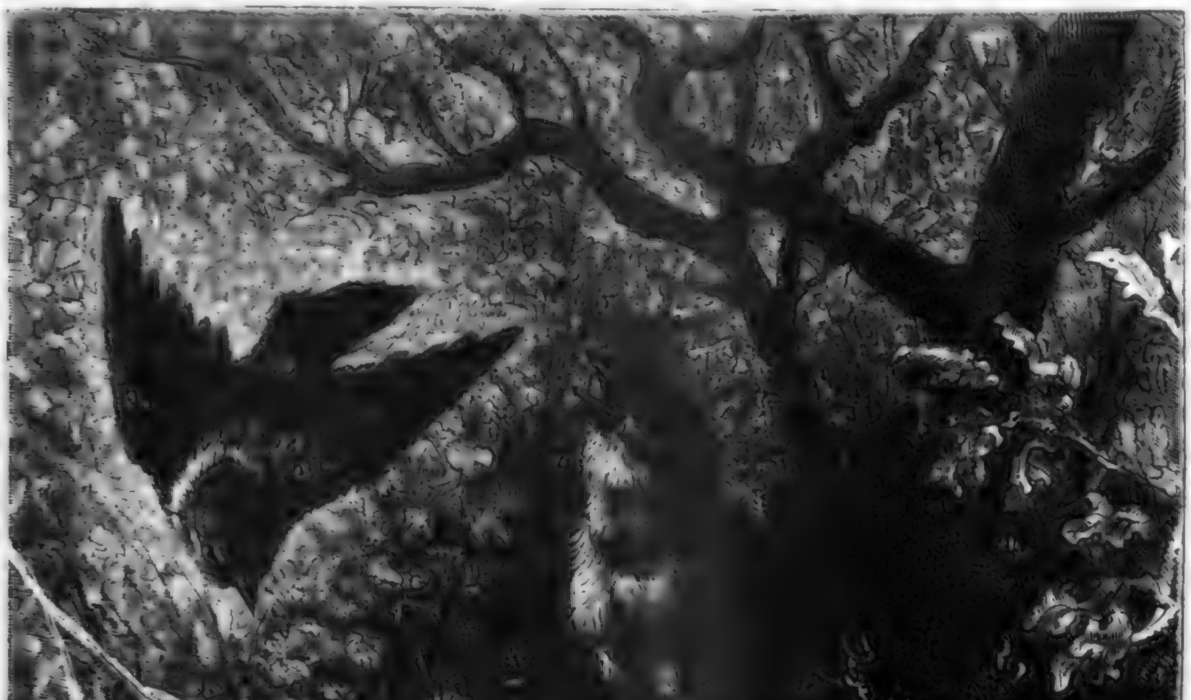
"Be not afraid; he will find a Von Schelling cannot be cast aside like a servant, or treated like one."

"But you will not be endangered? Oh, tell me that you are safe."

"I am safe, for Count Rudolph cannot do me harm."

"Keep away from him for my sake, dearest. I should not be able to live thinking that I had brought you into danger."

Arrived at the villa at which she had been visiting, Idalia instantly prepared to return to the city, and, despite the solicitations of her friend, who pressed her to remain, set out, accompanied by Von Schelling and a number of the other guests, who were bound for the capital.



THE PILLAGED NEST.

Von Schelling accompanied her to her home, and spent the remainder of the day and the evening with her, and on returning to his quarters found on the table of his apartment a note from his colonel, requesting that he would call on him early in the morning.

He did so, and found that officer ready to receive him.

"I was expecting you. You saw Count Rudolph yesterday?"

"I did.'

"I thought so, for I received a visit from his friend Count Arpaugh, last evening, asking that you meet him to-day."

"I will meet him now, the scoundrel!"

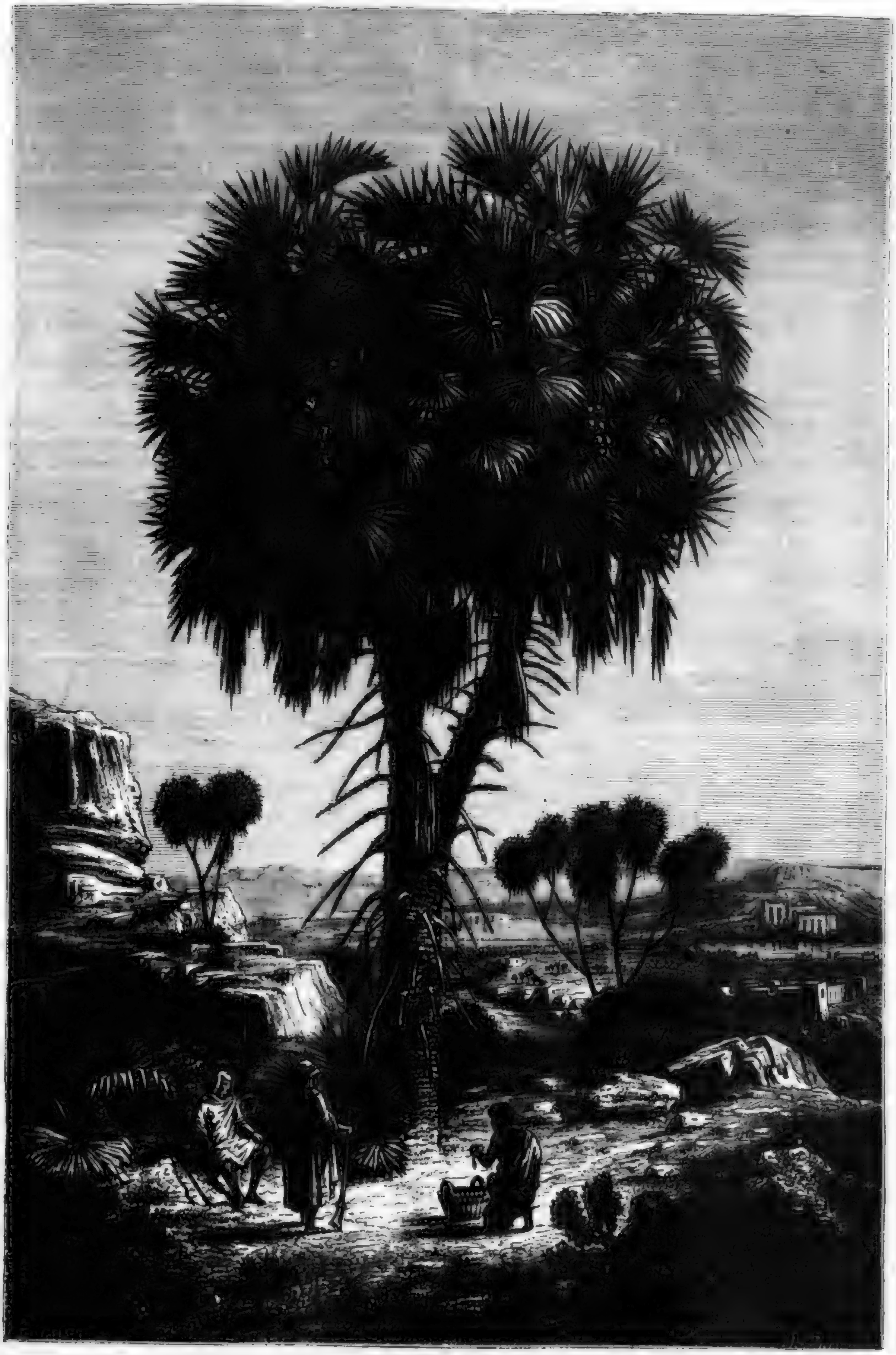
"Ha! what has occurred?"

Von Schelling narrated the incidents of the previous day.

"My boy, you need not fight him unless you wish. He has put himself beyond the pale of honor."

"But I do wish to fight him. I would avenge the wrong he has done to the Lady of Lynde. The villain! to dare to have base ruffians lay hands on her, and carry her a prisoner to his vile den. I would fight him now, if possible."

"You shall have the chance. In an hour return here; and, to guard against accidents, you had better leave instructions concerning what you wish done, for the justice of a cause does not always insure its victory."



AN AFRICAN PALM TREE.

"I will follow your advice, and will be here on time;" and leaving the presence of the colonel, Von Schelling returned to his quarters.

His soul desired and longed to seek the presence of Idalia, but reason kept him back.

"If I go now," he thought, "she will surely suspect the truth, and if she asked me, I should have to tell her. No, I will not see her; but I will write to her;" and he seated himself at his desk, and wrote a note, telling Idalia of what he was about to do.

> "If I meet no harm," he said, at the close of it, "I will be with you this afternoon, my darling. If I am hurt, I will send you word. If no word comes, I will be dead. May God bless and keep thee, my dearest. Thine, with all love, VON SCHELLING."

Dispatching this, he sought the quarters of the colonel.

"Are you ready?" said that officer.

"I am."

"Come, then, for the sooner it is over the better;" and they set out.

The servant whom Von Schelling had sent with his note hastened to the house of Idalia, and met her just as she was coming out for a morning drive.

As she read the note, her eyes flashed and her color heightened.

"He is doing this for me," she murmured. "Oh! if he should be hurt!" Then turning to the servant, she questioned: "Do you know where your master has gone?"

"Yes, my lady; to settle an affair of honor."

"But where?"

"They generally go to the Boschen woods to arrange them."

"Ah! that is two hours' drive. There is no answer; you can go."

Then, as the man turned away, she called her coachman to her, and asked, hurriedly:

"How long will it take to reach the Boschen woods?"

"Two hours, my lady."

"Drive there as fast as you can, and if you know where the dueling-ground is, go directly to it."

"I do know, my lady;" and wondering why the Lady of Lynde should wish to visit the dueling-ground, the coachman mounted his box, and when his mistress had entered the carriage, drove rapidly toward the northern part of the city.

The colonel and Von Schelling had taken the same route, and a ride of two hours brought them to the woods, where, at a little inn, they found Count Rudolph, his friend, and a surgeon.

The preliminaries were soon arranged, and they sought the spot used for such encounters.

It was an open space, completely hemmed in by trees, save on one side, where the road just touched it.

The combatants were stationed, and the hatred in Count Rudolph's eyes made them seem like balls of flame.

Von Schelling was calm and stern. He was revenging an insult given to the woman whom he loved, and his soul was full of her wrong.

The colonel gave the words, "One! two! three!" As the last word was uttered a carriage dashed wildly on the scene.

Count Rudolph, startled by its coming, fired wild; but the ball of Von Schelling sought its mark with unerring aim, and the count sank senseless to the earth, just as the carriage-door was flung open, and Idalia, Lady of Lynde, sprang out.

Von Schelling hastened to meet her, and to her anxious inquiry of, "Are you harmed—are you hurt, my darling?" answered in the negative.

The surgeon was examining the count.

"He will die, but not for a few hours," he said. "The wound is mortal."

The colonel bore this word to Von Schelling and Idalia. She shuddered.

"I am sorry for him. Oh, that it might have been settled in some other way!"

"There was no other way," said Von Schelling. "It was my life or his. But let us leave this scene, for it is hateful to me;" and he assisted Idalia into the carriage, and the colonel and himself entering with her, they were driven back to the city.

Friendless and full of pain, the Count of Harstien lingered on a few days longer.

The story of his violence to the Lady of Lynde, and the punishment he had met, were the topics of conversation in the capital; and when it was known that the Baron Ernest von Schelling and Idalia, Lady of Lynde, were betrothed, it was acknowledged that it was a noble and just match, for had not the baron espoused and avenged the Lady Idalia's wrongs?

But it was the love that came before the wrong—the love that was as strong as death, and which had sprung from a knowledge of each other's worth—that caused these two young souls to cling to each other, and desire that life should have no joy they did not share, no sorrow that did not belong to both.

Truly it was a good and noble match, and the Baron von Schelling and his fair bride have never regretted it, for her love and wealth afforded him an opportunity and means to show the nobleness and worth of his nature; and whilst Count Rudolph of Harstien sleeps in an unhonored grave, the Baron von Schelling, rich in the love of the fair Lady of Lynde, has gone on winning honor and respect, and the love of the people, whose friend he is.

There is a master at Lynde Castle now; but shall I turn traitor to the "lords of creation," and say that the master has a ruler? Yet so it is, and love is that ruler—the love of the sweet Lady of Lynde.

THE EXTINCTION OF THE EAGLES.

A CORRESPONDENT writes as follows of the practical extinction of the bald-headed eagle from the Connecticut hills: "A pair of these birds have lived for many years in the vicinity of Bantam Lake, and visitors there were often delighted at the sight of them soaring high in air. One very clear day last August they came up to the village, and remained circling far above the flag-staff and West Park for nearly an hour at high noon. Groups collected upon the corners to admire them, as their changing positions brought the bright sunlight full upon their splendid white heads and magnificent wings. It was the first time several of our visitors had seen an eagle, and it was afterward remarked by them, 'What a beautiful sight these eagles were, above the village green.' Recently I read, with sorrow, that they had been 'shot at Bantam Lake'! So the last pair of eagles disappear from old Litchfield, and the species is now forever extinct here; there will never be any more of them. Their age was, no doubt, very great. The eagle does not come to maturity until five years old, and lives a long time. One died in Vienna after a captivity of 105 years. Who can tell how many scores of years this pair had kept watch over Bantam Lake? I know not who did it, but the shooting of them was a public calamity, and has forever deprived our village of a rare attraction."

HERO AND LEANDER.

I NEED not tell how Hero, when her light
Would burn no longer, pass'd that dreadful night:
How she exclaim'd, and wept, and could not sit
One instant in one place; nor how she lit
The torch a hundred times; and when she found
'Twas all in vain, her gentle head turn'd round
Almost with rage; and in her fond despair
She tried to call him through the deafening air.

But when he came not—when from hour to hour
He came not—though the storm had spent its power,
And when the casement, at the dawn of light,
Began to show a square of ghastly white,
She went up to the tower, and straining out
To search the seas, downward, and round about,
She saw, at last—she saw her lord indeed
Floating, and wash'd about, like a vile weed;
On which such strength of passion and dismay
Seiz'd her, and such an impotence to stay,
That from the turret, like a stricken dove,
With fluttering arms she leap'd, and joined her drowned
love.

THE SEARCH AFTER PERPETUAL MOTION.

By Professor W. Steadman Aldis, M.A.

THERE is something fascinating in motion. Half the pleasure of a healthy existence is derived from or connected with motion. The exhilarating rush of the skater through the frosty air down the long canal, or the gentle gliding with which he describes elegant curves on his carefully swept corner; the delight of a child in a swing, and of the youth in his bicycle, are all illustrations of this fact. To many persons a gallop on horseback is the best way of restoring the tone of the bodily system; and even the plunging of a yacht in the teeth of a northeaster is capable of becoming a source of pleasure. The worst of it is that the pleasure is for the most part short-lived, and that the exertion of keeping up the motion presently produces a weariness and pain which more than counterbalance the enjoyment. All the work of the world, too, as well as the play, is done by motion; but here the same rule comes in even more rapidly—the agent soon becomes weary of the work. Cannot we, perhaps, get perpetual motion without fatigue or exertion? and if not, why not? The question is analogous to another question popular among children, even among children of a larger growth: Cannot we eat our cake and have it? but yet for many ages it exercised the world with weary disputations and attempts to answer it in the affirmative. "Yes, we can—we shall—when I have added one more link to my machine," was the answer time after time from some solitary student of occult laws of nature in the Dark Ages. But the missing link never was added, the perpetual motion never came, and to-day we know—at least, all trained and scientific mechanicians know—that it never will come.

The search after perpetual motion has not been in all ages a fruitless one for mankind. The early attempts to effect a transmutation of baser metals into gold, while they failed of their main object, helped to lay the foundations of the science of chemistry. Unsuccessful efforts to square the circle, as it is popularly termed, or more correctly to discover by geometrical means a square whose area is exactly equal to that of a given circle, led mathematicians to many valuable geometrical facts. Similarly, the labors of mechanicians after a machine able to move for ever without external interference were not without results capable of being applied in the invention and construction of the spinning-jennies and power-looms of more modern times. The day for all these problems has long gone by; no one need now flatter himself that his energies can be usefully employed on their solution; but we must not therefore forget that we owe a debt of gratitude to the men who, in their blind devotion to an impossible idea, helped unconsciously to marshal the forces of science for the conquest of the world.

A student, taking up a modern treatise on mechanics, will find it stated as a first law of motion, that a moving particle will continue in motion with a uniform velocity for ever, unless its motion be checked by some external force. He will see in this law an apparent contradiction to our statement that perpetual motion is an impossibility. The contradiction is, however, merely on the surface, and disappears when we come to examine what was really sought by the mechanicians of the Middle Ages.

If we set a wheel to rotate round a horizontal axis whose ends rest on well-oiled supports, the wheel will go on turning for a long time. If the same wheel be made to turn in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump, it will continue to move for a much longer time. If we could quite get rid of the friction of the axis and of the resistance of the air, the wheel, as far as we can tell, would go on for ever. This is in accordance with the law of motion quoted above. Suppose, however, we fasten a string to the axle of the wheel, so that, as the wheel turns, the string coils round it. Let us also put a small weight at the end of the string, and set the wheel in motion. As it revolves, the string coils round the axis, the weight ascends, and we shall see the speed of the wheel gradually diminish until presently it stops, and the next instant begins to turn in the opposite way, and continues to do so until it gets back to its first position. However well-oiled the bearings may be, the motion is no longer perpetual, the reason being that the weight hanging to the string exerts a force which tends to diminish the velocity of the wheel. We have, in fact, not been contented with letting the wheel move itself, which, if hindrances were removed, it might go on to do for ever, but have tried also to make it move something else, and that we find it refuses to do unless the force which started it be repeated at intervals. This latter is the kind of motion which was meant by the words "perpetual motion." What was wanted was not a luxurious ornament to go on ticking or rolling without affecting anything else, but a useful drudge which should do work without help and yet never stop—a kind of machine which we now know to be impossible.

The reason of this impossibility will appear from a few simple considerations of experience and theory.

If our student of mechanics goes on to read the treatise we have supposed in his hands, he will come across two more laws of motion. The first of these is, that the amount of motion produced in a body by a force is always greater or less in exact proportion to the force. If one player strike a cricket-ball with twice the force exerted by another player, the ball will start off in the first case with double the velocity which it has in the latter. The second law is, that when two bodies act on one another, the first must act on the second with an equal and opposite force to that with which the second acts on the first. Thus, if a cart is drawn along a road by a horse, the horse is pulled backward by the cart with exactly the same force as the cart is pulled forward by the horse. When a man jumps upward he kicks the earth downward with the same force as the earth, so to speak, kicks him upward. The man moves a good way up, and the earth does not perceptibly move at all, because the earth is so much larger than the man. The amount of motion which, spread over the body of the man, gives a sensible velocity to each particle, is quite imperceptible when diffused through the whole mass of the earth.

One effect of these laws is, that if any body in motion be employed to impart motion to another, it can only do so by giving up some of its own motion. For the first body must pull the second with a certain force in order to move it; the second must pull the first backward with the same force, and must, therefore, diminish the motion of the first by the exact amount by which its own is increased. Perpetual motion without a perpetual supply of force from some external source is as impossible in the case of a body employed as a motor, as it is to keep a purse well filled while continually spending and never putting in a fresh supply of money.

Modern experimental science has given us many new methods of producing motion. The heat of a fire operating on water compels the piston of a steam-engine to move with the regularity of clockwork, and with more than the strength of a giant. The action of an acid on a metal has been made to produce both heat and light, and motion. Even the mysterious something which gives the loadstone its attractive power, and directs the mariner's needle to the pole, has been made to yield the same. Electricity, magnetism, heat, motion, chemical action, have been shown by many experiments to be each deducible the one from the other. We might imagine that possibly the secret of perpetual motion is in our hands from some interchange of these forces. But, alas for our hopes! experiment has shown that a given quantity of any one of these forms of what is called "energy" will never yield more than a given quantity of any other; and that by whatever cycle we pass from the first form back to the same again, the final result is less than that from which we started—part of the original energy having spent itself in wearing out the machinery, or heating the air.

HERO'S WATCH FOR LEANDER.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 475.

If a machine, then, be employed to do work, as, for instance, to set in motion a body not moving, to begin with, some part of the energy of the machine must be continually spent, and apparently lost. The steam-engine, as it lifts stroke by stroke its load of water from the mine, uses up for each stroke the heat in a certain quantity of coals. The maintenance for each minute of the brilliant electric light requires the destruction of a definite amount of fuel, or the consumption of a given quantity of metal by an acid. Nothing for nothing is nature's motto in all these matters. By our machinery we can turn energy or motion of one kind into energy of any other; but we cannot create it out of nothing. Even the pleasant motions to which we referred at the beginning of this paper are cases in point, for the human body is a machine which rapidly loses its energy if unfed. Man cannot work, or even play, unless he be supplied with internal heat by means of the food he consumes—heat which has originally come from the sun, and lodged itself in the plants which serve as food for beasts and men. It is to the stores of energy thus imparted to the earth by the sun acting on the growing trees in the ages when our coal-measures were formed, or acting on the earth to-day and forming the herbs which feed us now, that we must look for the possibility of getting *practically* perpetual motion. As long as our coal-beds remain unexhausted, we need never fear but that we shall be able to draw out the heat from that great storehouse, and turn it into motion as we will. What shall happen to the inhabitants of the earth when the collier shall no longer be able to win coal is a problem "beyond the range of practical politics."

The higher the head, the humbler the heart.

XUM

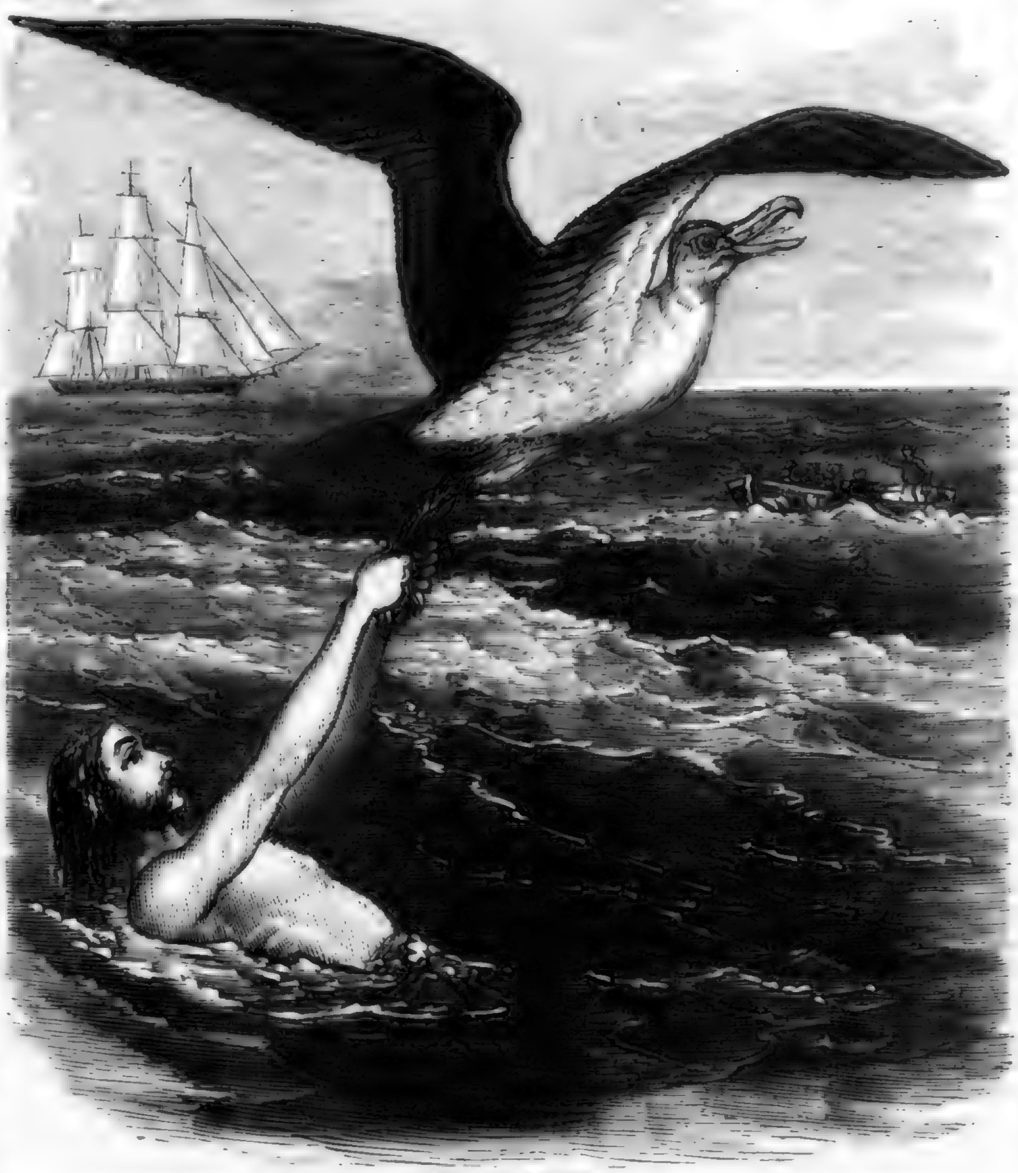
A TIMELY RESCUE.

One of the most singular escapes from drowning at sea perhaps ever recorded, is related in the letter of an officer in a British regiment, addressed to friends in Canada some years since.

While the division to which the writer belonged was on its way to Orient, being at that time a short distance eastward of the Cape of Good Hope, one of the men was ordered, for some trifling offense, to be severely flogged. Irritated to madness by the disgrace of the punishment, and by the cruelty with which it was administered, the poor fellow was no sooner released from the cords which had bound him, than he ran to the bulwarks of the vessel, and, before the ship's crew and his soldier comrades, sprang overboard.

The vessel was at the time making rapid way, with a high sea running, so that, as the man swept astern, all hope of saving him appeared to be at an end.

Assistance came, however, from a quarter which the spectators could scarcely have anticipated. While the crew were vainly endeavoring to lower the boat, which, as generally happens, proved no easy matter, a huge bird was seen in the distance to swoop down upon the struggling man. As the form of the man grew more indistinct in the distance, it seemed fluttering over him, as if puzzled by the unusual object.



A TIMELY RESCUE.

By the time the vessel had put about, and the boat, which had at length been lowered, was approaching, the bird was seen to be a huge albatross, which had descended upon the struggling soldier, doubtless to prey upon the body; but the man, in the agonies of his struggle, had instinctively seized the bird firmly, and retained his grasp in spite of the embarrassment of the creature and its strenuous efforts to release itself. In this position his comrades found him, and finally restored him safely to the vessel.

"Incredible as this story seems," says the original narrator, "the name and position of the writer of the letter, who was an eye-witness of the scene, sufficiently attest its truth."

SNEEZING.

"God bless you!" is the common expression of Europeans when you sneeze in their presence—sneezing having been considered in ancient times the result of a demoniac possession, to avert the evil influences, they invoke a blessing. But the true philosophy of a sneeze is set forth in an article in the *Popular Science Monthly* under the title, "What is a Cold?" The whole of it is worth reading, but we have only room to transcribe what relates to sneezing. "Sneezing in catarrh is a method nature adopts to stimulate the prostrate nervous centre, and thus enable it to reassert its proper control over the blood supply to the part; indeed, it will be found that the effects of being exposed to a draft of cold air are often completely destroyed by a succession of sneezes. Of course, nature does not always immediately succeed in these efforts; but, when she does not, the shock from which the nervous centre suffers gradually passes away, and the blood-vessels come under the control of the little nerves which regulate their calibre, and so the catarrh disappears in a few hours, or at most in a few days. It sometimes happens that the shock from the cold air acting upon the nervous centre is of such severity that the consequent inflammation is intense enough to check the secretion of mucus altogether, and in consequence the mucous membrane is dry as well as inflamed, and the suffering very much intensified."

XUM

AUTUMNAL TWILIGHT.

By James T. Mitchell.

In the horizon sinks the sun,
While o'er his face, when day is done,
Coy as the vail o'er blushing nun,
Hangs the autumnal twilight.

The curling mist lies o'er the stream,
Hazy and dim as a twilight dream,
And like the mist round sunset's beam
Hovers the autumn twilight.

The mountains shade the valley wide,
Night's shadowy wings the distance hide,
But glowing and bright on the sunset side
Glimmers the autumn twilight.

Now sits September 'neath the trees,
Wooing the coy autumnal breeze;
Through the dim forest-aisles he sees
The bright autumnal twilight.

Then comes October to pluck red leaves;
While for the dying flowers he grieves,
A crown of yellow ferns he weaves
For the pale autumnal twilight.

Nature's gay songsters tune their throats,
Far through the fading forest floats
The music of wild birds' farewell notes
To the sad autumnal twilight.

Loud moans the wind on the wintry shore,
The sparkling frost is white and hoar,
And flitting at eve is seen no more
The lost autumnal twilight.

HOW THEY CLIMBED THE MOUNTAIN.

A YOUNG man sat by the window of a hotel in Interlaken; he chatted whiles with a rough, muscular-looking man, who was strapping a knapsack, testing the strength of the several alpenstocks, and preparing the kit of a mountain tourist.

"There, sir," he said, in rather queer English, "the things are ready, and to-morrow at the red of the day I will knock to the door."

"Very good, Pierre, I will be up and waiting for you. Good-night!"

And Pierre, lifting his hat with the stereotyped "*Gute Nacht, schlafen Sie wohl,*" of the German peasant, clattered in his hob-nailed shoes down the stairs.

"A fine, handsome fellow, that Pierre," said to himself the young man, Arthur Dunbar by name. "It is a pity that he should come to grief, as he certainly will some day, in the *crevasse*—he is brave almost to recklessness. Well," he continued, as he arose and stretched himself, "there is nearly a whole day of idleness for you, Arthur Dunbar—what will you do with yourself?"

He looked out of the window as he spoke, and under a great chestnut-tree, where the sunlight fell in fitful, dancing gleams, a pretty picture presented itself to him—a white-haired old man, with a handsome but perhaps weak face, sat reading his paper; near him a girl, as beautiful as a dream, tapped her foot impatiently on the turf.

Her finely-molded form showed to advantage in a traveling-costume, and a little Alpine hat with a black cock's feather and a bunch of edelweiss adorning one side, sat jauntily on her hair. Her face looked almost cross just at that moment, and she twitched her shoulder impatiently toward the third member of the party, a little figure bending over a sketch. The face appertaining to the said little figure was almost hidden under a sun-hat with a drooping brim—only a bit of fair cheek and chin peeped from under it.

"A rare beauty, that dark girl," thought Arthur; "and the other one, too, ought to have a sweet face, if one can judge from the white neck and dimple, which is, unfortunately, all that tarletan monstrosity permits one to see. I will investigate further, and some lucky chance may bring about an acquaintanceship."

He threw away his cigar, and descending into the garden, took one of the many chairs scattered under the chestnut-trees. The trio, however, scarcely noticed his propinquity, but continued their conversation.

"Papa," the girl was saying, "it is true no lady has been up the Jungfrau, but we could do it, I know. You might trust us, with good guides and my maid. It is simply unbearably stupid here, and Anice persists in sketching as if her life depended on it. Oh, do, please, let me do as I wish!"

"My dear, it seems to me you usually do as you wish," said papa, resignedly. "It is you who brought us here, and if you set your heart on climbing a mountain, I suppose you will do that, too."

The girl sprang up, and her forehead cleared.

"Oh, dear papa, that means a consent, does it not? We will go to-morrow morning. Anice, you tiresome girl, why are you not more delighted?"

The tarletan atrocity was raised, disclosing a little rosebud of a face, and a voice replied, softly:

"I am glad if you are pleased, Margie dear."

"Now to find a guide," said Miss Margie, "with a character composed of intrepidity and caution, and a list of recommendations so long as to satisfy even you, dear, timorous papa; and then for the terrible task of preparing Jane's mind for the terrors in store for her."

"My dear, leave the important part of the preparations to me. Oh, why was it my fate to have an enterprising daughter!"

"Now, papa, don't be cross, there's a dear. We will come back covered with glory, and you will tell of our exploits, when we are back in England, with the greatest relish. Come, Anice," and the two girls disappeared arm-in-arm through a doorway.

Arthur Dunbar sat for a while in deep cogitation.

"It would be quite a lark," muttered he at last, and he, too, rose and departed.

He sought Pierre where he was usually to be found, drinking beer in a neighboring *wirthshaus,* and laid before him the plan that he had so lately conceived.

He proposed offering himself as guide to the party of English girls who were to attempt the ascent of the Jungfrau the next day, and Pierre must extol his merits to the skies.

"Remember," was his parting admonition, "I am not to know any English, and be sure you make a good bargain for yourself with the *herr Englander.*"

Pierre growled at the suggestion of the female element on a perilous trip, and muttered, under his breath:

"They will not go far, but will scream when they are asked to climb a ladder, and have hysterics at the first *crevasse* to be met with."

* * * * * *

The morning gleamed faintly, and disputed possession of crags and rocks, one by one, with the gloom of night, until it reached the Aar, rushing along on its way to join the Rhine; then crossing, leaving a train of jewels as it went, awoke the two girls so peacefully dreaming in the big hotel, and told them with a warm kiss to arise.

Assembled about the door was an array of friends and servants, who waved to the travelers *adieux*, and gave final injunctions until the rattle of the carriage drowned their voices.

Arthur, who, to avoid the risk of detection by any chance acquaintance, had gone on in advance, was overtaken as he strode along the road. His pliant, well-knit figure was not disguised by the rough suit he wore, and his face, in spite of his efforts to assume a stolid expression, was handsome, although framed in disarranged hair, and surmounted by a drooping-brimmed hat.

Pierre had explained that his comrade was a silent, shy sort of fellow, but the hero of many an Alpine adventure, and of well-known courage.

Arthur felt a tinge of shame when the two ladies discussed freely many little particulars of their affairs, or commented on their attendants, under the impression that they could not be understood.

"Pierre," said Miss Margie, "what did you say was the name of your assistant? He is not a bad-looking fellow."

"Hans," said Pierre, after a moment's hesitation, for the important point of naming the pseudo-guide had been forgotten.

"The fellow might have hit upon a higher-sounding cognomen," thought Arthur.

"Pierre, is he always as sullen as he looks now?" she went on, for Arthur, in his efforts to assume a stupid air, had succeeded only in looking cross, as he noticed Miss Margie's glance directed toward him.

"Well—perhaps not," answered Pierre.

"Hang the fellow!" was Arthur's comment to himself.

"Margie," said the soft voice of Anice, "I think he seems much superior to his position; do you not notice his fine forehead and well-shaped hands?"

"Now, Anice, don't concoct a romance about a common Swiss peasant; he is probably at this moment regretting the *frau* he has left, who has washy blue eyes and faded braids of tow-colored hair, or looking forward to the time when, by overcharging foreigners for his services, as he has us, he can retire from this perilous calling, and set up a beer-garden or a hotel. All good Swiss think Paradise a place of many hotels which are never empty, I am sure."

Arthur pictured himself a paunchy landlord bowing to a fresh importation of victims, or adding every imaginable item to bills already too long, and a laugh had to be smothered in a bad fit of coughing.

"Poor man," said Anice, "he seems to be suffering; ask him, Pierre, if he would like a bottle of wine."

"Hans," called Pierre, in *patois*, "be sure not to refuse."

"Yoh, yoh," grinned Hans, and he dismounted from the coachman's box to receive from Anice's fair hand a bottle of sherry.

"Anice Heathcote," said Margie, "if that's the way you begin to indulge such people, they will expect champagne next."

"Margie, dear, he was coughing—perhaps his life of exposure has injured his health."

"Bah!" was the sole reply Miss Margie deigned as the carriage rolled on.

Along the brimming river, through tall firs, with here and there a châlet in its patch of cultivated ground, they passed.

Anice gave *sous* to horn-blowers, to peasant children who ran beside the horses and brushed flies from their legs with fragrant bunches of walnut-trees, to decrepit old men, deformed and hideous women. Her gracious manner and sweet face touched even the misogynist heart of Pierre; as for Arthur, he sat as if struck by enchantment, and knew already that here was his ideal woman. He hated the captious, domineering Margie, who had beguiled Anice to undertake an enterprise so foolhardy, but found a grain of comfort in Pierre's prophecy, "They will not go far."

They reached the first glacier, and Pierre, laden with ladders, picks, ropes, and all the formidable paraphernalia, followed by the others, began its ascent. Anice's cheek was blanched as she patiently toiled along, but Margie climbed recklessly from one icy point to another.

Pierre warned her more than once to choose her steps more carefully, but the young woman had never in her life heeded the words of others, and was contemptuously indifferent to his suggestions.

Several yawning chasms had been passed with safety. Jane, the maid, a big, heavy-limbed English girl, had at first refused to risk her valuable life on a ladder, and was only induced to take the first hazardous step by a winning smile and a pressure of the hand from Pierre.

As time went on, Arthur began to think he had underrated the ability of the young ladies, when a cry from Pierre sent a shiver of horror through him. He hurried to the brink of a *crevasse*, where Jane stood, wringing her hands, and Pierre, usually so ready in emergencies, was gazing helplessly with whitened face into its depths. Arthur looked, and, almost beyond his range of vision, two figures lay in a confused mass on a ledge of ice.

"Good God!" he cried out. "Quick, Pierre—the ropes! I will go down!"

"It is death," said Pierre.

"The ropes—the ropes, for heaven's sake!" repeated Arthur.

Pierre hesitated no longer, but made the necessary preparations for lowering him, and, when all was ready, helped him over the jagged edge, with a heart-felt "Lord be with you!"

Nothing broke the awful stillness as Arthur swung on the end of the rope, catching now and then a momentary foothold in snow or crevice, and sinking lower and lower, until, after a time that seemed an eternity, he reached the place where the two girls were lying. A bed of snow had so broken their fall that, excepting numerous bruises, they were unhurt.

Arthur first tied Anice securely in a noose, although she begged that Margie might go first, and then, after signaling to Pierre, the rope began slowly to ascend with the helpless burden.

She reached the top safely, and then Margie, in the same way, but with infinite pains, was brought half fainting to the surface.

When Arthur's turn came, he, too, was lifted to where an anxious group was waiting for him. Pierre put both his arms around him, and the tears ran down his cheeks as he pointed to the rope lying, serpent-like, on the snow.

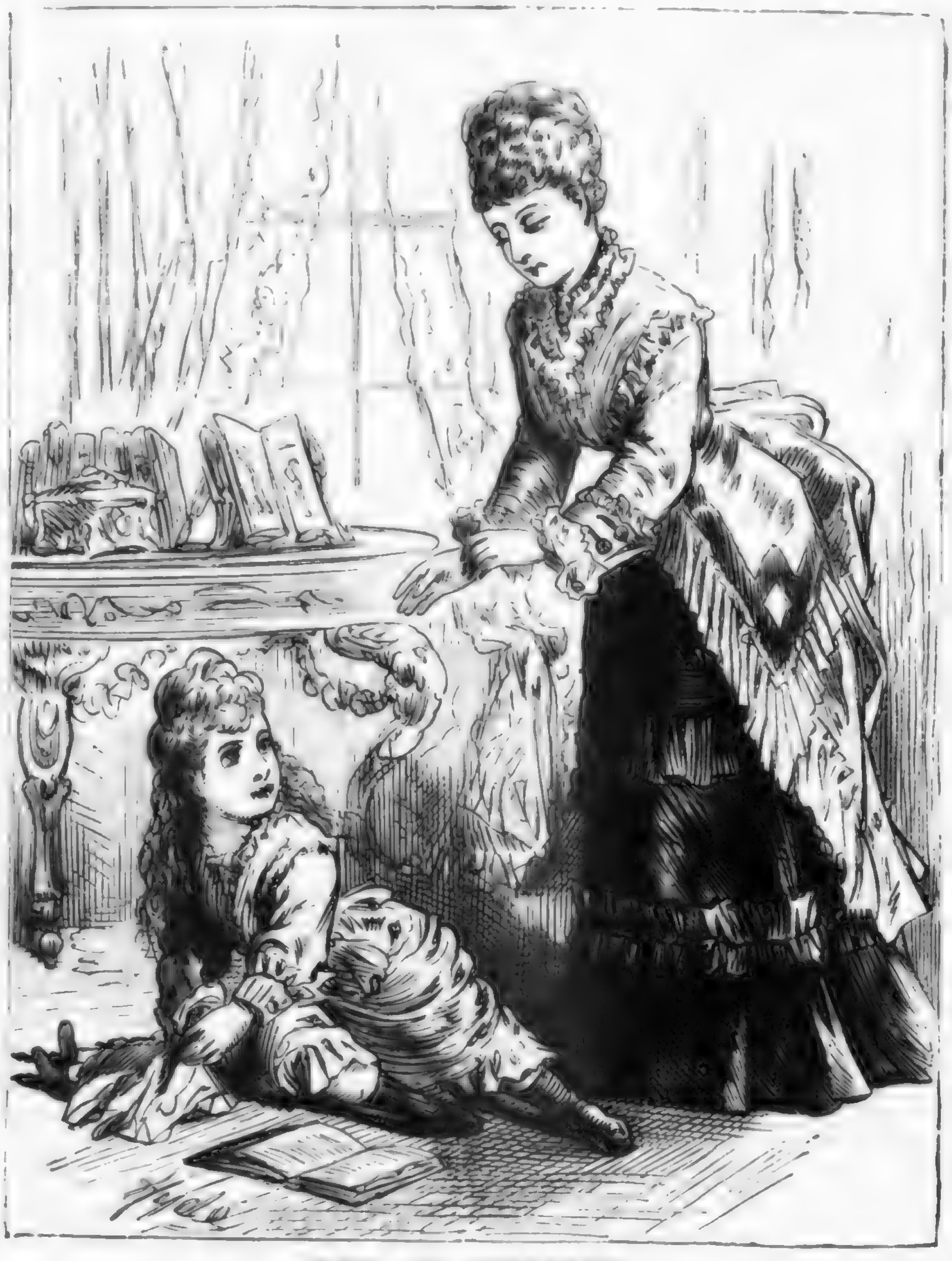
Then Arthur saw that the rope had worn away to one feeble strand, and that his life had literally hung upon a thread.

Margie lay motionless still, while Jane bent over her, wailing and moaning, but doing little toward restoring her mistress to consciousness. Anice, although trembling and scarcely able to stand, was trying to force a little brandy between her cousin's colorless lips.

Pierre took a handful of snow and rubbed it rather mercilessly on the upturned face, saying, in a grumbling undertone, "It was all her fault," and then told Arthur in a few words how Miss Margie had gone too near the edge of a *crevasse* a moment after he had warned her to be careful, and, feeling herself slipping, had seized Anice, and dragged her, too, into the chasm.

The insensible girl, in the meantime, had gradually recovered, and was able to descend the path she had recently so boldly ascended.

She had still spirit enough to desire to continue the undertaking; but, as both guides refused to accompany her, there was nothing for her to do but to accept the situation.



WISE OR OTHERWISE.

MAMMA—*"If you neglect your books for your doll, Edith, you'll grow up a sadly ignorant woman."*

EDITH—*"I don't care. Pa says, 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'"*

A silent procession, they reached the valley, and waited there for Pierre to go in search of a vehicle to take them back to Interlaken.

Arthur, seeing Anice's glance resting on him with a questioning, puzzled look in it, obeyed an unspoken command, and sat down near her.

"You spoke to us in English," she said, "when you came to save us. Let me tell you how very grateful I am. But why have you deceived us? You are a gentleman, and gentlemen do not place themselves in a false position."

"Forgive me, Miss Heathcote. It was a freak for which I owe you an apology. Can you forgive the deceit, and let me call myself your friend? I do most earnestly beg for the privilege, for I have seen the worth and loveliness of your character."

"I cannot refuse so small a favor to one who has imperiled his life for my cousin and me," said Anice.

"For you, Miss Heathcote—I thought only of you. I might have tried to aid any one in great danger, but of you alone I thought, and for you alone I prayed. Oh, Miss Heathcote, dare I tell you that in that supreme moment I knew there was but one woman in the world I loved?"

"Oh, do not say that, I pray you. You must not! I am betrothed to an English gentleman, Sir Alfred Spencer, and in three months I am to be married."

"And you love him?" breathlessly broke in Arthur.

Anice was silent, but her face told all.

"You shall not marry him! It is a sin! Even if you can find no word of comfort for me, you shall not be sacrificed."

"It must be so—I have pledged my word, and will keep it," was the solemn reply.

"God help us both!" said Arthur, and he turned away with a helpless, tired feeling that was not to leave him for many a long day.

A drive through the vale brought the party at last to their hotel, and Margie, to escape comment, shut herself up in the seclusion of her rooms. Anice sought one last interview with Arthur, to tell him again of their never-to-be-forgotten gratitude, and he felt sure that in her gentle eyes he could read a confession of her interest in him.

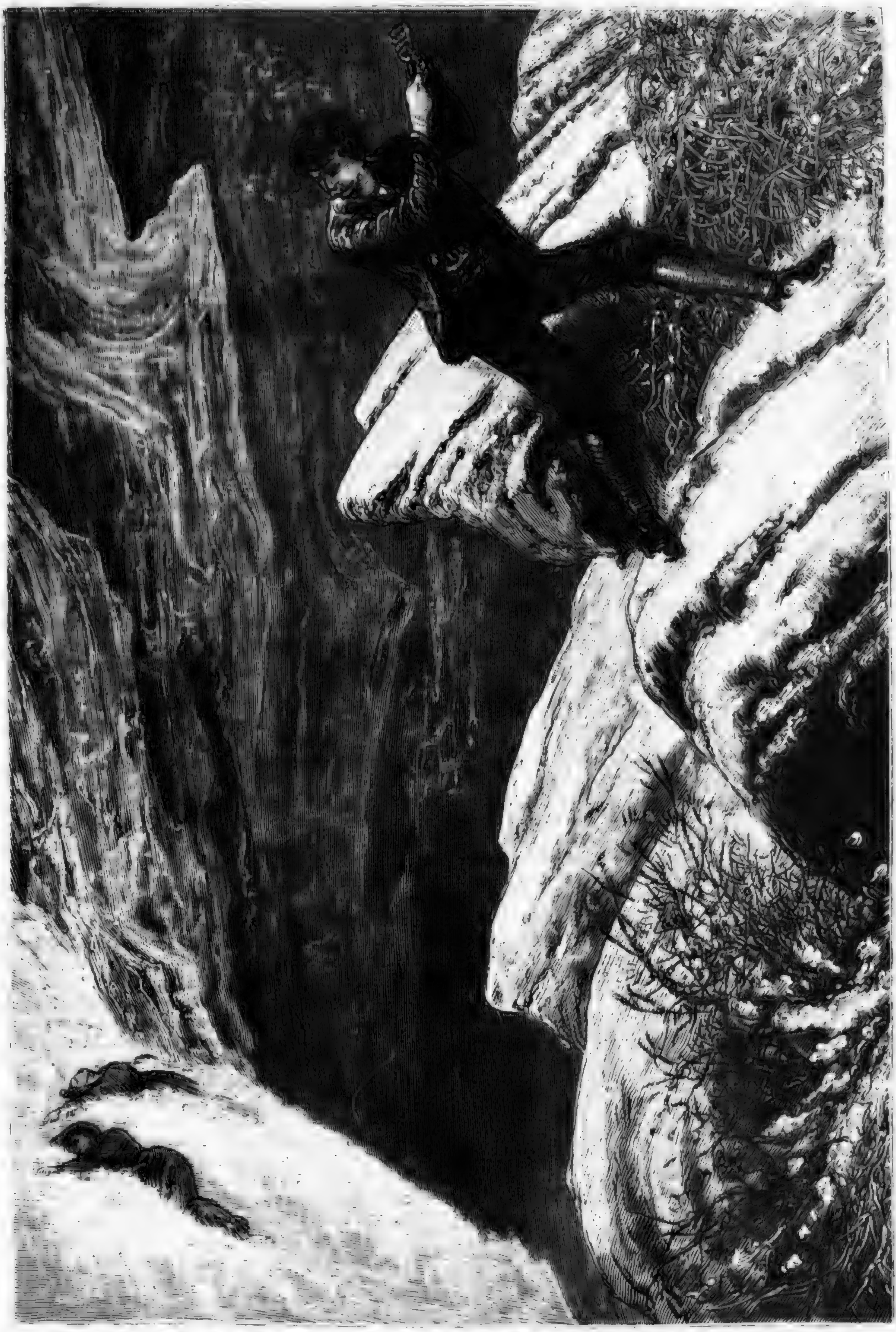
"Here is my address," he said. "Tell me when all is over, and I am to think of you as the victim of a mistaken sense of honor—a good woman doing a great wrong from the very goodness and purity of her heart."

"I cannot break my word," she said, as she went away.

Soon after Margie, her indulgent papa, the substantial Jane, and Anice, pale and heavy-eyed, left Interlaken to seek their native shores.

Arthur lingered about the place made dear to him by the remembrance of his short, ill-starred love, and then he crossed the ocean and tried to find in his own country peace and happiness.

One morning, so cool, so calm, so bright that it seemed



HOW THEY CLIMBED THE MOUNTAIN.—"NOTHING BROKE THE AWFUL STILLNESS AS ARTHUR SWUNG ON THE END OF THE ROPE, CATCHING NOW AND THEN A MOMENTARY FOOTHOLD, AND SINKING LOWER AND LOWER."

XUM

to forbid even the saddened heart to indulge in repining, Arthur sauntered along his garden-path, and thought of Anice far off in her English home. A bit of paper fluttered at his feet. In idle curiosity he picked it up, and there, blurred by rain and scarcely legible, he read an announcement of the marriage of Sir Alfred Spencer to Miss Margie Dunraven.

The letters danced before his eyes, but in a few moments his resolution was formed—he would go to England and hear from Anice Heathcote herself an explanation of what he had just learned.

The ship seemed to creep on its way—at least so thought one impatient passenger—although she was a powerful vessel, and sped across the sea with favoring winds.

The chalk cliffs of England were a welcome sight to Arthur Dunbar's eyes; and then even the express train from Liverpool to an inland county could not satisfy the craving for haste that possessed him.

At the lodge-gate of an ivy-covered wall a muslin-clad figure appeared, with dainty, familiar step.

Arthur, alighting from his carriage, approached the figure with extended hand, and Anice Heathcote laid her little warm one in it, and did not struggle to withdraw it.

"I felt you would come," she said, while tears stole down her cheeks.

"And Sir Arthur Spencer?"

"Ran away with my cousin Margie, and was married a fortnight before our wedding was to have taken place."

"The Lord bless him!" fervently ejaculated Arthur. "And you, Anice, will come to America to bless me?"

"Yes, to love you all my life—the life you gave back to me."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

By Richard H. Hutton.

Sir Walter Scott was the first literary man of a great riding, sporting and fighting clan. Indeed, his father—a Writer to the Signet, or Edinburgh solicitor—was the first of his race to adopt a town life and a sedentary profession. Sir Walter was the lineal descendant—six generations removed—of that Walter Scott commemorated in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," who is known in border history and legend as Auld Wat of Harden. Auld Wat's son William, captured by Sir Gideon Murray, of Elibank, during a raid of the Scotts on Sir Gideon's lands, had, as tradition says, his choice between being hanged and marrying the ugliest of Sir Gideon's three daughters, Meikle-mouthed Meg, reputed as carrying off the prize of ugliness among the women of four counties. Sir William was a handsome man. He took three days to consider, but chose life with the large-mouthed lady in the end; and found her, according to the tradition which the poet, her descendant, has transmitted, an excellent wife, with a fine talent for pickling the beef which her husband stole from the herds of his foes. Meikle-mouthed Meg transmitted a distinct trace of her large mouth to all her descendants, and not least to him who was to use his "meikle" mouth to best advantage as the spokesman of his race.

Rather more than half-way between Auld Wat of Harden's times (*i.e.*, the middle of the sixteenth century) and those of Sir Walter Scott, poet and novelist, lived Sir Walter's great-grandfather, Walter Scott, generally known in Teviotdale by the surname of "Beardie," because he would never cut his beard after the banishment of the Stuarts, and who took arms in their cause and lost by his intrigues on their behalf almost all that he had, besides running the greatest risk of being hanged as a traitor. This was the ancestor of whom Sir Walter speaks in the introduction to the last canto of "Marmion":

> "And thus my Christmas still I hold,
> Where my great-grandsire came of old,
> With amber beard and flaxen hair,
> And reverend apostolic air—
> The feast and holy tide to share,
> And mix sobriety with wine,
> And honest mirth with thoughts divine;
> Small thought was his in after time
> E'er to be hitch'd into a rhyme,
> The simple sire could only boast
> That he was loyal to his cost;
> The banish'd race of kings revered,
> And lost his land—but kept his beard."*

Sir Walter inherited from Beardie that sentimental Stuart bias which seemed to be rather part of his blood than of his mind. Beardie's second son was Sir Walter's grandfather, and to him he owed not only his first childish experience of the delights of country life, but also that speculative and sanguine spirit which had so much influence over his fortunes. The good man of Sandy-Knowe, wishing to breed sheep, and being destitute of capital, borrowed thirty pounds from a shepherd, and the two set off to purchase a flock; but when the shepherd had found what he thought would suit, he returned to find his master galloping about on a fine hunter, on which he had spent the whole capital. *This* speculation, however, prospered. A few days later, Robert Scott displayed the qualities of the hunter to such effect, that he sold the horse for double the money he had given, and abandoned speculative purchases there and then.

In the days of his clouded fortunes, Sir Walter was accustomed to point to the picture of his grandfather, and say: "Blood will out: my building and planting was but his buying the hunter before he stocked his sheep-walk, over again." But Sir Walter added, says Mr. Lockhart, as he glanced at the likeness of his own staid and prudent father, "Yet it was a wonder, too, for I had a thread of the attorney in me;" which was doubtless the case. Nor was that thread the least of his inheritances, for from his father certainly Sir Walter derived that disposition toward conscientious, plodding industry, legalism of mind, methodical habits of work, and a generous, equitable interpretation of the scope of all his obligations to others, which stamped his genius with so grand an impress of personal magnanimity and fortitude.

Sir Walter says, in one of his later journals, that his father was a man of fine presence, who conducted all conventional arrangements with a certain grandeur and dignity of air, and "absolutely loved a funeral." He used to say that his father had lost no small part of a very flourishing business, by insisting that his clients should do their duty to their own people better than they were themselves at all inclined to do it.

Sir Walter's mother, a Miss Rutherford, the daughter of a physician, had been better educated than most Scotch women of her day. She was a motherly, comfortable woman, with much tenderness of heart, and a well-stored, vivid memory. Sir Walter, writing of her, after his mother's death, to Lady Louisa Stewart, says: "She had a mind peculiarly well stored with much acquired information and natural talent; and as she was very old, and had an excellent memory, she could draw, without the least exaggeration or affectation, the most striking pictures of the past age. If I have been able to do anything in the way of painting the past times, it is very much from the studies with which she presented me. She connected a long period of time with the present generation, for she remembered, and had often spoken with, a person who perfectly recollected the battle of Dunbar and Oliver Cromwell's subsequent entry into Edinburgh." On the day before the stroke of paralysis which carried her off, she had told Mr. and Mrs. Scott of Harden, "with great accuracy, the real story of the Bride of Lammermuir, and pointed out wherein it differed from the novel. She had all the names of the parties, and pointed out (for she was a great genealogist) their connection with existing families."

Sir Walter records many evidences of the tenderness of his mother's nature, and he returned warmly her affection for himself. His executors, in lifting up his desk the evening after his burial, "arranged in careful order a series of little objects, which had obviously been so placed there that his eye might rest on them every morning before he began his tasks. These were the old-fashioned boxes that had garnished his mother's toilet, when he, a sickly child, slept in her dressing-room; the silver taper-stand, which the young advocate had bought for her with his first five-guinea fee; a row of small packets inscribed with her hand, and containing the hair of those of her offspring that had died before her; his father's snuff-box and etui-case, and more things of the like sort."

Walter Scott, the ninth of twelve children, of whom the first six died in early childhood, was born in Edinburgh, on the 15th of August, 1771. At the age of eighteen months the boy had a teething-fever, ending in a life-long lameness; then the child was sent to reside with his grandfather, at Sandy-Knowe, near the ruined tower of Smailholm, in the neighborhood of some fine crags. To these crags the housemaid used to carry him up, with a design (which she confessed to the housekeeper)—due, of course, to incipient insanity—of murdering the child there, and burying him in the moss. Of course the maid was dismissed. After this the child used to be sent out, when the weather was fine, in the safer charge of the shepherd, who would often lay him beside the sheep. Being forgotten one day upon the knolls when a thunderstorm came on, his aunt ran out to bring him in, and found him shouting "Bonny! bonny!" at every flash of lightning. One of the old servants at Sandy-Knowe spoke of the child long afterward as "a sweet-tempered bairn, a darling with all about the house," and certainly the miniature taken of him in his seventh year confirms this. It is sweet-tempered above everything, and only the long upper lip and large mouth, derived from his ancestress, Meg Murray, convey the promise of the power which was in him.

Scott's hair in childhood was light chestnut, which turned to nut brown in youth. His eyebrows were bushy; his eyes light blue. They had in them a capacity, on the one hand, for enthusiasm, sunny brightness, and even hare-brained humor, and on the other for expressing determined resolve and kindly irony. In spite of his lameness, he early taught himself to clamber about with an agility that few could surpass, and to sit his first pony—a little Shetland. He became very early a declaimer. Having learned the ballad of Hardy Knute, he shouted it forth with such pertinacious enthusiasm, that the clergyman of his grandfather's parish complained that he "might as well speak in a cannon's mouth as where that child was." Scott's life at Sandy-Knowe, including even the old minister, Dr. Duncan, who so bitterly complained of the boy's ballad-spouting, is painted for us, as everybody knows, in the picture of his infancy given in the introduction to the third canto of "Marmion."

Scott's school reputation was one of irregular ability; "he glanced like a meteor from one end of the class to the other," and received more praise for his interpretation of the spirit of his authors than for his knowledge of their language. Out of school his fame stood higher. He extemporized innumerable stories, to which his schoolfellows delighted to listen; and, in spite of his lameness, he was always in the thick of the street fights with the boys of the town, and renowned for his boldness in climbing the "kittle nine stanes," which are "projected high in air from the precipitous black granite of the Castle-rock." In relation to his studies he was willful, though not, perhaps, perverse. He steadily declined, for instance, to learn Greek, though he mastered Latin pretty fairly. After a time spent at the High School, Edinburgh, Scott was sent to a school at Kelso, where his master made a friend and companion of him, and so poured into him a certain amount of Latin scholarship which he would never otherwise have obtained. I need scarcely add that as a boy Scott was, so far as a boy could be, a Tory—a worshiper of the past, and a great Conservative of any remnant of the past which reformers wished to get rid of. In the autobiographical fragment of 1808 he says, in relation to these schooldays, "I, with my head on fire for chivalry, was a Cavalier; my friend was a Roundhead; I was a Tory, and he was a Whig; I hated Presbyterians, and admired Montrose with his victorious Highlanders; he liked the Presbyterian Ulysses, the deep and politic Argyle; so that we never wanted subjects of dispute, but our disputes were always amicable." And he adds, candidly enough: "In all these tenets there was no real conviction on my part, arising out of acquaintance with the views or principles of either party. . . . I took up politics at that period, as King Charles II. did his religion, from an idea that the Cavalier creed was the more gentlemanlike persuasion of the two."

As Scott grew up, entered the classes of the college, and began his legal studies, first as apprentice to his father, and then in the law classes of the University, he became noticeable to all his friends for his gigantic memory—the rich stores of romantic material with which it was loaded—his giant feats of industry for any cherished purpose—his delight in adventure and in all athletic enterprises—his great enjoyment of youthful "rows," so long as they did not divide the knot of friends to which he belonged, and his skill in peacemaking amongst his own set.

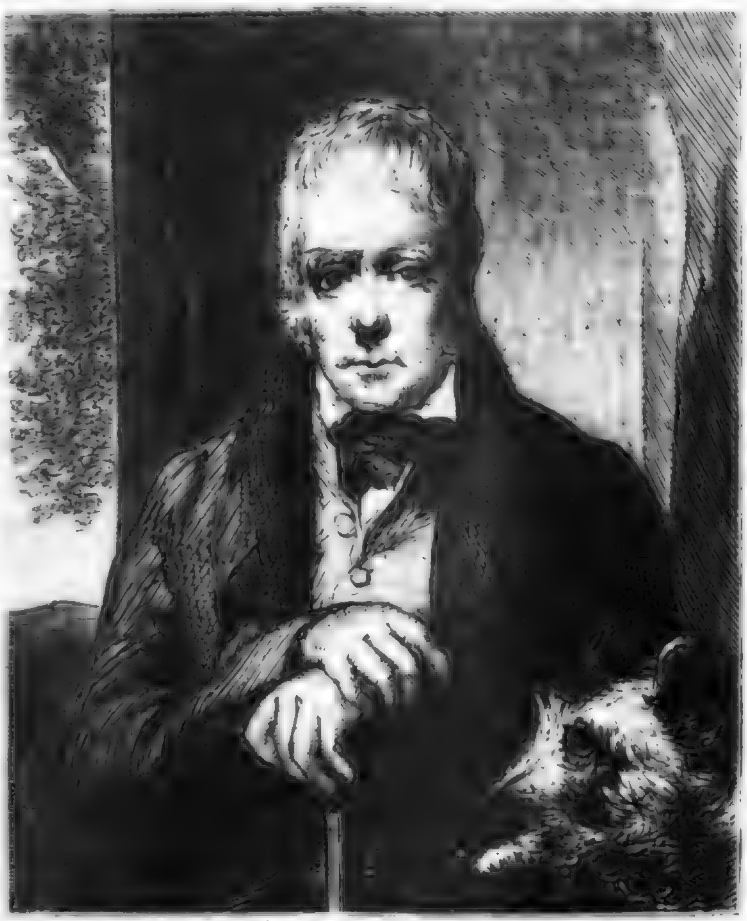
In the second year of Scott's apprenticeship, at about the age of sixteen, he had an attack of hemorrhage, no recurrence of which took place for some forty years, but which was then the beginning of the end. It was at this time that the lad began his study of the scenic side of history, and especially of campaigns. His reading was almost all in the direction of military exploit, or romance and medieval legend, and the later border songs of his own country. He learned Italian and read Ariosto. Later he learned Spanish, and devoured Cervantes, whose "*novelas*," he said, "first inspired him with the ambition to excel in fiction;" and all that he read and admired he remembered.

It might be supposed that with these romantic tastes, Scott could scarcely have made much of a lawyer, though the inference would, I believe, be quite mistaken. His father, however, reproached him with being better fitted for a peddler than a lawyer—so persistently did he trudge over all the neighboring counties in search of the beauties of nature and the historic associations of battle, siege or legend. On one occasion when, with their last penny spent, Scott and one of his companions had returned to Edinburgh, living during their last day on drinks of milk offered by generous peasant women, and the hips and haws on the hedges, he remarked to his father how much he had wished for George Primrose's power of playing on the flute, in order to earn a meal by the way; old Mr.

Scott, catching grumpily at the idea, replied, "I greatly doubt, sir, you were born for nae better than a gangrel scrape-gut."

In his eager search after the old ballads of the Border, Scott had many a blithe adventure, which ended only too often in a carouse. It was soon after this time that he first began those raids into Liddesdale, of which all the world has enjoyed the records in the sketches—embodied subsequently in "Guy Mannering"—of Dandie Dinmont, his pony Dumple, and the various Peppers and Mustards from whose breed there were afterward introduced into Scott's own family, generations of terriers, always named, as Sir Walter expressed it, after "the cruet."

Though, as a matter of fact, Scott never made much figure as an advocate, he became a very respectable, and might unquestionably have become a very great, lawyer. When he started at the bar, however, he had not acquired the tact to impress an ordinary assembly. In one case which he conducted before the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland, when defending a parish minister threatened with deposition for drunkenness and unseemly behavior, he certainly missed the proper tone—first receiving a censure for the freedom of his manner in treating the allegations against his client, and then so far collapsing under the rebuke of the Moderator as to lose the force and urgency necessary to produce an effect on his audience. But these were merely a boy's mishaps. He was certainly by no means a Heaven-born orator, and therefore could not expect to spring into exceptionally *early* distinction, and the only true reason for his relative failure was that he was so full of literary power, and so proudly impatient of the fetters which prudence seemed to impose on his extra-professional proceedings, that he never gained the credit he deserved for the general common sense, the unwearied industry, and the keen appreciation of the ins and outs of legal method, which might have raised him to the highest reputation even as a judge.


PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY SIR JOHN WATSON GORDON.

All readers of his novels know how Scott delights in the humors of the law. By way of illustration take the following passage, which is both short and amusing, in which Saunders Fairford—the old solicitor painted from Scott's father, in "Redgauntlet"—descants on the law of the stirrup-cup: "It was decided in a case before the town bailies of Cupar Angus, when Luckie Simpson's cow had drunk up Luckie Jamieson's browst of ale, while it stood in the door to cool, that there was no damage to pay, because the crummie drank without sitting down; such being the circumstance constituting a Doch an Dorroch, which is a standing drink for which no reckoning is paid."

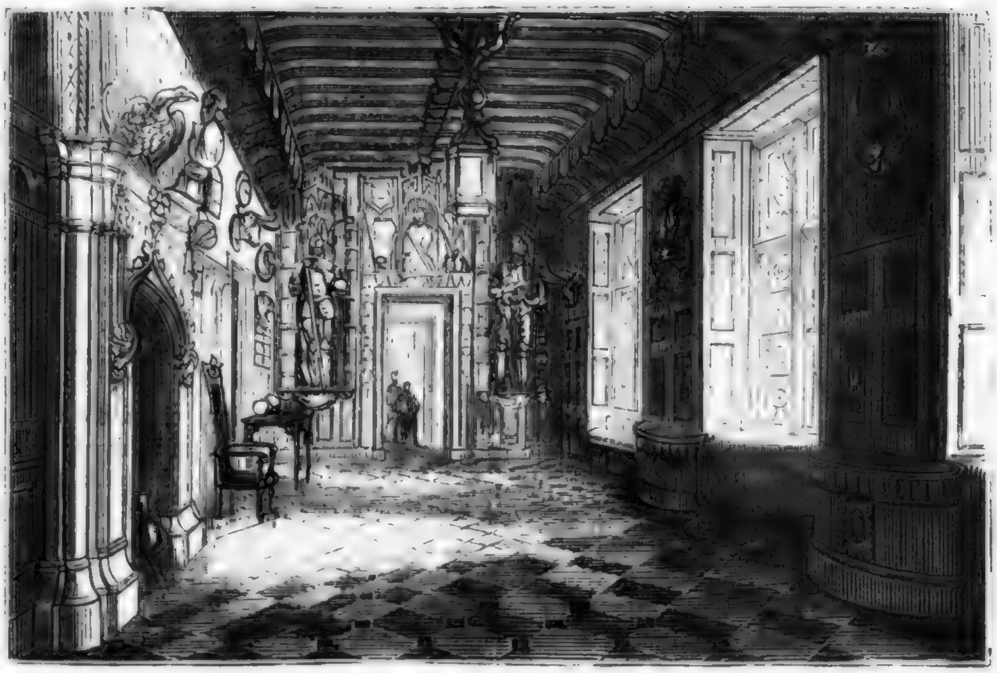
Scott continued to practice at the bar—nominally at least—for fourteen years, but the most which he ever seems to have made in any one year was short of £230, and latterly his practice was much diminishing instead of increasing. His own impatience of solicitors' patronage was against him; his well-known dabblings in poetry were still more against him; and his general repute for wild and unprofessional adventurousness—which was much greater than he deserved—was probably most of all against him. Before he had been six years at the bar he joined the organization of the Edinburgh Volunteer Cavalry, took a very active part in the drill, and was made their quartermaster. Then he visited London, and became largely known for his ballads, and his love of ballads. In his eighth year at the bar he accepted a small permanent appointment, with £300 a year, as sheriff of Selkirkshire; and this occurring soon after his marriage to a lady of some means, no doubt diminished still further his professional zeal.

One Sunday, about two years before his call to the bar, Scott offered his umbrella to a young lady of much beauty who was coming out of the Greyfriars Church during a shower. The umbrella was graciously accepted, and it was not an unprecedented consequence that Scott fell in love with the borrower, who turned out to be Margaret, daughter of Sir John and Lady Jane Stuart Belches, of Invernay. For near six years after this, Scott indulged the hope of marrying this lady, and it does not seem doubtful that the lady herself was in part responsible for this impression. Scott's father felt it his duty to warn the baronet of his son's views. But he took no alarm, and Scott's attentions to Margaret Stuart Belches continued till close on the eve of her marriage, in 1796, to William Forbes (afterward Sir William Forbes), of Pitsligo, a banker, who proved to be one of Sir Walter's most generous and most delicate-minded friends, when his time of troubles came. It was in 1797, after the break-up of his hopes in relation to this attachment, that Scott wrote the lines "To a Violet":

"The violet in her greenwood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

"Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dewdrop's weight reclining,
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through watery lustre shining.

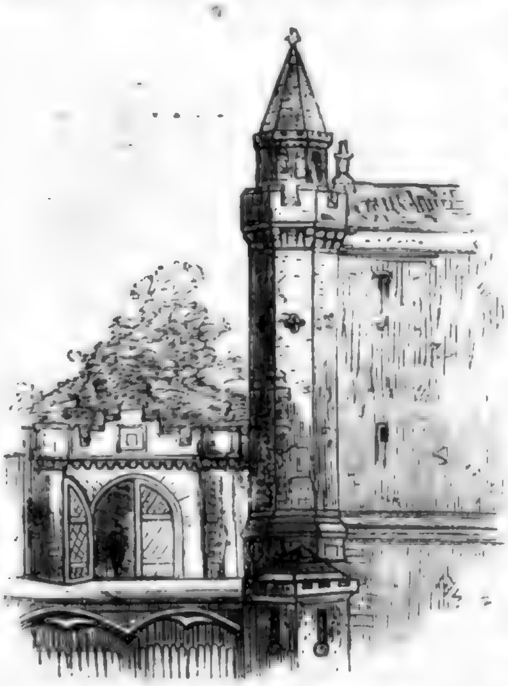
"The Summer sun that dew shall dry,
Ere yet the day be past its morrow;
No longer in my false love's eye
Remain'd the tear of parting sorrow."



ENTRANCE HALL, ABBOTSFORD.

The pride which was always so notable a feature in Scott probably sustained him through the keen inward pain which it is very certain he must have suffered. And it was in part, probably, the same pride which led him to form, within the year, a new tie—his engagement to Mademoiselle Charpentier, or Miss Carpenter—the daughter of a French royalist of Lyons, who had died early in the Revolution. She had come, after her father's death, to England. Miss Carpenter was a lively beauty, probably of no great depth of character. The few letters given of hers in Mr. Lockhart's Life of Scott give the impression of an amiable, petted girl, of somewhat *espiègle* character. But she made, on the whole, a very good wife, only one to be protected by him from every care, and not one to share Scott's deeper anxieties, or to participate in his dreams. Yet Mrs. Scott was not devoid of spirit and self-control. For instance, when Mr. Jeffrey, having reviewed "Marmion" in the *Edinburgh* in that depreciating and omniscient tone which was then considered the evidence of critical acumen, dined with Scott on the very day on which the review had appeared, Mrs. Scott behaved to him through the whole evening with the greatest politeness, but fired this parting shot in her broken English, as he took his leave: "Well, good-night, Mr. Jeffrey—dey tell me you have abused Scott in de *Review*, and I hope Mr. Constable has paid you very well for writing it." It is hinted that Mrs. Scott was, at the time of Scott's greatest fame, far more exhilarated by it than her husband, with his strong sense and sure self-measurement, ever was.

Poor Lady Scott! It was rather like a bird-of-paradise mating with an eagle. Yet the result was happy on the whole; for she had a thoroughly kindly nature, and a true heart. Within ten days before her death, Scott enters in his diary, "Still welcoming me with a smile, and asserting she is better." She was not the ideal wife for Scott; but she loved him, sunned herself in his prosperity, and tried to bear his adversity cheerfully. In her last illness, she would always reproach her husband and children for their melancholy faces, even when that melancholy was, as she well knew, due to the approaching shadow of her own death.



ENTRANCE GATEWAY, ABBOTSFORD.

Scott's first serious attempt in poetry was a version of Bürger's "Lenore," a spectre-ballad of the violent kind, much in favor in Germany at a somewhat earlier period, but certainly not a specimen of the higher order of imaginative genius. If, however, it was the raw preternaturalism of such ballads as Bürger's which first led Scott to test his own powers, his genius soon turned to more appropriate and natural objects. Ever since his earliest college days he had been collecting materials for a book on "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border"; and the publication of this book, in January, 1802 (in two volumes at first), was his first great literary success. The whole edition was sold within the year; while the skill and care which Scott had devoted to the historical illustration of the ballads, and the force and spirit of his own new ballads, written in imitation of the old, gained him at once a very high literary name. The "Border Minstrelsy" was more commensurate *in range* with the genius of Scott than even the romantic poems by which it was soon followed, and which were received with such universal and almost unparalleled delight. For Scott's "Border Minstrelsy" gives more than a glimpse of all his many great powers—his historical industry and knowledge, his masculine humor, his delight in restoring the vision of the "old, simple, violent world" of rugged activity and excitement, as well as that power to kindle men's hearts, as by a trumpet-call, which was the chief secret of the charm of his own greatest poems.

The general introduction gives us a general survey of the graphic pictures of Border quarrels, their simple violence and simple cunning. It enters, for instance, with grave humor into the strong distinction taken in the debatable land between a "freebooter" and a "thief," and the difficulty which the inland counties had in grasping it; and paints for us, with great vivacity, the various border superstitions. Another commentary on a very amusing ballad, commemorating the manner in which a blind harper stole a horse and got paid for a mare he had not lost, gives an account of the curious tenure of land, called that of the "king's rentallers," or "kindly tenants"; and a third describes, in language as vivid as the historical romance of "Kenilworth," written years after, the manner in which Queen Elizabeth received the news of a check to her policy, and vented her spleen on the King of Scotland.

So much as to the breadth of the literary area which this first book of Scott's covered. As regards the poetic power which his own new ballads, in imitation of the old ones, evinced, I cannot say that those of the first issue of the "Border Minstrelsy" indicated anything like the force which might have been expected from one who was so soon to be the author of "Marmion."

Campbell said of "Cadyow Castle": "I have repeated it so often on the North Bridge, that the whole fraternity of coachmen know me by tongue as I pass. To be sure, to a mind in sober, serious, street-walking humor, it must bear an appearance of lunacy when one stamps with the hurried pace and fervent shake of the head which strong, pithy poetry excites." I suppose anecdotes of this kind have been oftener told of Scott than of any other English poet. Indeed, Sir Walter, who understood himself well, gives the explanation in one of his diaries: "I am sensible," he says, "that if there be anything good about my poetry, or prose either, it is a hurried frankness of composition, which pleases soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active dispositions." He might have included old people, too. I have heard of two old men—complete strangers—passing each other on a dark London night, when one of them happened to be repeating to himself, just as Campbell did to the hackney coachmen of the North Bridge of Edinburgh, the last lines of the account of Flodden Field in "Marmion"—"Charge, Chester, charge!" when suddenly a reply came out of the darkness, "On, Stanley, on!" whereupon they finished the death of Marmion between them, took off their hats to each other, and parted, laughing. Scott's is almost the only poetry in the English language that not only runs thus in the head of average men, but heats the head in which it runs by the mere force of its hurried frankness of style, to use Scott's own terms, or by that of its strong and pithy eloquence, as Campbell phrased it.

"Cadyow Castle," the first of Scott's poems, I think, that has indisputable genius plainly stamped on its terse and fiery lines, was composed in 1802. It was in the same year that he wrote the first canto of his first great romance in verse, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," a poem which did not appear till 1805. The first canto (not including the framework, of which the aged harper is the principal figure) was written in the lodgings to which he was confined for a fortnight in 1802, by a kick received from a horse. The poorest and the best parts of "The Lay" were in a special manner due to Lady Dalkeith (afterward Duchess of Buccleugh), who suggested it, and in whose honor the poem was written. It was she who requested Scott to write a poem on the legend of the goblin page, Gilpin Horner, and this Scott attempted; and, so far as the goblin himself was concerned, conspicuously failed. But if Lady Dalkeith suggested the poorest part of the poem, she certainly inspired its best part. Scott clearly intended the Duchess of "The Lay" to represent the countess for whom he wrote it, and the aged harper, with his reverence and gratitude and self-distrust, was only the disguise in which he felt he could best pour out his loyalty, and the romantic devotion with which both Lord and Lady Dalkeith, but especially the latter, had inspired him. It was certainly this beautiful framework which assured the immediate success and permanent charm of the poem; and the immediate success was for that day something marvelous. The magnificent quarto edition of 750 copies was soon exhausted, and an octavo edition of 1,500 copies was sold out within the year. In the following year two editions were disposed of, and every year increased its popularity. Scott gained in all by "The Lay" £769, an unprecedented sum in those times for an author to obtain from any poem. Little more than half a century before, Johnson received but fifteen guineas for his stately poem on "The Vanity of Human Wishes," and but ten guineas for his "London"; and yet what Scott gained by his "Lay" was of course much less than he gained by any of his subsequent poems of equal, or anything like equal, length. Thus, for "Marmion" he received 1,000 guineas long before the poem was published, and for *one-half* of the copyright of "The Lord of the Isles" Constable paid Scott 1,500 guineas. If we ask ourselves to what this vast popularity of Scott's poems, and especially of the earlier of them (for, as often happens, he was better remunerated for his later and much inferior poems than for his earlier and more brilliant productions) is due, I think the answer must be, for the most part, the high romantic glow and extraordinary romantic simplicity of the poetical elements they contained.

The bareness which Scott so loved in his native scenery, there is in all his romantic elements of feeling. It is while he is bold and stern that he is at his highest ideal point. When he begins to attempt rich or pretty subjects, as in parts of "The Lady of the Lake," and a good deal of "The Lord of the Isles," and still more in "The Bridal of Triermain," his charm disappears. It is in painting those moods and exploits, in relation to which Scott shares most completely the feelings of ordinary men, that he triumphs as a poet. Mr. Lockhart tells us that some of Scott's senses were decidedly "blunt," and one seems to recognize this in the simplicity of his romantic effects. "It is a fact," he says, "which some philosophers may think worth setting down, that Scott's organization, as to more than one of the senses, was the reverse of exquisite. He had very little of what musicians call an ear; his smell was scarcely more delicate. I have seen him stare about, quite unconscious of the cause, when his whole company betrayed their uneasiness at the approach of an overkept haunch of venison; and neither by the nose nor the palate could he distinguish corked wine from sound. He could never tell Madeira from sherry—nay, an Oriental friend having sent him a butt of *sheeraz*, when he remembered the circumstance some time afterward and called for a bottle to have Sir John Malcolm's opinion of its quality, it turned out that his butler, mistaking the label, had already served up half the bin as *sherry*. Port he considered as physic. . . . in truth, he liked no wines except sparkling champagne and claret; but even as to the last he was no connoisseur, and sincerely preferred a tumbler of whisky-toddy to the most precious 'liquid ruby' that ever flowed in the cup of a prince."

However, Scott's eye was very keen: "*It was commonly him*," as his little son once said, "*that saw the hare sitting*." And his perception of color was very delicate, as well as his mere sight. As Mr. Ruskin has pointed out, his landscape painting is almost all done by the lucid use of color. Nevertheless, this bluntness of organization in relation to the less important senses, no doubt contributed something to the singleness and simplicity of the deeper and more vital of Scott's romantic impressions.

It was not till 1808, three years after the publication of "The Lay," that "Marmion," Scott's greatest poem, was published. "Marmion" has the advantage over "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," that a coherent story told with force and fullness, and concerned with the same class of subjects as "The Lay," must have over a confused and ill-managed legend, the only original purpose of which was to serve as the opportunity for a picture of Border life and strife. Scott's poems have sometimes been depreciated as mere *novelettes* in verse, and I think that some of them may be more or less liable to this criticism. For instance, "The Lady of the Lake," with the exception of two or three brilliant passages, has always seemed to me more of a versified *novelette*—without the higher and broader characteristics of Scott's prose novels—than of a poem. I suppose what one expects from a poem as distinguished from a romance—even though the poem incorporates a story—is that it should not rest for its chief interest on the mere development of the story; but rather that the narrative should be quite subordinate to that insight into the deeper side of life and manners, in expressing which poetry has so great an advantage over prose. Of "The Lay" and "Marmion" this is true; less true of "The Lady of the Lake," and still less of "Rokeby," or "The Lord of the Isles," and this is why "The Lay" and "Marmion" seem so much superior as poems to the others. They lean less on the interest of mere incident, more on that of romantic feeling and the great social and historic features of the day. "Marmion" was composed in great part in the saddle, and the stir of a charge of cavalry seems to be the very core of it. "For myself," said Scott, writing to a lady correspondent at a time when he was in active service as a volunteer, "I must own that to one who has, like myself, *la tête un peu exaltée*, the pomp and circumstance of war gives, for a time, a very poignant and pleasing sensation." And you feel this all through "Marmion" even more than in "The Lay."

"Marmion" registers the high-water mark of Scott's poetical power, not only in relation to the painting of war, but in relation to the painting of nature. Critics, from the beginning onward, have complained of the six introductory epistles as breaking the unity of the story. But I cannot see that the remark has weight. No poem is written for those who read it as they do a novel—merely to follow the interest of the story; or if any poem be written for such readers, it deserves to die.

Judge Scott's poetry by whatever test you will—whether it be a test of that which is peculiar to it, its glow of national feeling, its martial ardor, its swift and rugged simplicity, or whether it be a test of that which is common to it with most other poetry, its attraction for all romantic excitements, its special feeling for the pomp and circumstance of war, its love of light and color—and tested either way, "Marmion" will remain his finest poem. The battle of Flodden Field touches his highest point in its expression of stern patriotic feeling, in its passionate love of daring, and in the force and swiftness of its movement, no less than in the brilliancy of its romantic interests, the charm of its picturesque detail, and the glow of its scenic coloring. No poet ever equaled Scott in the description of wild and simple scenes and the expression of wild and simple feelings.

Scott's most intimate friend for some time after he went to college, probably the one who most stimulated his imagination in his youth, and certainly one of his most intimate friends to the very last, was William Clerk, who was called to the bar on the same day as Scott.

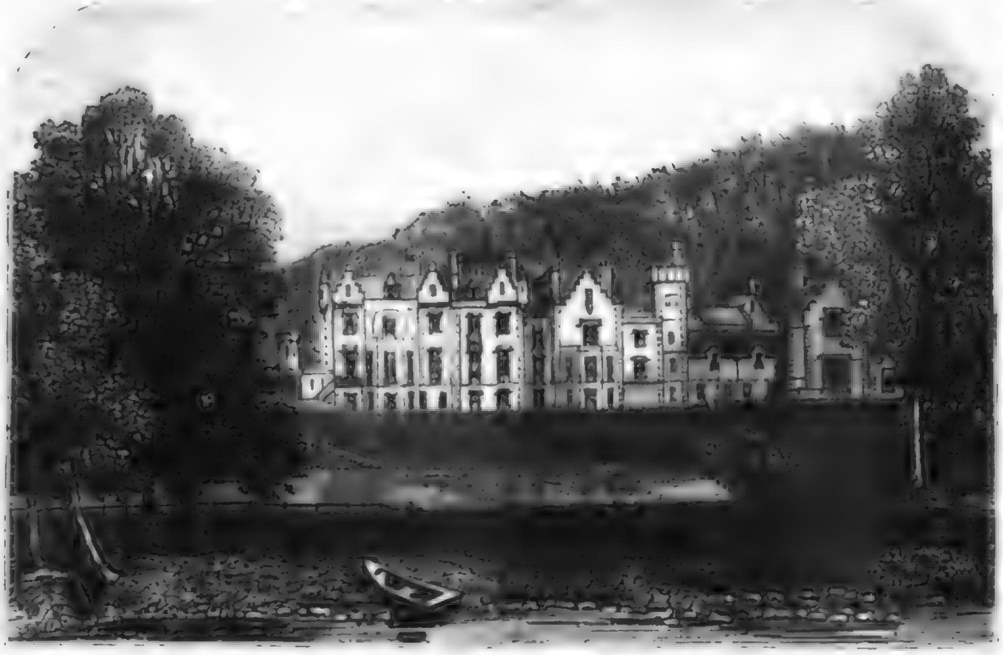
In 1808 Scott describes Clerk as "a man of the most acute intellects and powerful apprehension, who, if he should ever shake loose the fetters of indolence by which he has been hitherto trammeled, cannot fail to be distinguished in the highest degree." Whether for the reason suggested, or for some other, Clerk never actually gained any other distinction so great as his friendship with Scott conferred upon him. Probably Scott had discerned the true secret of his friend's comparative obscurity. Even while preparing for the bar, when they had agreed to go on alternate mornings to each other's lodgings to read together, Scott found it necessary to modify the arrangement by always visiting his friend, whom he usually found in bed. It was William Clerk who sat for the picture of Darsie Latimer, the hero of "Redgauntlet"—whence we should suppose him to have been a lively, generous, susceptible, contentious, and rather helter-skelter young man, much alive to the ludicrous in all situations, very eager to see life in all its phases, and somewhat vain of his power of adapting himself equally to all these phases. Clerk's charm for his friend survived to the last, and it was not the mere inexperience of boyhood which made Scott esteem him so highly in his early days.

If Clerk pricked, stimulated, and sometimes badgered Scott, another of his friends who became more and more intimate with him as life went on, and who died before him, always soothed him, partly by his gentleness, partly by his almost feminine dependence. This was William Erskine, also a barrister, and son of an Episcopalian clergyman in Perthshire—to whose influence it is probably due that Scott himself always read the English Church service in his own country house, and does not appear to have retained the Presbyterianism into which he was born. Erskine, who was afterward raised to the Bench as Lord Kinnedder—a distinction which he did not survive for many months—was a good classic, a man of fine, or, as some of his companions thought, of almost superfine taste. He was Scott's confidant in all literary matters, and his advice was oftener followed on questions of style and form, and of literary enterprise, than that of any other of Scott's friends.

It was Erskine, as Scott expressly states in his introduction to the "Chronicles of the Canongate," who reviewed, with far too much partiality, the "Tales of my Landlord," in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1817—a review unjustifiably included among Scott's own critical essays, on the very insufficient ground that the MS. reached Murray in Scott's own handwriting. There can, however, be no doubt at all that Scott copied out his friend's MS., in order to increase the mystification which he so much enjoyed, as to the authorship of his variously named series of tales.

Another friend of Scott's earlier days was John Leyden, Scott's most efficient coadjutor in the collection of the "Border Minstrelsy"—that eccentric genius, marvelous linguist, and good-natured bear, who, bred a shepherd in one of the wildest valleys of Roxburghshire, had accumulated before the age of nineteen an amount of learning which confounded the Edinburgh professors, and who, without any previous knowledge of medicine, prepared himself to pass an examination for the medical profession, at six months' notice of the offer of an assistant-surgency in the East India Company. It was Leyden who once walked between forty and fifty miles and back, for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed a copy of a border ballad that was wanting for the "Minstrelsy." Scott was sitting at dinner one day with company, when he heard a sound at a distance "like that of the whistling of a tempest through the torn rigging of a vessel which scuds before it. The sounds increased as they approached more near; and Leyden (to the great astonishment of such of the guests as did not know him) burst into the room chanting the desiderated ballad with the most enthusiastic gesture, and all the energy of what he used to call the *saw-tones* of his voice."

Another wild shepherd and wilder genius among Scott's



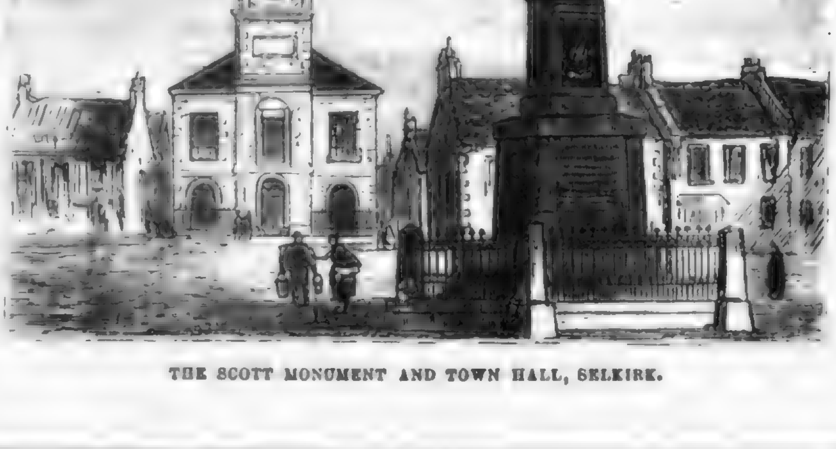
ABBOTSFORD, THE RESIDENCE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

associates, not only in those earlier days, but to the end, was that famous Ettrick Shepherd, James Hogg, who was always quarreling with his brother poet, as far as Scott permitted it, and making it up again when his better feelings returned. In a shepherd's dress, and with hands fresh from sheep-shearing, he came to dine for the first time with Scott in Castle Street, and finding Mrs. Scott lying on the sofa, immediately stretched himself at full length upon another sofa; for, as he explained afterward, "I thought I could not do better than to imitate the lady of the house." At dinner, as the wine passed, he advanced from "Mr. Scott," to "Shirra" (Sheriff), "Scott," "Walter," and finally "Wattie," till at supper he convulsed every one by addressing Mrs. Scott familiarly as "Charlotte." Very different was William Laidlaw, a farmer on the banks of the Yarrow, always Scott's friend, and afterward his manager at Abbotsford, through whose hand he dictated many of his novels. Mr. Laidlaw was one of Scott's humbler friends—a class of friends with whom he seems always to have felt more completely at his ease than any others. In addition to these Scotch friends, Scott had made, even before the publication of his "Border Minstrelsy," not a few in London or its neighborhood, of whom the most important at this time was the gray-eyed, hatchet-faced, courteous George Ellis, as Leyden described him, the author of various works on ancient English poetry and romance, who combined with a shrewd, satirical vein, and a great knowledge of the world—political as well as literary—an exquisite taste in poetry, and a warm heart.

So completely was Scott by nature an out-of-doors man, that he cannot be adequately known either through his poems or through his friends, without also knowing his external surroundings and occupations. His first country home was the cottage at Lasswade, on the Esk, about six miles from Edinburgh, which he took in 1798, a few months after his marriage, and retained till 1804. It was a pretty little cottage, in the beautification of which Scott felt great pride, and where he exercised himself in the small beginnings of those tastes for altering and planting which grew so rapidly upon him, and at last enticed him into castle-building and tree-culture on a dangerous, not to say ruinous, scale. It was here at Lasswade that he bought the phaeton, which was the first wheeled-carriage that ever penetrated to Liddesdale, a feat which it accomplished in the first August of this century.

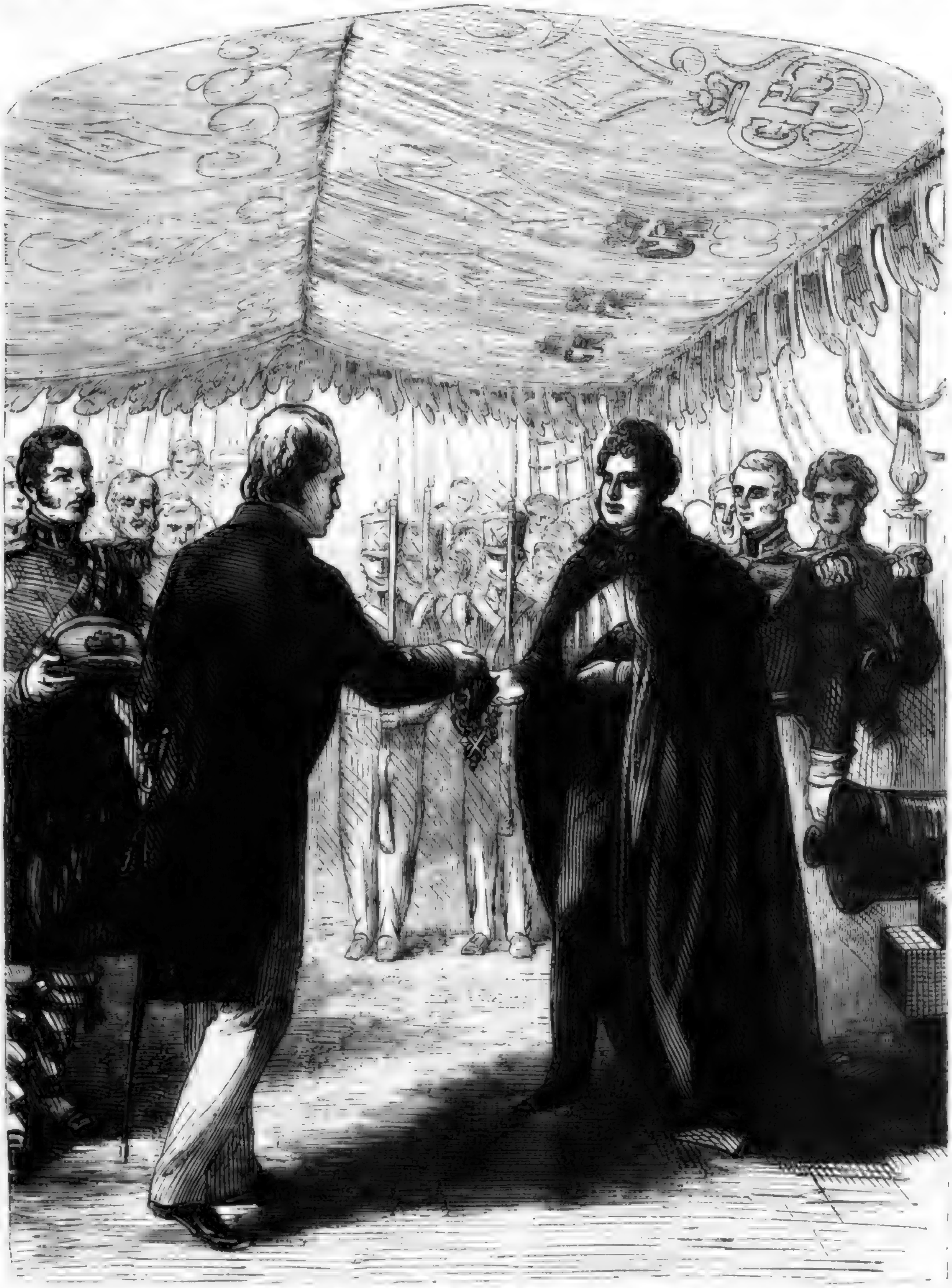
When Scott left the cottage at Lasswade in 1804, it was to take up his country residence in Selkirkshire, of which he had now been made sheriff, in a beautiful little house belonging to his cousin, Major-General Sir James Russell, and known to all the readers of Scott's poetry as the Ashestiel of the "Marmion" introductions. The Glenkinnon brook dashes in a deep ravine through the grounds to join the Tweed; behind the house rise the hills which divide the Tweed from the Yarrow; and an easy ride took Scott into the scenery of the Yarrow. The description of Ashestiel, and the brook which runs through it, in the introduction to the first canto of "Marmion," is indeed one of the finest specimens of Scott's descriptive poetry.

It was here that Scott first entered on that active life of literary labor in close conjunction with an equally active life of rural sport, which gained him a well-justified reputation as the hardest worker and the heartiest player in the kingdom. At Lasswade, Scott's work had been done at night; but serious headaches made him change his habit at Ashestiel, and rise steadily at five, lighting his own fire in Winter. "Arrayed in his shooting-jacket, or whatever dress he meant to use till dinner-time, he was seated at his desk by six o'clock, all his papers arranged before him in the most accurate order, and his books of reference marshaled around him on the floor, while at least one favorite dog lay watching his eye, just beyond the line of circumvallation. Thus, by the time the family assembled for breakfast, between nine and ten, he had



THE SCOTT MONUMENT AND TOWN HALL, SELKIRK.

done enough, in his own language, 'to break the neck of the day's work.' After breakfast, a couple of hours more were given to his solitary tasks, and by noon he was, as he used to say, his 'own man.' When the weather was bad, he would labor incessantly all the morning; but the general rule was to be out and on horseback by one o'clock at the latest; while, if any more distant excursion had been proposed overnight, he was ready to start on it by ten; his occasional rainy days of unintermitted study forming, as he said, a fund in his favor, out of which he was entitled to draw for accommodation whenever the sun shone with special brightness."



SIR WALTER PRESENTING THE KEYS OF EDINBURGH TO GEORGE IV.

In his earlier days, none of his horses liked to be fed except by their master. When Brown Adam was saddled, and the stable-door opened, the horse would trot around to the leaping-on stone of his own accord, to be mounted, and was quite intractable under any one but Scott. Scott's life might well be fairly divided—just as history is

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divided into reigns—by the succession of his horses and dogs. The reigns of Captain, Lieutenant, Brown Adam, Daisy, divide at least the period up to Waterloo; while the reigns of Sybil Grey, and the Covenanter, or Douce Davie, divide the period of Scott's declining years. During the brilliant period of the earlier novels we hear less of Scott's horses; but of his deerhounds there is an unbroken succession. Camp, Maida (the Bevis of "Woodstock"), and Nimrod, reigned successively between Sir Walter's marriage and his death. It was Camp on whose death he relinquished a dinner invitation previously accepted, on the ground that the death of "an old friend" rendered him unwilling to dine out; Maida, to whom he erected a marble monument; and Nimrod, of whom he spoke so affectingly as too good a dog for his diminished fortunes during his absence in Italy on the last hopeless journey.

Scott's amusements at Ashestiel, besides riding, in which he was fearless to rashness, and coursing, which was the chief form of sporting in the neighborhood, comprehended "burning the water," as salmon-spearing by torchlight was called, in the course of which he got many a ducking. Such was Scott's order of life at Ashestiel, where he remained from 1804 to 1812. As to his literary work here, it was enormous. Besides finishing "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," writing "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," part of "The Bridal of Triermain," and part of "Rokeby," and writing reviews, he wrote a "Life of Dryden," and edited his works anew with some care, in eighteen volumes; edited "Somers's Collection of Tracts," in thirteen volumes, quarto; "Sir Ralph Saddler's Life, Letters and State Papers," in three volumes, quarto; "Miss Seward's Life and Poetical Works;" "The Secret History of the Court of James I.," in two volumes; "Strutt's Queenhoo Hall," in four volumes, 12mo., and various other single volumes; and began his heavy work on the edition of Swift. This was the literary work of eight years, during which he had the duties of his Sheriffship, and, after he gave up his practice as a barrister, the duties of his Deputy Clerkship of Session to discharge regularly.

In May, 1812, Scott, having now at last obtained the salary of the Clerkship of Session, the work of which he had for more than five years discharged without pay, indulged himself in realizing his favorite dream of buying a "mountain farm" at Abbotsford—five miles lower down the Tweed than his cottage—and migrated thither with his household gods. The children long remembered the leave-taking as one of pure grief, for the villagers were much attached both to Scott and his wife, who had made herself greatly beloved by her untiring goodness to the sick among her poor neighbors. But Scott himself describes the migration as a scene in which their neighbors found no small share of amusement. "Our flitting and removal from Ashestiel baffled all description; we had twenty-five cartloads of the veriest trash in nature, besides dogs, pigs, ponies, poultry, cows, calves, bare-headed wenches and bare-breeched boys."

To another friend Scott wrote that the neighbors had "been much delighted with the procession of my furniture, in which old swords, bows, targets and lances made a very conspicuous show. A family of turkeys was accommodated within the helmet of some *preux chevalier* of ancient border fame; and the very cows, for aught I know, were bearing banners and muskets. I assure your ladyship that this caravan, attended by a dozen of ragged rosy peasant children, carrying fishing-rods and spears, and leading ponies, grayhounds and spaniels, would, as it crossed the Tweed, have furnished no bad subject for the pencil, and really reminded me of one of the gypsy groups of Callot upon their march."

The place thus bought for £4,000—half of which, according to Scott's bad and sanguine habit, was borrowed from his brother, and half raised on the security of a poem, at the moment of sale wholly unwritten, and not completed even when he removed to Abbotsford—"Rokeby"—became only too much of an idol for the rest of Scott's life. Mr. Lockhart admits that before the crash came he had invested £29,000 in the purchase of land alone. But at this time only the kernel of the subsequent estate was bought, in the shape of a hundred acres, or rather more, part of which ran along the shores of the Tweed—"a beautiful river flowing broad and bright over a bed of milk-white pebbles, unless here and there where it darkened into a deep pool, overhung as yet only by birches and alders." There was also a poor farmhouse, a staring barn, and a pond so dirty that it had hitherto given the name of "Clarty Hole" to the place itself. Scott renamed the place from the adjoining ford, which was just above the confluence of the Gala with the Tweed. He chose the name of Abbotsford because the land had formerly all belonged to the Abbots of Melrose—the ruin of whose beautiful abbey was visible from many parts of the little property. On the other side of the river the old British barrier called "the Catrail" was full in view. As yet the place was not planted—the only effort made in this direction by its former owner, Dr. Douglas, having been a long narrow stripe of firs, which Scott used to compare to a black hair-comb, and which gave the name of "The Doctor's Redding-Kame" to the stretch of woods of which it is still the central line. Such was the place which he made it the too great delight of the remainder of his life to increase and beautify, by spending on it a good deal more than he had earned, and that, too, in times when he should have earned a good deal more than he ought to have thought even for a moment of spending. The cottage grew to a mansion, and the mansion to a castle.

Of his life at Abbotsford at a later period, when his building was greatly enlarged, and his children grown up, we have a brilliant picture from the pen of Mr. Lockhart.

Scott's relation to the Ballantyne Brothers involved him in many troubles, and with their name the story of his broken fortunes is inextricably bound up. James Ballantyne, the elder brother, was a schoolfellow of Scott's at Kelso, and was the editor and manager of the *Kelso Mail*, an anti-democratic journal, which had a fair circulation. Ballantyne was something of an artist as regarded "type," and Scott got him therefore to print his "Minstrelsy of the Border," the excellent workmanship of which attracted much attention in London. In 1802, on Scott's suggestion, Ballantyne moved to Edinburgh; and to help him to move, Scott, who was already meditating some investment of his little capital in business other than literary, lent him £500. Between this and 1805, when Scott first became a partner of Ballantyne's in the printing business, he used every exertion to get legal and literary printing offered to James Ballantyne, and, according to Mr. Lockhart, the concern "grew and prospered."

Scott might have succeeded—or, at all events, not seriously failed—if he had been content to stick to the printing firm of James Ballantyne & Co., and had not launched also into the bookselling and publishing firm of John Ballantyne & Co., or had never begun the wild and dangerous practice of forestalling his gains, and spending wealth which he had not earned. But when, by way of feeding the printing press of James Ballantyne & Co., he started in 1809 the bookselling and publishing firm of John

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Ballantyne & Co., using as his agent a man as inferior in sterling worth to James as James was inferior in general ability to himself, he carefully dug a mine under his own feet, of which we can only say that nothing except his genius could have prevented it from exploding long before it did. The truth was evidently that James Ballantyne's respectful homage, and John's humorous appreciation, all but blinded Scott's eyes to the utter inadequacy of either of these men, especially the latter, to supply the deficiencies of his own character for conducting business of this kind with proper discretion. James Ballantyne, who was pompous and indolent, though thoroughly honest, and not without some intellectual insight, Scott used to call Aldiborontiphoscophornio. John, who was clever but frivolous, dissipated and tricksy, he termed Rigdumfunnidos, or his "little Picaroon." It is clear from Mr. Lockhart's account of the latter that Scott not only did not respect, but despised him, though he cordially liked him.

And yet it is strange that he not only chose them, but chose the inferior and light-headed of the two for far the most important and difficult of the two businesses. At all events, there is no question that all through 1813 and 1814 Scott was kept in constant suspense and fear of bankruptcy, by the ill-success of John Ballantyne & Co., and the utter want of straightforwardness in John Ballantyne himself as to the bills out, and which had to be provided against. It was the publication of "Waverley," and the consequent opening up of the richest vein not only in Scott's own genius, but in his popularity with the public, which alone ended these alarms; and the many unsalable works of John Ballantyne & Co. were then gradually disposed of to Constable and others, to their own great loss, as part of the conditions on which they received a share in the copyright of the wonderful novels which sold like wildfire. But though in this way the publishing business of John Ballantyne & Co. was saved, and its affairs pretty decently wound up, the printing firm remained saddled with some of their obligations; while Constable's business, on which Scott depended for the means with which he was buying his estate, building his castle, and settling money on his daughter-in-law, was seriously injured by the purchase of all this unsalable stock.

In the Summer of 1814, Scott took up again and completed, almost at a single heat, a Jacobite story, begun in 1805. It was published anonymously, and its astonishing success turned back again the scales of Scott's fortunes. This was "Waverley." Mr. Carlyle has praised it above its fellows.

"The last two volumes," says Scott, in a letter to Mr. Morritt, "were written in three weeks."

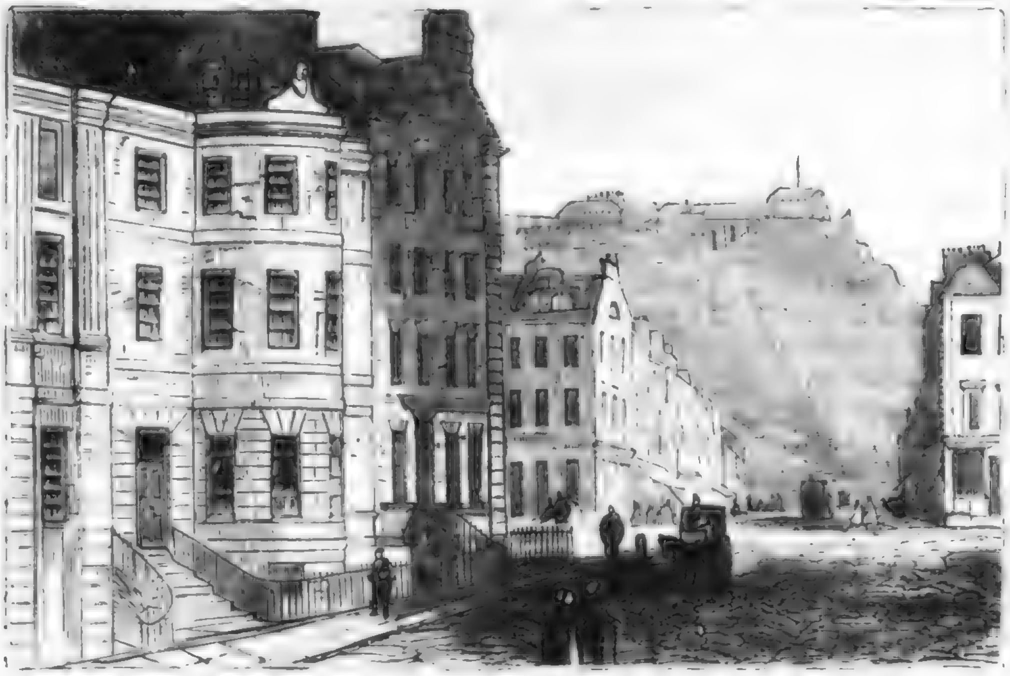
Scott's method of composition was always the same; and, when writing an imaginative work, the rate of progress seems to have been pretty even, depending much more on the absence of disturbing engagements than on any mental irregularity. The morning was always his brightest time; but morning or evening, in country or in town, well or ill, writing with his own pen or dictating to an amanuensis in the intervals of cramp in the stomach, Scott spun away at his imaginative web almost as evenly as a silkworm spins at its golden cocoon. Nor can I detect the slightest trace of any difference in quality between the stories, such as can be reasonably ascribed to comparative care or haste. Thus, few, I suppose, would hesitate to say that while "Old Mortality" is very near, if not quite, the finest of Scott's works, "The Black Dwarf" is not far from the other end of the scale. Yet the two were written in immediate succession ("The Black Dwarf" being the first of the two), and were published together, as the first series of "Tales of my Landlord," in 1816. Nor do I think that any competent critic would find any clear deterioration of quality in the novels of the later years, excepting, of course, the two written after the stroke of paralysis. In the fourteen most effective years of Scott's literary life, during which he wrote twenty-three novels, besides shorter tales, the best stories appear to have been, on the whole, the most rapidly written, probably because they took the strongest hold of the author's imagination.

Till near the close of his career as an author, Scott never avowed his responsibility for any of these series of novels, and even took some pains to mystify the public as to the identity between the author of "Waverly" and the author of "Tales of my Landlord." The care with which the secret was kept is imputed by Mr. Lockhart in some degree to the habit of mystery which had grown upon Scott during his secret partnership with the Ballantynes; but in this he seems to be confounding two very different phases of Scott's character. No doubt he was, as a professional man, a little ashamed of his commercial speculation, and unwilling to betray it. But he was far from ashamed of his literary enterprise, though it seems that he was at first very anxious lest a comparative failure, or even a mere moderate success, in a less ambitious sphere than that of poetry, should endanger the great reputation he had gained as a poet. That was apparently the first reason for secrecy. But, over and above this, it is clear that the mystery stimulated Scott's imagination, and saved him trouble as well. He was obviously more free under the veil—free from the liability of having to answer for the views of life or history suggested in his stories; but besides this, what was of more importance to him, the slight disguise stimulated his sense of humor, and gratified the whimsical, boyish pleasure which he always had in acting an imaginary character.

The most striking feature of Scott's romances is that, for the most part, they are pivoted on public rather than mere private interests and passions. With but few exceptions—"The Antiquary," "St. Ronan's Well" and "Guy Mannering" are the most important—Scott's novels give us an imaginative view, not of mere individuals, but of individuals as they are affected by the public strifes and social divisions of the age. And this it is which gives his books so large an interest for old and young, soldiers and statesmen, the world of society and the recluse, alike. You can scarcely read any novel of Scott's and not become better aware what public life and political issues mean. The boldness and freshness of the present are carried back into the past, and you see Papists and Puritans, Cavaliers and Roundheads, Jews, Jacobites and freebooters, preachers, schoolmasters, mercenary soldiers, gypsies and beggars, all living the sort of life which the reader feels that in their circumstances and under the same conditions of time and place and parentage, he might have lived, too.

Next, though most of these stories are rightly called romances, no one can avoid observing that they give that side of life which is unromantic, quite as vigorously as the romantic side. This was not true of Scott's poems, which only expressed one half of his nature, and were almost pure romances. But in the novels the business of life is even better portrayed than its sentiments.

Scott often confessed his contempt for his own heroes. He said of Edward Waverly, for instance, that he was "a sneaking piece of imbecility," and that "if he had married Flora she would have set him up upon the chimney-piece, as Count Borowlaski's wife used to do with him. I am a



SCOTT'S TOWN HOUSE, IN CASTLE STREET, EDINBURGH.

bad hand at depicting a hero, properly so called, and have an unfortunate propensity for the dubious characters of borderers, buccaneers, highland robbers, and all others of a Robin-Hood description." In another letter he says, "My rogue always, in despite of me, turns out my hero."

Except Jeanie Deans and Madge Wildfire, and perhaps Lucy Ashton, Scott's women are apt to be uninteresting, either pink and white toys or hardish women of the world.

I think the deficiency of his pictures of women, odd as it seems to say so, should be greatly attributed to his natural chivalry. His conception of women of his own or a higher class was always too romantic. He scarcely ventured, as it were, in his tenderness for them, to look deeply into their little weaknesses and intricacies of character. With women of an inferior class, he had not this feeling. Nothing can be more perfect than the manner in which he blends the dairy-woman and woman of business in Jeanie Deans, with the lover and the sister. But once make a woman beautiful, or in any way an object of homage to him, and Scott bowed so low before the image of her that he could not go deeper into her heart. To some extent, therefore, Scott's pictures of women remain something in the style of the miniatures of the last age—bright and beautiful beings without any special character in them. He was dazzled by a fair heroine. He could not take them up into his imagination as real beings as he did men. But then how living are his men, whether coarse or noble!

As every one knows, Scott was excessively free in his manipulations of history for the purposes of romance. In "Kenilworth" he represents Shakespeare's plays as already in the mouths of courtiers and statesmen, though he lays the scene in the eighteenth year of Elizabeth, when Shakespeare was scarcely old enough to rob an orchard. In "Woodstock," on the contrary, he insists, if you compare Sir Henry Lee's dates with the facts, that Shakespeare died twenty years at least before he actually died. The historical basis, again, of "Woodstock" and of "Redgauntlet" is thoroughly untrustworthy, and about all the minuter details of history—unless so far as they were characteristic of the age—I do not suppose that Scott, in his romances, ever troubled himself at all. And yet few historians — not even Scott himself, when he exchanged romance for history — ever drew the great figures of history with so powerful a hand. In writing history and biography, Scott has little or no advantage over very inferior men. His pictures of Swift, of Dryden, of Napoleon, are in no way very vivid. It is only where he is working from the pure imagination—though imagination stirred by historic study — that he paints a picture which follows us about, as if with living eyes, instead of creating for us a mere series of lines and colors.

Scott's humor is, I think, of very different qualities in relation to different subjects. Certainly he was at times capable of considerable heaviness of hand—of the Scotch "wut" which has been so irreverently treated by English critics. Some of the finest touches of his humor are no doubt much heightened by his perfect command of the genius as well as the dialect of a peasantry in whom a true culture of mind and sometimes also of heart is found in the closest possible contact with the humblest pursuits and the quaintest enthusiasm for them. But Scott, with all his turn for irony—and Mr. Lockhart says that even on his death-bed he used toward his children the same sort of good-humored irony to which he had always accustomed them in his life—certainly never gives us any example of that highest irony which is found so frequently in Shakespeare.

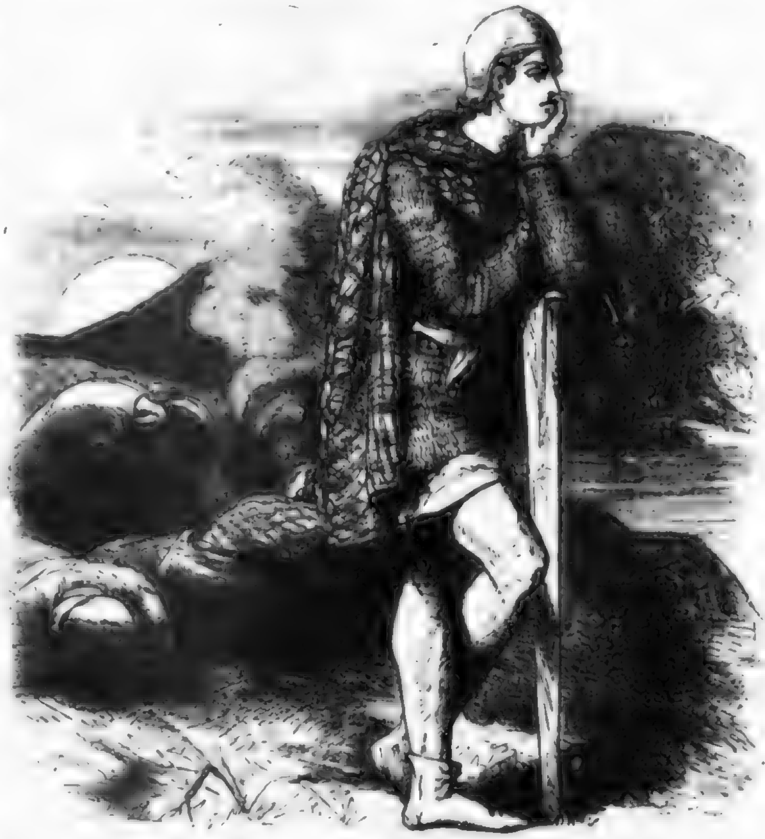
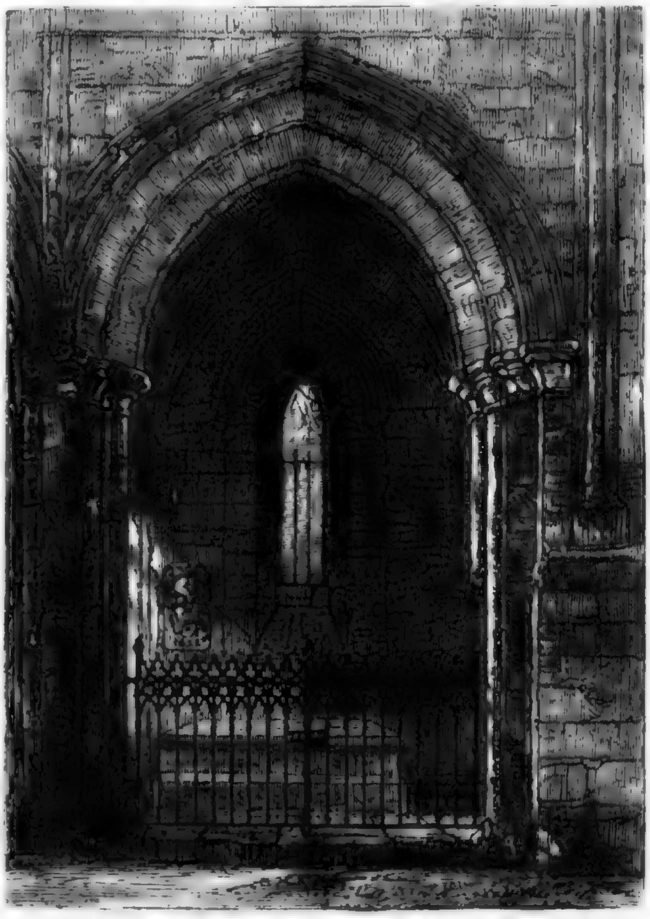


ILLUSTRATION TO WALTER SCOTT'S "MARY."

Between 1814 and the end of 1825, Scott's literary labor was interrupted only by one serious illness, and scarcely interrupted by that; by a few journeys—one to Paris after the battle of Waterloo, and several to London—and by the worry of a constant stream of intrusive visitors. Of his journeys he has left some records; but I cannot say that I think Scott would ever have reached, as a mere observer and recorder, at all the high point which he reached directly his imagination went to work to create a story. That imagination was, indeed, far less subservient to his mere perceptions than to his constructive powers. "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk"—the records of his Paris journey after Waterloo—for instance, are not at all above the mark of a good special correspondent. His imagination was less the imagination of insight, than the imagination of one whose mind was a great kaleidoscope of human life and fortunes.

The first relations of Scott with the Court were, oddly enough, formed with the Princess, not with the Prince, of Wales. In 1806 Scott dined with the Princess of Wales at Blackheath, and spoke of his invitation as a great honor. He wrote a tribute to her father, the Duke of Brunswick, in the introduction to one of the cantos of "Marmion," and received from the Princess a silver vase in acknowledgment. Scott's relations with the Prince Regent seem to have begun in an offer to Scott of the Laureateship in the Summer of 1813, an offer which Scott would have found it very difficult to accept, so strongly did his pride revolt at the idea of having to commemorate in verse, as an official duty, all conspicuous incidents affecting the throne. But he was at the time of the offer in the thick of his first difficulties, and it was only the Duke of Buccleuch's guarantee of £4,000 that enabled him at this time to decline it. In March, 1815, Scott being then in London, the Prince Regent asked him to dinner, addressed him uniformly as Walter, and struck up a friendship with him which seems to have lasted their lives, and which certainly did much more honor to George than to Sir Walter Scott. It is impossible not to think rather better of George IV. for thus valuing, and doing his best in every way to show his value for, Scott. It is equally impossible not to think rather worse of Scott for thus valuing, and in every way doing his best to express his value for, this very worthless, though by no means incapable, King.



SCOTT'S GRAVE IN DRYBURGH ABBEY.

The first baronet whom George IV. made on succeeding to the throne was Scott, who not only accepted the honor gratefully, but dwelt with extreme pride on the fact that it was offered to him by the King himself. He wrote to Joanna Baillie on hearing of the Regent's intention—namely, on the 30th of March, 1820—"The Duke of Buccleuch and Scott of Harden, who, as the heads of my clan and the sources of my gentry, are good judges of what I ought to do, have both given me their earnest opinion to accept of an honor directly derived from the source of honor, and neither begged nor bought, as is the usual fashion. Several of my ancestors bore the title in the seventeenth century. I have no reason to be ashamed of the decent and respectable persons who connect me with that period when they carried into the field, like Madoc,

> "The Crescent at whose gleam the Cambrian oft,
> Cursing his perilous tenure, wound his horn;"

so that, as a gentleman, I may stand on as good a footing as other new creations."

When George came to Edinburgh in 1822, it was Sir Walter who acted virtually as the master of the ceremonies, and to whom it was chiefly due that the visit was so successful. It was then that George clad his substantial person for the first time in the Highland costume—to wit, in the Steuart Tartans—and was so much annoyed to find himself outvied by a wealthy alderman, Sir William Curtis, who had gone and done likewise, and, in his equally grand Steuart Tartans, seemed a kind of parody of the King. The day on which the King arrived, Tuesday, 14th of August, 1822, was also the day on which Scott's most intimate friend, William Erskine, then Lord Kinnedder, died. Yet Scott went on board the royal yacht, was most graciously received by George, had his health drunk by the King in a bottle of Highland whisky, and with a proper show of devoted loyalty, entreated to be allowed to retain the glass out of which his Majesty had just drunk his health. The request was graciously acceded to, but let it be pleaded on Scott's behalf, that on reaching home and finding there his friend, Crabbe the poet, he sat down on the royal gift and crushed it to atoms. The whole relation to George was a grotesque thread in Scott's life; and I cannot quite forgive him for the utterly conventional severity with which he threw over his first patron, the Queen, for sins which were certainly not grosser, if they were not much less gross, than those of his second patron, the husband who had set her the example which she faithfully, though at a distance, followed.

Scott usually professed great ignorance of politics, and did what he could to hold aloof from a world in which his feelings were very easily heated, while his knowledge was apt to be very imperfect. But now and again, and notably toward the close of his life, he got himself mixed up in politics, and it was always on the Tory, and generally on the red-hot Tory, side. His first hasty intervention in politics was the song on Lord Melville's acquittal, during the short Whig administration in 1806. No sooner was any reform proposed, any abuse threatened, than Scott's eager Conservative spirit flashed up. Proposals were made in

1806 for changes—and, as it was thought, reforms—in the Scotch Courts of Law, and Scott immediately saw something like national calamity in the prospect. His vehement and unquailing opposition to Reform in almost the very last year of his life, when he had already suffered more than one stroke of paralysis, was grounded on precisely the same argument.

On the subject of Catholic Emancipation he took a peculiar view. As he justly said, he hated bigotry, and would have left the Catholics quite alone, but for the great claims of their creed to interfere with political life. And even so, when the penal laws were once abolished, he would have abolished also the representative disabilities as quite useless, as well as very irritating when the iron system of effective repression had ceased. But he disapproved of the abolition of the political parts of the penal laws. He thought they would have stamped out Roman Catholicism; and whether that were just or unjust, he thought it would have been a great national service. Yet had Scott lived through the religious controversies of our own days, it seems not unlikely that with his vivid imagination, his warm Conservatism, and his rather inadequate critical powers, he might himself have become a Roman Catholic.

With the year 1825 came a financial crisis, and Constable began to tremble for his solvency. From the date of his baronetcy, Sir Walter had launched out into an increase of expenditure. He got plans on a rather large scale in 1821 for the increase of Abbotsford, which were all carried out. To meet his expenses he received Constable's bills for "four unnamed works of fiction," of which he had not written a line, but which came to exist in time, and were called "Peveril of the Peak," "Quentin Durward," "St. Ronan's Well," and "Redgauntlet." Again, in the very year before the crash, he married his eldest son, the heir to the title, to an heiress, Miss Jobson of Lochore, when Abbotsford and its estates were settled, with the reserve of £10,000, which Sir Walter took power to charge on the property for purposes of business. Immediately afterward he purchased a captaincy in the King's Hussars for his son, which cost him £3,500. He was, too, always incurring expenses, often heavy expenses, for other people.

Taken altogether, I believe that Sir Walter earned during his own lifetime at least £140,000 by his literary work alone, probably more; while even on his land and building combined he did not apparently spend more than half that sum. Then he had a certain income, about £1,000 a year, from his own and Lady Scott's private property, as well as £1,300 a year as Clerk of Session, and £300 more as Sheriff of Selkirk. Thus even his loss of the price of several novels by Constable's failure would not seriously have compromised Scott's position, but for his share in the printing-house which fell with Constable, and the obligations of which amounted to £117,000.

As Scott had always forestalled his income—spending the purchase-money of his poems and novels before they were written—such a failure as this, at the age of fifty-five, when all the freshness of his youth was gone out of him, would have been paralyzing, had he not been a man of iron nerve, and of a pride and courage scarcely ever equaled. Domestic calamity, too, was not far off. For two years he had been watching the failure of his wife's health with increasing anxiety, and as calamities seldom come single, her illness took a most serious form at the very time when the blow fell, and she died within four months of the failure.

There is nothing in its way in the whole of English biography more impressive than the stoical extracts from Scott's diary which note the descent of his ruin. Here is the anticipation of the previous day: "Edinburgh, January 16th.—Came through cold roads to as cold news. Hurst and Robinson have suffered a bill to come back upon Constable, which, I suppose, infers the ruin of both houses."

On the 18th of January, the day after the blow, he records a bad night, a wish that the next two days were over, but that "the worst *is* over," and on the same day he set about making notes for the *magnum opus*, as he called it—the complete edition of all the novels, with a new introduction and notes. On the 19th of January, two days after the failure, he calmly resumed the composition of "Woodstock," and completed, he says, "about twenty printed pages of it"; to which he adds that he had "a painful scene after dinner, and another after supper, endeavoring to convince these poor creatures" [his wife and daughter] "that they must not look for miracles, but consider the misfortune as certain, and only to be lessened by patience and labor."

The heaviest blow was, I think, the blow to his pride. Very early he begins to note painfully the different way in which different friends greet him, to remark that some smile as if to say, "Think nothing about it, my lad, it is quite out of our thoughts"; that others adopt an affected gravity, "such as one sees and despises at a funeral," and the best-bred "just shook hands and went on."

On returning for the first time from Edinburgh to Abbotsford, after Lady Scott's funeral, he writes: "I again took possession of the family bedroom and my widowed couch. This was a sore trial, but it was necessary not to blink such a resolution. Indeed, I do not like to have it thought that there is any way in which I can be beaten." And again: "I have a secret pride—I fancy it will be so most truly termed—which impels me to mix with my distress strange snatches of mirth, 'which have no mirth in them.'"

But though pride was part of Scott's strength, pride alone never enabled any man to struggle so vigorously and so unremittingly as he did to meet the obligations he had incurred. His house in Edinburgh was sold, and he had to go into lodgings, when he was discharging his duties as Clerk of Session. His wife was dead. His estate was conveyed to trustees for the benefit of his creditors, till such time as he should pay off Ballantyne & Co.'s debt, which, of course, in his lifetime he never did. Yet between January 1826, and January 1828, he earned for his creditors very nearly £40,000. "Woodstock" sold for £8,228—"a matchless sale," as Sir Walter remarked, "for less than three months' work." The first two editions of "The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," on which Mr. Lockhart says that Scott had spent the unremitting labor of about two years—labor involving a far greater strain on eyes and brain than his imaginative work ever caused him—sold for £18,000. Had Sir Walter's health lasted, he would have redeemed his obligations on behalf of Ballantyne & Co. within eight or nine years at most from the time of his failure. But what is more remarkable still, is that after his health failed he struggled on with little more than half a brain, but a whole will, to work while it was yet day, though the evening was dropping fast. "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous" were really the compositions of a paralytic patient.

It was in September, 1830, that the first of these tales was begun. As early as the 15th of February of that year he had had his first true paralytic seizure. He had been discharging his duties as Clerk of Session as usual, and received in the afternoon a visit from a lady friend, when the stroke came. It was but slight. He struggled against it with his usual iron power of will, and actually managed to stagger out of the room where the lady was sitting with him, into the drawing-room where his daughter was, but there he fell his full length on the floor. He was cupped, and fully recovered his speech during the day, but after this attack his style never recovered its full lucidity and terseness. A cloudiness in words and a cloudiness of arrangement began to be visible. In the course of the year he retired from his duties of Clerk of Session, and his publishers hoped that, by engaging him on the new and complete edition of his works, they might detach him from the attempt at imaginative creation for which he was now so much less fit. But Sir Walter's will survived his judgment.

When he dictated to Laidlaw—for at this time he could scarcely write himself for rheumatism in the hand—he would frequently pause and look round him, like a man "mocked with shadows." Then he bestirred himself with a great effort, rallied his force, and the style again flowed clear and bright, but not for long. The clouds would gather again, and the mental blank recur. This soon became visible to his publishers, who wrote discouragingly of the new novel—to Scott's own great distress and irritation. The oddest feature in the matter was that his letters to them were full of the old terseness and force and caustic turns. On business he was as clear and keen as in his best days. It was only at his highest task, the task of creative work, that his cunning began to fail him.

At last the debt of Ballantyne & Co. was reduced, by repeated dividends—all the fruits of Scott's literary work—more than one-half. On the 17th of December, 1830, the liabilities stood at £54,000, having been reduced £63,000 within five years. And Sir Walter, encouraged by this great result of his labor, resumed a suspended novel.

But with the beginning of 1831 came new alarms. On January 5th, Sir Walter enters in his diary: "Very indifferent, with more awkward feelings than I can well bear up against. My voice sunk and my head strangely confused." Still he struggled on. On the 31st of January he went alone to Edinburgh to sign his will, and stayed at Cadell's house, in Athol Crescent. A great snow-storm set in, which kept him in Edinburgh, and in Mr. Cadell's house, till the 9th of February.

In April he had another stroke of paralysis. Still he struggled on at his novel. Under the date of May 6th, 7th, 8th, he makes this entry in his diary: "Here is a precious job. I have a formal remonstrance from those critical people, Ballantyne and Cadell, against the last volume of "Count Robert," which is within a sheet of being finished. I suspect their opinion will be found to coincide with that of the public; at least it is not very different from my own. The blow is a stunning one, I suppose, for I scarcely feel it. It is singular, but it comes with as little surprise as if I had a remedy ready; yet God knows I am at sea in the dark, and the vessel leaky, I think, into the bargain. I cannot conceive that I have tied a knot with my tongue which my teeth cannot untie. We shall see. I have suffered terribly, that is the truth, rather in body than mind, and I often wish I could lie down and sleep without waking. But I will fight it out if I can." The medical men with one accord tried to make him give up his novel-writing. But he smiled and put them by. He took up "Count Robert of Paris" again, and tried to recast it.

On the 18th of May he insisted on attending the election for Roxburghshire, to be held at Jedburgh, and in spite of the unmannerly reception he had met with in March, no dissuasion would keep him at home. He was saluted in the town with groans and blasphemies, and Sir Walter had to escape from Jedburgh by a back way to avoid personal violence. The cries of "Burk Sir Walter," with which he was saluted on this occasion, haunted him throughout his illness and on his dying bed. At the Selkirk election it was Sir Walter's duty as Sheriff to preside, and his family therefore made no attempt to dissuade him from his attendance. There he was so well known and loved that, in spite of his Tory views, he was not insulted, and the only man who made any attempt to hustle the Tory electors was seized by Sir Walter with his own hand, as he got out of his carriage, and committed to prison without resistance till the election day was over.

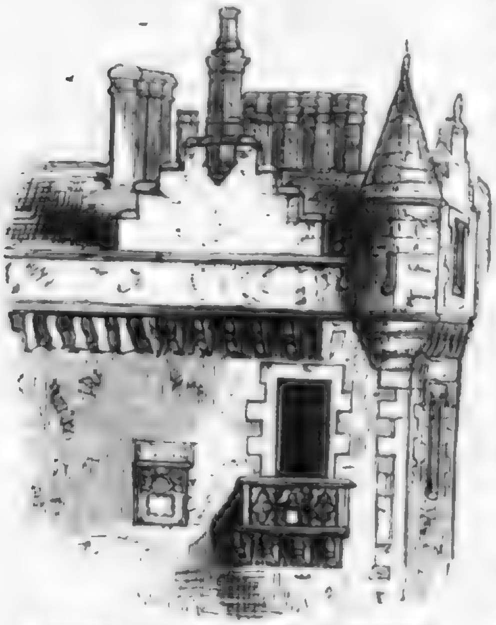
A seton which had been ordered for his head, gave him some relief, and, of course, the first result was that he turned immediately to his novel-writing again, and began "Castle Dangerous" in July, 1831—the last July but one which he was to see at all. He even made a little journey in company with Mr. Lockhart, in order to see the scene of the story he wished to tell, and on his return set to work with all his old vigor to finish his tale, and put the concluding touches to "Count Robert of Paris."

In September, 1831, the illusion seemed to possess Sir Walter that he had paid off all the debt for which he was liable, and that he was once more free to give as his generosity prompted. The last day of real enjoyment at Abbotsford—for when Sir Walter returned to it to die it was but to catch once more the outlines of its walls, the rustle of its woods, and the gleam of its waters, through senses already darkened to all less familiar and less fascinating visions—was the 22d of September, 1831. On the 21st, Wordsworth had come to bid his old friend adieu, and on the 22d—the last day at home—they spent the morning together in a visit to Newark. It was a day to deepen alike in Scott and in Wordsworth whatever of sympathy either of them had with the very different genius of the other, and that it had this result in Wordsworth's case we know from the very beautiful poem, "Yarrow Revisited," and the sonnet which the occasion also produced.

On the 23d of September Scott left Abbotsford, spending five days on his journey to London; nor would he allow any of the old objects of interest to be passed without getting out of the carriage to see them. He did not leave London till the 23d of October, but took medical advice, and with his old shrewdness wheeled his chair into a dark corner during the physicians' absence from the room to consult, that he might read their faces clearly on their return, without their being able to read his. They recognized traces of brain disease, but Sir Walter was relieved by their comparatively favorable opinion, for he admitted that he feared insanity, and therefore had "feared *them*."

On the 29th of October he sailed for Malta, and on the 20th of November Sir Walter insisted on being landed on a small volcanic island which had appeared four months previously, and which disappeared again in a few days, and on clambering about its crumbling lava, in spite of sinking at nearly every step almost up to his knees, in order that he might send a description of it to his old friend, Mr. Skene.

On the 22d of November he reached Malta, from which place he went to Naples, which he reached on the 17th of December. There he found much pleasure in the society of Sir William Gell, an invalid like himself, but not one who, like himself, struggled against the admission of his infirmities, and refused to be carried when his own legs would not safely carry him. Sir William Gell's dog delighted the old man; he would pat it and call it "Poor boy!" and confide to Sir William how he had at home



SCOTT'S BEDROOM-WINDOW, ABBOTSFORD.

"two very fine favorite dogs, so large that I am always afraid they look too large and too feudal for my diminished income." In all his letters home he gave some injunction to Mr. Laidlaw about the poor people and the dogs.

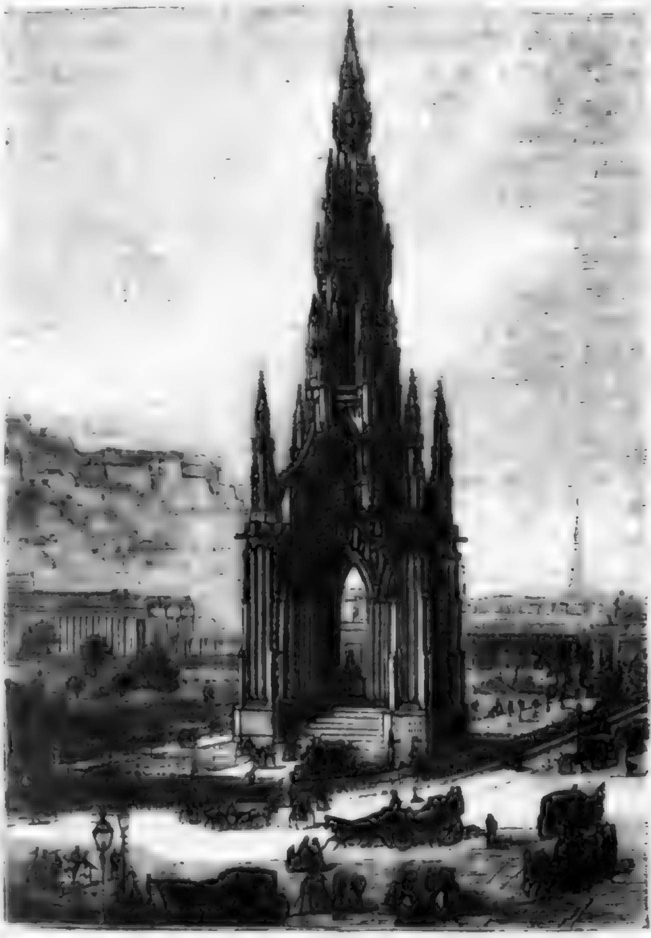
On the 22d of March, 1832, the celebrated Goethe died, an event which made a great impression on Scott, who had intended to visit Weimar on his way back, on purpose to see Goethe, and this much increased his eager desire to return home. Accordingly on the 16th of April, the last day on which he made any entry in his diary, he quitted Naples for Rome, where he stayed long enough only to let his daughter see something of the place, and hurried off homeward on the 21st of May. In Venice he was still strong enough to insist on scrambling down into the dungeons adjoining the Bridge of Sighs; and at Frankfort he entered a bookseller's shop, when the man brought out a lithograph of Abbotsford, and Scott remarking, "I know that already, sir," left the shop unrecognized, more than ever craving for home. At Nimeguen, on the 9th of June, while in a steamboat on the Rhine, he had his most serious attack of apoplexy, but would not discontinue his journey; was lifted into an English steamboat at Rotterdam on the 11th of June, and arrived in London on the 13th. There he recognized his children, and appeared to expect immediate death, as he gave them repeatedly his most solemn blessing; but for the most part he lay at the St. James Hotel, in Jermyn Street, without any power to converse. There it was that Allan Cunningham, on walking home one night, found a group of working-men at the corner of the street, who stopped him and asked, "as if there was but one death-bed in London, 'Do you know, sir, if this is the street where he is lying?'"

Sir Walter's great and urgent desire was to return to Abbotsford, and at last his physicians yielded. On the 7th of July he was lifted into his carriage, followed by his trembling and weeping daughters, and so taken to a steamboat, where the captain gave up his private cabin—a cabin on deck—for his use. He remained unconscious of any change till after his arrival in Edinburgh, when, on the 11th of July, he was placed again in his carriage, and remained in it quite unconscious during the first two stages of the journey to Tweedside. But as the carriage entered the valley of the Gala, he began to look about him. Presently, he murmured a name or two, "Gala water, surely—Buckholm—Torwoodlee." When the outline of the Eildon hills came in view, Scott's excitement was great; and when his eye caught the towers of Abbotsford, he sprang up with a cry of delight, and while the towers remained in sight, it took his physician, his son-in-law, and his servant, to keep him in the carriage. Mr. Laidlaw was waiting for him, and he met him with a cry, "Ha, Willie Laidlaw! Oh, man! how often I have thought of you!" His dogs came round his chair and began to fawn on him and lick his hands, while Sir Walter smiled or sobbed over them.

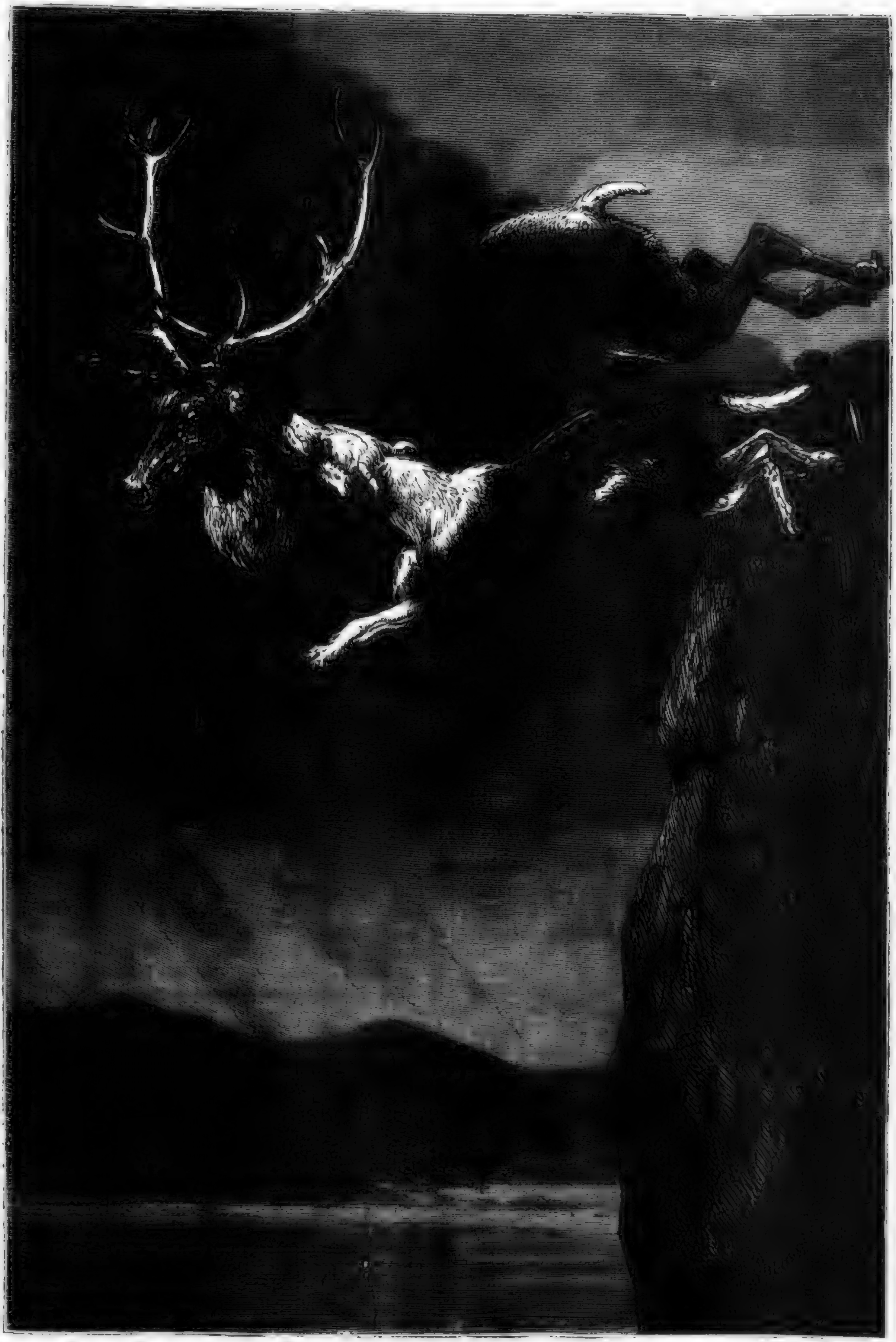
The next morning he was wheeled about his garden, and on the following morning was out in this way for a couple of hours; within a day or two he fancied that he could write again, but on taking the pen into his hand, his fingers could not clasp it, and he sank back with tears rolling down his cheek. Later, when Laidlaw said in his hearing that Sir Walter had had a little repose, he replied "No, Willie—no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave." As the tears rushed from his eyes, his old pride revived. "Friends," he said, "don't let me expose myself. Get me to bed—that is the only place."

After this Sir Walter never left his room. Occasionally he dropped off into delirium. He lingered, however, till the 21st of September—more than two months from the day of his reaching home, and a year from the day of Wordsworth's arrival at Abbotsford before his departure for the Mediterranean, with only one clear interval of consciousness, on Monday, the 17th of September. On that day, Mr. Lockhart was called to Sir Walter's bedside with the news that he had awakened in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see him. "'Lockhart,' he said, 'I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.' He paused, and I said, 'Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?' 'No,' said he; 'don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night. God bless you all!'"

With this he sank into a very tranquil sleep, and, indeed, he scarcely afterward gave any sign of consciousness except for an instant on the arrival of his sons. And so, four days afterward, on the day of the autumnal equinox in 1832, at half-past one in the afternoon, on a



THE SCOTT MONUMENT, EDINBURGH.



DRIVEN TO DESPAIR.

glorious Autumn day, with every window wide open, and the ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles distinctly audible in his room, he passed away, and "his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes." He died a month after completing his sixty-first year. Nearly seven years earlier, on the 7th of December, 1825, he had in his diary taken a survey of his own health in relation to the age reached by his father and other members of his family, and had stated, as the result of his considerations: "Square the odds and good-night, Sir Walter, about sixty. I care not if I leave my name unstained and my family property settled. *Sat est vixisse.*" Thus he lived just a year—but a year of gradual death—beyond his own calculation.

Sir Walter certainly left his "name unstained," unless the serious mistakes natural to a sanguine temperament such as his are to be counted as stains upon his name; and if they are, where among the sons of men would you find many unstained names as noble as his with such a stain upon it? He was not only sensitively honorable in motive, but, when he found what evil his sanguine temper had worked, he used his gigantic powers to repair it, as Samson used his great strength to repair the mischief he had inadvertently done to Israel. But with all his exertions he had not, when death came upon him, cleared off much more than half his obligations. There was still £54,000 to pay. But of this, £22,000 was secured in an insurance on his life, and there were besides a thousand pounds or two in the hands of the trustees, which had not been applied to the extinction of the debt. Mr. Cadell, his publisher, accordingly advanced the remaining £30,000 on the security of Sir Walter's copyrights, and on the 21st of February, 1833, the general creditors were paid in full, and Mr. Cadell remained the only creditor of the estate. In February, 1847, Sir Walter's son, the second baronet, died childless; and in May, 1847, Mr. Cadell gave a discharge in full of all claims.

Sir Walter's effort to found a new house was even less successful than the effort to endow it. His eldest son died childless. In 1839 he went to Madras, as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 15th Hussars, and subsequently commanded that regiment. He was as much beloved by the officers of his regiment as his father had been by his own friends, and was in every sense an accomplished soldier. The cause of his death was his having exposed himself rashly to the sun in a tiger-hunt, in August, 1846; he never recovered from the fever which was the consequence. He died near the Cape of Good Hope, on the 8th of February, 1847. His brother Charles died before him. He was rising rapidly in the diplomatic service, and was taken to Persia by Sir John MacNeill, on a diplomatic mission, as *attaché* and private secretary. But the climate struck him down, and he died at Teheran, almost immediately on his arrival, on the 28th of October, 1841. Both the sisters had died previously. Anne Scott, the younger of the two, whose health had suffered greatly during the prolonged anxiety of her father's illness, died on the midsummer-day of the year following her father's death; and Sophia (Mrs. Lockhart) died on the 17th of May, 1837. Sir Walter's eldest grandchild, John Hugh Lockhart, for whom the "Tales of a Grandfather" were written, died before his grandfather—indeed, Sir Walter heard of the child's death at Naples. The second son, Walter Scott Lockhart Scott, a lieutenant in the army, died at Versailles on the 10th of January, 1853. Charlotte Harriet Jane Lockhart, who was married in 1847 to James Robert Hope-Scott, and succeeded to the Abbotsford estate, died at Edinburgh on the 26th of October, 1858, leaving three children, of whom only one survives. Walter Michael and Margaret Anne Hope-Scott both died in infancy. The only direct descendant, therefore, of Sir Walter Scott is now Mary Monica Hope-Scott, who was born on the 2d of October, 1852, the grandchild of Mrs. Lockhart, and the great-grandchild of the founder of Abbotsford.

There is something of irony in such a result of the Herculean labors of Scott to found and endow a new branch of the clan of Scott.

MISERS.

The death of the miser Foscoe, who amassed an immense fortune by usury and every advantage he could take of the necessities of the unfortunate, was dramatically appropriate. For reasons of safety he dug a hole in the ground and secreted his treasure there; he made a trap-door with a spring lock, and would go down daily to gloat over his savings. He lived a solitary life, but one day his neighbors remarked that he had not been seen for an unusually long time. They made search for him through the house, the woods and in the ponds, but failed to find him. Years afterward, when workmen were repairing the house, they came across the secret cave in the cellar. On opening it they found Foscoe's remains, and the heavy bags of untold treasure. He had died with the object of his devotion.

The methods by which misers have accumulated their huge fortunes are much the same—it was by saving, rather than by making, money, that they became rich. Daniel Dancer dined off two or three boiled eggs, and warmed up his cold pancakes that were left over by carrying them in his pocket. Elwes, who was worth nearly a million dollars, carried old bones in his pocket, taking them out to his farm to be used as fertilizers. Another miser used to boil a piece of beef and fourteen hard dumplings on Sunday; that would be the allowance of food for himself and sister for the week. Dancer saved on soap, never using it or towels; he washed himself in the river and dried himself in the sun. He used to beg a pinch of snuff, putting it in a box he carried with him. This he exchanged for a farthing candle, which lasted until the box was again filled. He used an old meal-sack for a shirt, and a bundle of straw for a pillow. But he was singularly generous to his dog, to whom he allowed a pint of milk a day. He died worth half a million dollars.

There was a celebrated miser named Audley, who lived in the time of the Stuarts, and whose keenness as a business man was remarkable. He was originally employed as a clerk at six shillings a week, and in the course of a few years, by dint of the economical practices that come natural to persons of his ilk, had accumulated sufficient to engage in speculation. His habit was to buy bad debts for a trifle, and afterward compound with the insolvent. An anecdote will illustrate his method: A tradesman, Miller, owed a merchant named White £200, and seeing no other chance to obtain it (Miller being insolvent) sued for the amount. Audley goes to White and offers him £40 for the debt; the merchant accepts. Then the miser goes to Miller, and obtains his quittance of the debt for £50, upon the condition that he pays for the accommodation. The insolvent signed the contract, which he thought was offered in a benevolent spirit. The contract was that he should pay to Audley, twenty years from that time, one penny consecutively doubled, on the first day of twenty consecutive months; failing, to pay a fine of £500. Miller, acquitted of his debt, arranged with his creditors and commenced business. Two or three years afterward the miser began to call for his installments, and Miller found on calculating that on the first of the twentieth month he

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would have to pay £2,880; so he refused the payment of his bond, and gave Audley the £500 forfeit.

Vandille, a remarkable French miser, was at one time the mayor of Boulogne, and while in that position partly maintained himself by being "milk-taster-general" of the market. While munching a scrap of bread he would partake of these gratuitous draughts. He always traveled to Paris on foot, and, fearful lest he should be robbed, took good care never to have more than threepence in his pocket. If he needed more money he begged on the road. By such methods, and by lending money to the French Government, he made a fortune of £800,000, sprung from a single shilling. During the very cold Winter of 1734, he found it necessary to purchase some extra fuel, and endeavored to beat down the wood merchant in his price. The man drove off, and Vandille stole a few logs from the back of the cart. In hastening away with them, he became overheated and contracted a bad fever. He sent for a surgeon, telling him he wanted to be bled. As the surgeon charged half a *livre*, which was considered too much, a barber was called in, who agreed to open a vein for threepence.

"But, friend," said the cautious miser, "how often will it be requisite to bleed me?"

"Three times," said the barber.

"Three times! And pray, what quantity of blood do you intend to take from me at each operation?"

"About eight ounces each time."

"That will be ninepence. Too much!—too much! I know a cheaper way: take the whole twenty-four ounces at once, and that will save me sixpence."

He saved his sixpence, but lost his life.

Sir William Smyth, of Bedfordshire, a wealthy miser, agreed to give sixty guineas if Dr. Taylor, a celebrated occulist, restored him to sight. The doctor succeeded so well that Sir William was able to read and write all the rest of his life without spectacles. But he pretended at the time of his cure that he only had a glimmer of his surroundings, and on that account succeeded in getting the fee reduced to £20—one-third of the original price.

A St. Petersburg miser, who lived in the time of Catherine II., resorted to a peculiar method to save a little money. He had a large mastiff dog to watch his house, and had trained him to bark and howl all night. Finally the dog died. Not caring to go to the expense of buying another, the old man personated a dog himself, and went about the house morning and evening, barking and howling in imitation of his former protector. This man lived in one damp room, in a large, dilapidated old house, and we are told that his cellar contained casks of gold and packages of silver. He was the richest man in Russia.

A GUIANA WAY OF TAKING FISH.

I SET out at an early hour one morning (says C. B. Brown, the naturalist) with Ben, Eruma and Yackarawa, in a woodskin, for a place where the Cowenamou Indians were going to poison a pool, so as to obtain its fish. After about two hours' hard paddling we arrived at a large cataract, called Cartowerie, and taking our canoe into smooth water above, found the Indians, eleven in number, busily engaged in beating bundles of a soft yellow root with sticks. These Haiarie roots were each about two inches in diameter, and of a light yellow color, containing a yellow, creamy juice, having a disagreeable, raw smell. Each bundle was about a foot in diameter, and two feet in length. When thoroughly pounded into pulp they were thrown into canoes, in which a little water had been previously placed, and then the juice was wrung from them. The inclosure to be acted upon was of an irregular shape, occupying about two acres of river, and formed by dams of rock, built into the spaces between rocky areas and small islands. In building this the Indians had left two large gaps open, one being where the greatest body of water ran in and the other where it flowed out.

When we arrived they had closed these gaps with a wattle arrangement, so that all chance of escape for the fish was cut off. Three canoes, containing the juice of six bundles of Haiarie, were then taken to the upper end of the inclosure, and the subtle poison discharged from them. It was borne down by the slight current, and mingled rapidly with the pure dark water. Most of the Indians then got into their canoes and pushed out, bow and arrows in hand, into the middle of the inclosure, while the remainder, with my men, also furnished with the same weapons, stood upon rocks at the edge.

In ten minutes' time numbers of small fish came to the surface, and swam uneasily about, trying to rise above water; these soon were floating about quite dead. After an interval of five minutes more, a single pacu showed its back fin, and also tried to raise its head above water. An instant more and the whole place seemed alive with large fish, pacu and cartabac, all struggling and flapping at the surface, or whirling round and round. Many tried to force themselves out of the water up the sloping surface of the rocks, and two were successful in this, dying on the strand. From the excited manner in which they struggled, it seemed to me as if the poison had an intoxicating effect upon them. It might have been that the contact of the poison with their gills had produced a feeling of suffocation—hence their endeavors to escape from their native element.

It was a most exciting scene for a time, as the Indians shot arrow after arrow into the bewildered dying fish, and hauled them ashore or into their canoes. In about an hour the murderous work was over, and one hundred and fifty fine pacu and cartabac were lying dead upon the rocks around the pool, the victims of Indian prowess and poison.

During the whole proceeding I stood on the rocks at the upper end of the pool, and had a fine view of the scene, the finest part of which was to see the naked savage, in all his glory, drawing his bow with strength and ease and letting fly his arrows with unerring aim.

How curious it is that this poison, which kills the fish, should not have a deleterious effect upon its flesh. That it has not, is proved by the fact that fish procured by its aid are as good and wholesome food as when merely shot with the arrow or caught with hook and line. The process of cooking probably drives out or destroys the bad properties of the poison, as it does with the yam, which is said to be injurious if eaten uncooked. Boiling down the poisonous cassava juice likewise renders it innocuous. It may be, however, that this poison acts in some peculiar way without entering the tissues of the flesh.

THE PRINCESS BELLE STAR.

A FAIRY STORY.

ONCE upon a time there was a very beautiful princess, who, with all her goodness, was very capricious. She was engaged to be married to a very brave and accomplished prince, who would have risked his life at her slightest wish. She knew this so well that she sometimes imposed upon it. A fairy had told her that she never could marry the greatest prince in the world without she got three

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things—the laughing water, the singing apple, and the little green bird.

The laughing water had the property of making everybody who bathed their faces in it eternally beautiful. The singing apple gave out the most beautiful music, and cheered the spirits of all who heard it. The little green bird could tell everything that was going on in the world.

"You will never be perfectly happy until you possess all these three, and then you will gain the handsome Prince Tancred."

The fairy then told her that without she obtained these three things he would really never love her, and that also it was necessary that the prince should signalize his devotion for her by obtaining these gifts for her himself.

The fairy did this to test whether the prince was worthy of her favorite *protégée.*

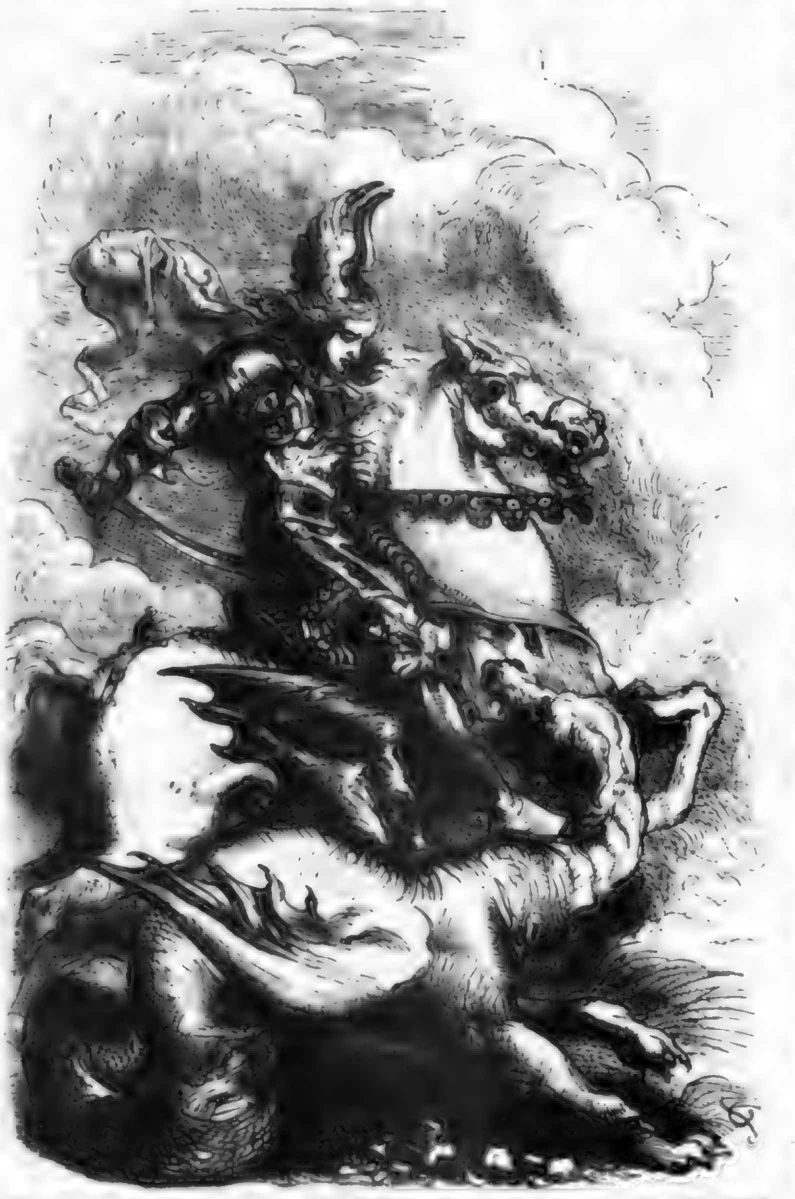
This made the princess very miserable, for the fairy had already told her that the accomplishment of these objects was attended with very great perils.

The prince was surprised when he saw her the next day plunged into such grief, and anxiously inquired the cause. Now, the princess had been taught by her mother always to speak the truth, and therefore candidly confessed what the fairy had told her.

"Be of good cheer," said the prince. "You shall have all these things."

The princess could only thank him with one of those loving looks which only a princess in a fairy story can give.

Now the prince had a fairy who had guarded over him from his birth, to whom, in his perplexity, he went.



THE PRINCESS BELLE STAR.—THE STRUGGLE WAS NOT LONG, FOR THE DOVE DARTED AT THE EYES OF THE DRAGON, AND PECKED THEM OUT."

She told him to go on his way, and trust to Providence.

Mounting his white horse in the early dawn, he galloped into the woods.

He had not gone far when he saw a hawk pursuing a dove. The prince, by his outcries and brandishing his whip, made the marauder pause, whilst the dove flew and nestled in his bosom. The hawk thereupon flew off.

To his surprise, the dove said:

"You have saved my life, and I will show you how to gain the object of your journey."

The prince was astonished, for he had never before heard a bird speak; he, however, accepted it as a good omen, and went on his way with renewed hopes, the dove perching on his horse's neck.

He had not gone far when the bird told him that the laughing waters were guarded by a terrible dragon, which he would have to overcome in fight. The prince was delighted to show his devotion to the lovely Belle Star, and mounting his horse, guided by the dove, he soon came to where the hideous reptile was stationed. The struggle was not long, for the dove darted at the eyes of the dragon and pecked them out. The prince then gathered some of the water.

"I will now go after the apple," said the dove, "while you can stay here and be grateful that your kindness to a poor bird has made it your friend."

The prince, more and more astonished, threw himself under the shade of a large oak, and fell asleep. He was awakened from a most delightful dream by the most delicious music. It came from the singing apple, which the bird had just brought from the enchanted garden.

"We now only want," said the prince, "the green bird, but you have done so much for me, my dear dove, that I do not like to tax your kindness any further."

"Wait a little while longer," said the bird, "and you will see how nature repays a kind action."

So saying, it flew away. Very soon afterward the prince looked up, and saw two birds flying toward him; one was the little dove, and the other a green parrot. The prince was loud in his acknowledgments, and offered all the treasure of his father's kingdom.

It is impossible to describe the delight of the Princess Belle Star when she saw her beloved prince return with the objects of his search.

When she had finished her congratulations the little dove transformed itself into a beautiful fairy, and thus addressed the princess:

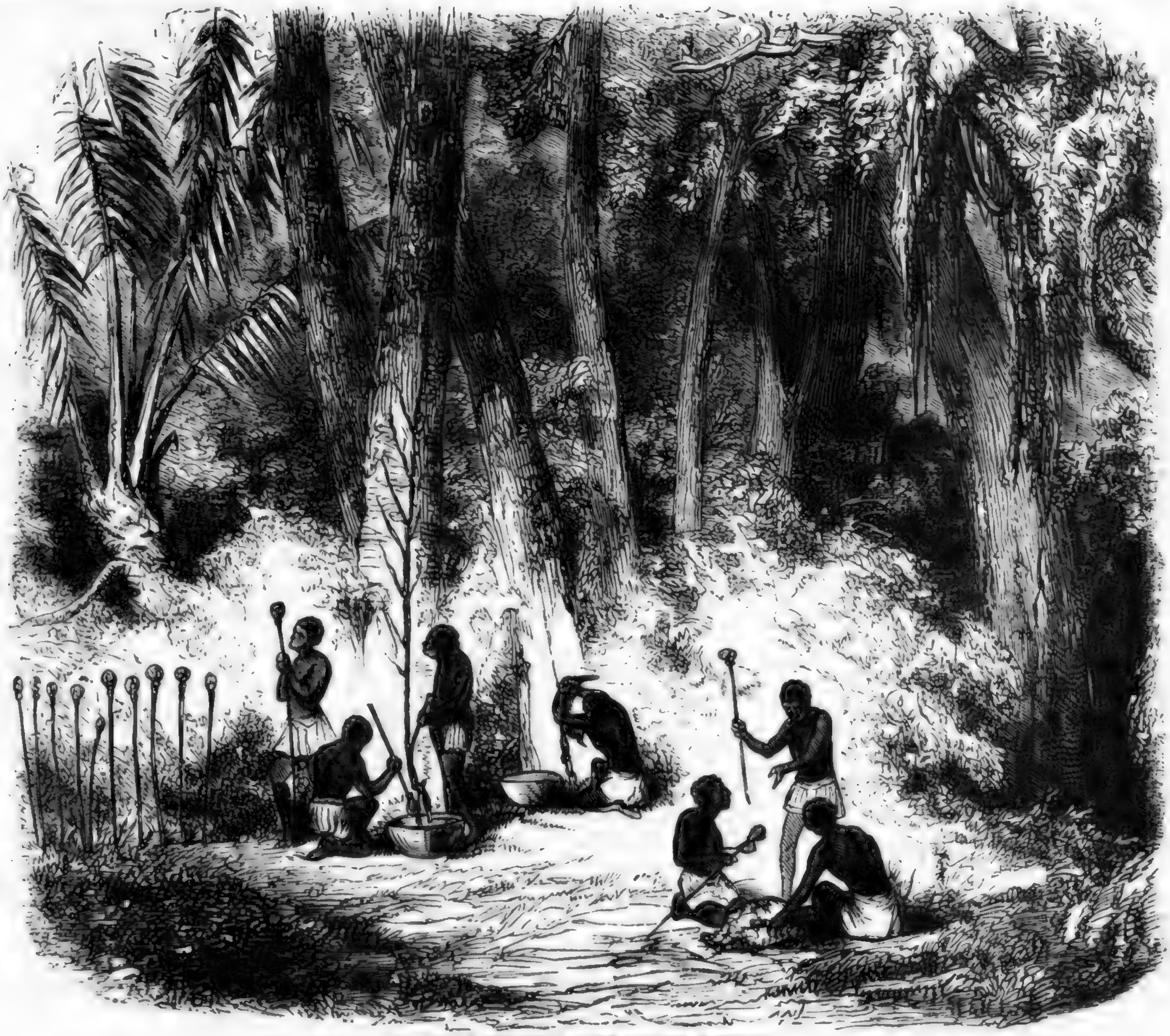
"Thanks to my guardian care, the prince has returned, safe and sound. When you are married, beware of testing his affection by sending him on such dangerous errands, lest you should lose him for ever."

Having said this she disappeared.

The prince and princess were married, and reigned for many years very happy and contented.

Success has a great tendency to conceal and throw a vail over the deeds of men.

We talk little, if we do not talk about ourselves.



BRAZILIAN INDIANS MAKING RUBBER BOTTLES.

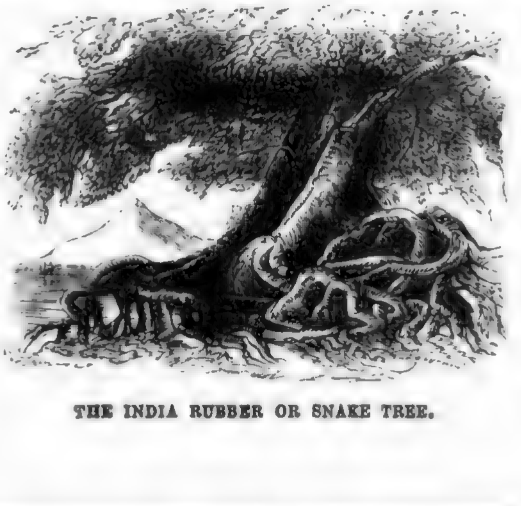
INDIA RUBBER AND GUTTA-PERCHA.

THEIR HISTORY, OCCURRENCE AND MANUFACTURE.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph.D.

The history of india rubber and of its applications to industry affords one of the most interesting and instructive chapters in the development of the arts. The first European writer who mentions its existence appears to have been a Spaniard, Herrera, who, in his account of the second voyage of Christopher Columbus, says, in speaking of the natives of Hayti, one of the first islands discovered by the great Genoese navigator, that "Among their amusements is a game at ball, in which they show marvelous dexterity. They form opposite groups and throw the ball back and forth by a certain propulsion which they give to their bodies, and execute various movements with great address and agility. The balls are made of the sap of a tree, very light, and rebounding more than the Castilian bladders."

Whence these balls were obtained appears to have been unknown to this writer, and it was not until 1615 that Torquemada published more definite information on the subject. He describes a tree which furnishes an abundance of liquid, white like milk, viscous and gummy, and which flows from any cut or fracture of the bark. The natives, he says, were in the habit of collecting this sap in calabashes. In these vessels the liquid acquires greater consistence, and finally assumes the shape that may be desired. It appears to be evident that the material here referred to was what is now known as india rubber; but the description was very defective, and it was not until the celebrated French traveler, M. de la Condamine, made his voyage down the Amazon in 1736, that authentic and scientific accounts of the wonderful substance became known to Europeans. It is well known that at this time the French Academy of Sciences sent out two expeditions to determine the exact shape of the earth by careful measurements made near the pole and equator. The party to the equator



THE INDIA RUBBER OR SNAKE TREE.

was under the direction of De la Condamine and Bouguer. While the astronomers of the party were engaged in measuring an arc of the meridian, De la Condamine occupied himself in the study of the natural productions of the country, and it was thus that he became acquainted with the wonderful sap which the natives gathered from certain kinds of trees. He says of this substance that "it is a peculiar resin which flows from trees growing in different parts of America, and is known under the name of *caout-chou* or *cachuchu;* the tree is called *hyevee* by the natives, and *ievé* by the Spaniards. The tree yields by incisions a liquid resembling milk, which gradually hardens in the air. The inhabitants make torches of it, an inch and a half in diameter and three feet long, which burn brilliantly without wicking; in burning, the flambeaux give out a disagreeable odor. In the province of Quito the inhabitants make roofing from the gum; also a great variety of objects, imitations of fruits, birds, beautiful balls, which they make rebound great distances without fracturing them, and which resume their original shape after coming to rest. They also make shoes of one piece, which are entirely impervious to water."

De la Condamine brought a quantity of the curious substance to Europe, and it was examined by many chemists. One of them, M. Macguer, was the first to dissolve the resin in ether, and to apply the solution to the interior of molds, and he says of it: "The solidity of this material, its elasticity, its property to resist water or other liquids, would render it useful in the manufacture of tubing, and for the belting of machinery." This was toward the end of the eighteenth century.

The navigator Magellan, in a letter to Valmont de Bomare, written in 1770, speaks of the use made by artists in England of the gum as a substitute for bread to erase pencil-marks. It was this property of erasing drawings that first attracted the attention of English travelers and gave the name of india rubber to the substance—a name which can very well be retained instead of the high-sounding *caoutchouc*, the orthography and pronunciation of which must always be in doubt. It is also interesting in the history of this substance that so trifling a use should at first have been suggested for a substance which was destined to become an almost indispensable article of commerce.

During the last years of the eighteenth century many attempts were made in England and France to find new uses of the elastic gum. In 1790 elastic ligatures were made of it, and in 1791 Grassart cut thin sections, which he wound around glass rods, and thus made into tubing. Solutions of the material were made in the oil obtained by the distillation of rubber, for protecting cables and other purposes, but previous to 1820 the application of india rubber was almost entirely confined to erasing lead marks, and the demand for it was very limited.

In 1821 two very important inventions were made in France and England, which gave a new impulse to the rubber industry. In the former country the material was woven into fabrics, and in the latter, by means of solvents, it was introduced between layers of cloth. It is to Mackintosh, a manufacturer of Manchester, that we owe the introduction of the waterproof clothing which has since rendered the name of the inventor celebrated over the world. He succeeded in making an emulsion of the rubber by means of turpentine or benzole, which was not sufficiently fluid to run through the texture of the fabric, and could be spread upon it without loss. In this way articles of clothing were prepared which were entirely impermeable to water, and which were perfectly satisfactory in warm weather, but which were useless in very cold weather, as they became brittle as parchment, and as unhandy as a coat of mail. A further invention was necessary before an entirely satisfactory article could be produced. In France the attention of manufacturers was chiefly confined to the spinning of rubber threads, which could afterward be woven into fabrics impermeable to water. This was in a measure successful, and was carried on to considerable extent at Rouen.

It was not until 1842 that a veritable revolution was accomplished in the rubber industry, by the invention of what was called the process of vulcanization. Since that time the chief progress has been in improved methods of working this process, and in the production of ebonite and other articles known to the trade. India rubber, in its natural state, has two serious defects—it loses its elasticity in the cold, and sticks when freshly cut. These two fundamental evils disappear under the process of vulcanization. It is to Charles Goodyear that the world owes the invention of the vulcanization of india rubber. He was engaged in the business, and being an observing man, was constantly alert to any new discovery. It was his opinion that to make the manufacture complete it would only be necessary to restore to the gum its natural qualities; in this way he would get rid of the deleterious effects produced by the action of solvents in the re-manufacture. He was therefore much pleased one day to find in the market several barrels of caoutchouc sap, which had been kept from coagulation by some mysterious agent. He made some remarks to his workmen about the possible use of this sap, and was not a little astonished the next morning to find one of the men appearing before him with his lower extremities encased in a fine pair of rubber breeches. This man had taken advantage of the suggestion, and had dipped his breeches in the sap. His face beamed all over with smiles as he sat down by the fire to his daily task of mixing gum, and recounted to his employer the baptism of his ancient apparel in the barrel of sap; but his pleasure was of short duration, for when he attempted to rise he not only found himself cemented to the seat, but discovered that his two legs had entered into very close partnership, and he was forced to undergo a process of peeling. This experiment satisfied Goodyear that "adhesiveness was a property which belonged to the native gum, and was not the consequence of imperfect manufacture."

We cannot, in this place, give an account of all of Mr. Goodyear's trials and experiments in his endeavor to discover some means of preventing the decomposition and adhesiveness of rubber goods, but must confine ourselves to an account of the circumstances which were immediately connected with his invaluable discovery.

In the Summer of 1838 Mr. Goodyear became acquainted with Nathaniel Hayward, who had been employed as foreman of the Eagle Company, at Woburn, where he had made use of sulphur by impregnating the solvent with it. It was through him that Mr. Goodyear received the first knowledge of the use of sulphur as a dryer of india rubber. Mr. Goodyear purchased the claim for combining sulphur with india rubber, for which a patent was taken out February 24th, 1839. This claim was for the use of sulphur, and not for the heating and vulcanizing process, which was subsequently discovered. Mr. Goodyear manufactured a large lot of goods containing sulphur, but they all decomposed in a short time. While experimenting upon some of the material, after the failure of the compound, to ascertain the effect of heat upon it, he was surprised to find that the specimens, being carelessly brought in contact with a hot stove, charred like leather. He inferred from this that if the process of charring could be stopped at the right point, it might divest the gum of its native adhesiveness. Upon further trial he was convinced of the correctness of this inference by finding that india rubber could not be melted in boiling sulphur, at any heat ever so great, but always charred. On heating one of his specimens before an open fire, he noticed upon the edge of the charred portions of the fabric a line, or border, that was not charred, but perfectly cured. His discovery was now made, and it only remained to reduce it to practice.

It was in the year 1842 that overshoes were sent to Europe which were perfectly adapted to daily usage. They did not harden in Winter, freshly-cut surfaces did not adhere together, their elasticity was constant, and they were absolutely impermeable to moisture. These goods obtained an immense success in France and England. The European manufacturers were piqued at not having succeeded as well, and as Goodyear had failed to take out a patent abroad, many of them set to work to try to discover the secret of the invention.

There was at Newington, near London, a manufacturer of india rubber, Thomas Hancock, who was as well known in Great Britain as Goodyear was in America. For a number of years he had been at work on improvements, and when he received the perfected goods made by Goodyear, he was resolved to penetrate the secret; and it was his knowledge of chemistry that enabled him to succeed. He discovered in the ashes of the American goods large traces of sulphates mixed with carbonate of lead, and on subjecting the same articles to destructive distillation he found native sulphur. Starting from these premises, Thomas Hancock soon succeeded in penetrating the secret of Goodyear's invention. Goodyear's process consisted substantially in causing sulphur to act upon india rubber at a very elevated temperature. Hancock recognized that a belt of rubber dipped in fused sulphur, and exposed to a high temperature, no longer became hard in the cold, or adhered in fresh surfaces, while its elasticity was considerably increased. Thus transformed in its fundamental properties by the united action of heat and sulphur, the gum could very properly have been simply called sulphurized rubber, but Hancock preferred to express all this in one word, and recalling the fact that brimstone is found in volcanoes or is emblematic of Vulcan's forge, he proposed the choice of volcano or Vulcan as sponsor for the new invention—the people chose Vulcan as the patron saint of the process, and hence the word vulcanization, instead of volcanization.

Unfortunately Goodyear had depended upon secrecy as a sufficient protection, and had failed to patent his invention in England. While he was negotiating with Mackintosh, Hancock made haste to take advantage of this oversight, and thus the English market was closed to the enterprising American. The misfortunes of Goodyear in his attempts to obtain pecuniary rewards for his great discovery are matters of history. It is too often the case that the greatest benefactors of our race meet with no recognition during their lives, and it is not until long after their death that some sculptured monument tells the story of their imperishable services.

Charles Goodyear was born in New Haven, Conn., December 29th, 1800, and died in New York, July 1st, 1860. He was at first engaged in the hardware business, but after the failure of his firm he selected, as a new occupation, the manufacture of india rubber. The first important improvement made by him was in New York in 1836, being a method of depriving rubber of its adhesiveness by dipping it into a preparation of nitric acid. The process met with great favor, especially in the manufacture of shoes, which continued to be made by it in great numbers at Providence, R. I., until it was superseded by the superior method of vulcanization. Subsequently Goodyear hit upon the sulphurization process, as we have seen, and thus completed the invention.

The first publication of the process of vulcanization was Goodyear's patent for France, dated April 16th, 1844. The French laws require that the patentee shall put and keep his invention in public use in France within two years from its date. Goodyear endeavored to comply with this and with all other requirements of the French laws, and thought he had effectually done so; but the courts of France decided that he had not complied in every particular, and that therefore his patent had become void. He was equally unfortunate in England, for, having opened negotiations with Charles Mackintosh for the sale of the secret, one of the partners of that firm, named Thomas Hancock, availing himself of the hints and opportunities thus presented to him, rediscovered, as he affirmed and as we have described, the process, to which he gave the name of vulcanization. Goodyear, however, obtained the great Council medal of the Great Exhibition of 1851, the grand medal of honor at Paris in 1855, and the Cross of the Legion of Honor from Napoleon III. These testimonials seemed to establish his fame as the inventor of vulcanization, but they failed to bring him that pecuniary reward to which he was eminently entitled.

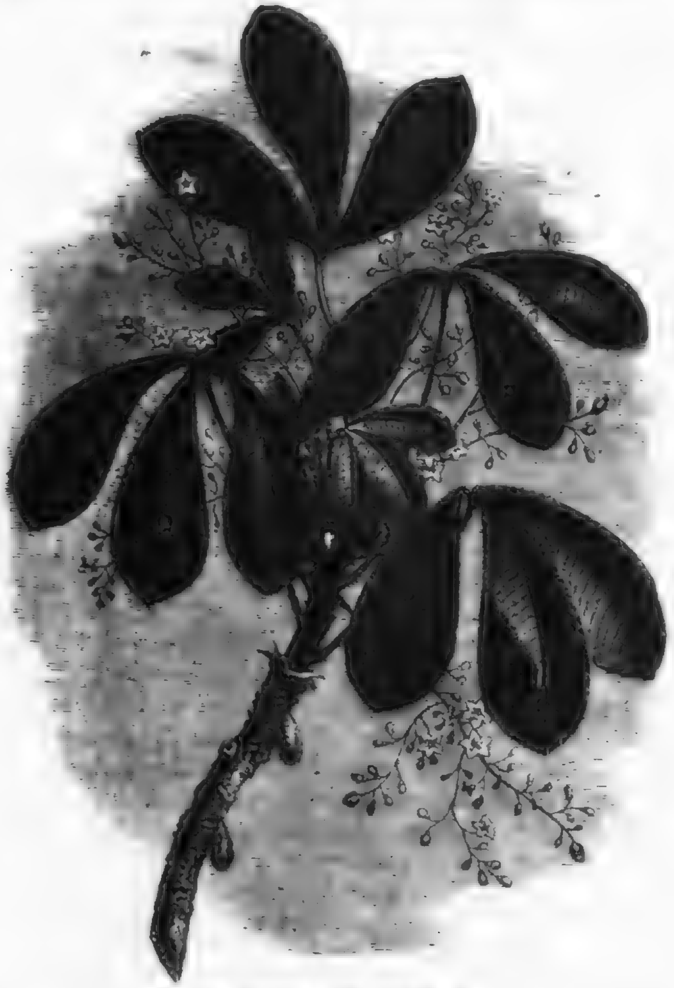
To go back again in the history of the rubber industry, it may be worth while to mention that in 1825 Thomas C. Wales, a merchant of Boston, introduced the original Para overshoe in its rough state, as made by the Indians of Brazil, and soon caused an improvement in its shape by sending the native shoemakers American lasts. In 1828 nearly half a million india rubber overshoes were exported from Brazil to Europe and the United States.

In 1832, Wait Webster, of New York, received a patent for attaching soles to gum elastic boots and shoes, and the next year similar patents were granted to Nathaniel Ruggles of Bridgeport, Conn. In 1833 boots were exhibited at the Fair of the American Institute, by J. M. Hood, of New York, which had been made here and sent to South America to be varnished with the fresh juice of the caoutchouc-tree.

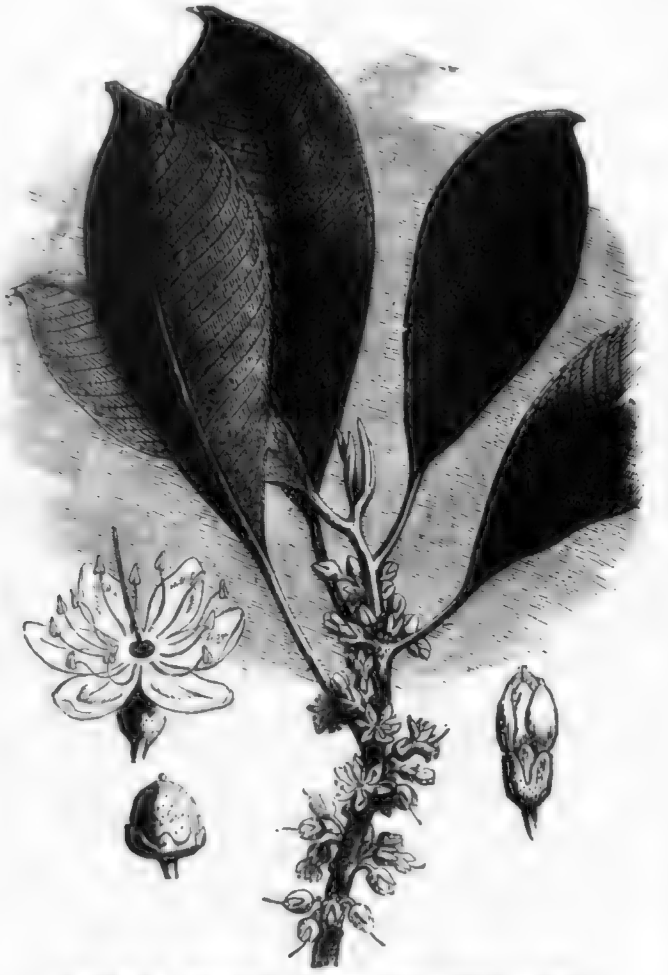
The Roxbury India Rubber Company, chartered in 1833, was the first in the United States to manufacture waterproof clothing. They made shoes, coats, life preservers, and carriage traces, covering them with caoutchouc dissolved in some essential oil, spirits of turpentine being principally used. Other companies were soon chartered, and competition became rife, until we reach the year 1835, when Charles Goodyear appeared upon the scene, and soon revolutionized the entire business.

Having brought the history of the manufacture of india rubber up to the present time, it may be well to give an account of the origin of the raw material. The plants which yield caoutchouc are restricted to three natural orders, namely: 1. *Euphorbiacæ*, represented by several species of lofty trees *(hœvia* or *siphonia)* inhabiting the hot and humid valleys of the Amazon. 2. *Artocarpaceæ*, comprising several varieties of *ulé*-trees *(castilloa elastica*, etc.*)*, ranging from the Gulf of Mexico to Guayaquil; a number of species of fig-trees *(ficus elastica*, etc.*)* occurring in northeastern Hindostan, Farther India, Java, and Northern Australia. 3. *Apocynacæ*, represented by *hancornia* in Southern Brazil; *Candolphia*, in Equatorial Africa; *vahea*, in Madagascar, and *urceola* in Malacca and Borneo; all except the first named being climbing vines and shrubs.

The finest variety of caoutchouc comes from Para, where



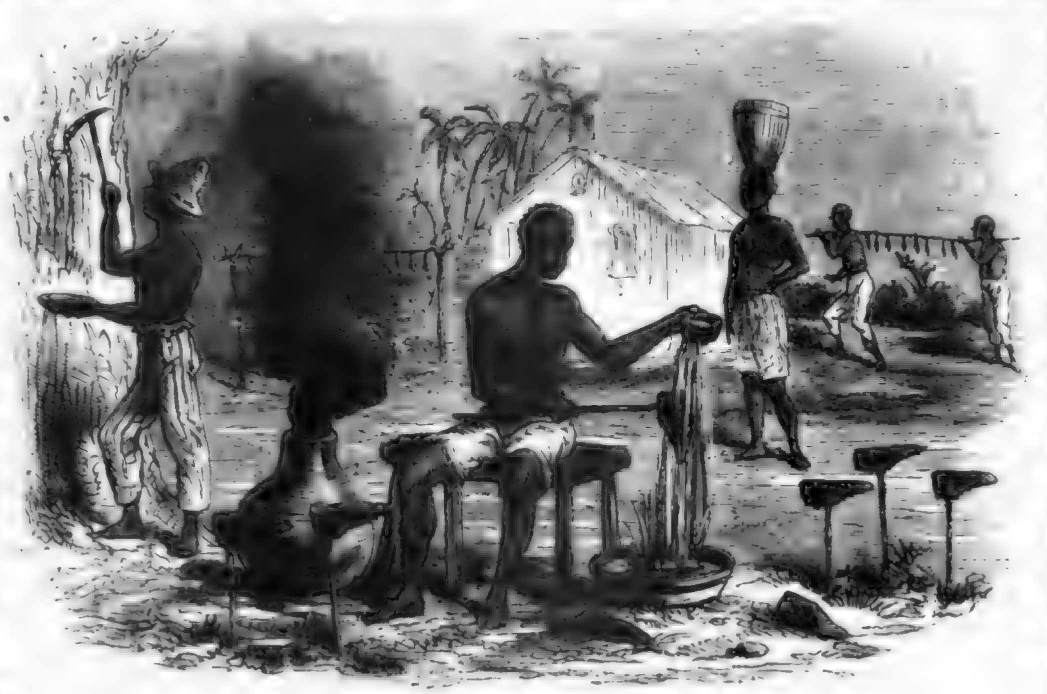
THE RUBBER TREE OF BRAZIL.



BRANCH OF ISONANDRA GUTTA—GUTTA-PERCHA TREE.

the harvest begins in August and continues until January or February. When it flows from the trees the milk has the consistency and color of cream, but it soon curdles by the separation of the gum from the whey-like liquid in which it is suspended. The trees are usually tapped in the evening and the milk collected in the morning. The native method of preparing the raw material for the market is to evaporate the milk over molds of wood or clay by means of artificial heat tempered by the smoke of roasting nuts. The milk is poured over the mold and hardened in successive layers; then, when a sufficient thickness has been obtained, the mass is cut through on one side and the mold removed, leaving a pouch, the parent of the original rubber shoe. By European manufacturers the milk is coagulated by the use of alum-water or ammonia, and the rubber hardened by pressure; a better way, in that it allows the manufacturing to be done away from the scene of collection, which is always unhealthy.

The Para rubber appears in market in several forms: "biscuits," or flat pouches, made by dipping and smoking with round molds; "bottles," made in the same manner, over molds of corresponding shape; "nigger heads," or solid balls, sometimes a foot in diameter, made by rolling small pieces together; and lastly, as loose scrap. Para caoutchouc, being stronger, purer, and more enduring than any other, is indispensable for articles requiring great strength and elasticity, such as springs of railway-cars, and the like. An article of similar quality, but less pure, is that known commercially as "Ceara scrap." It comes in the form of balls or blocks, made up of reddish-brown string-like pieces rolled together. Both are the products of the *hævia*. The same trees also abound in French Guiana, Ven-

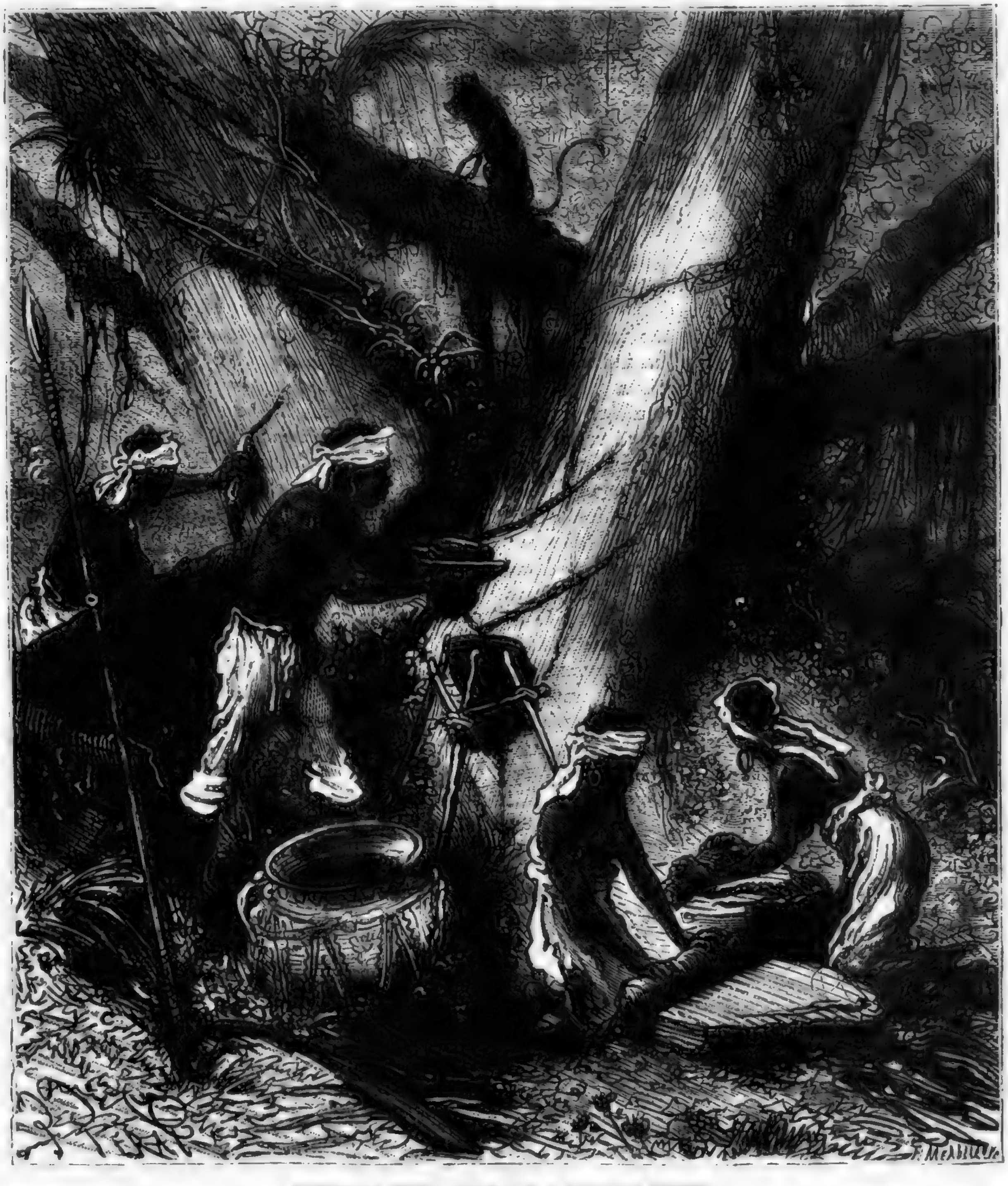


INDIANS MAKING RUBBER SHOES.

ezuela, and Eastern Peru, in the dense, moist forests along the river valleys.

The second in rank among the producers of caoutchouc is the *ulé*-tree, which abounds throughout Central America and Western South America as far south as Peru. Two, perhaps three, species are tapped. They thrive best in thick, damp, warm forests, growing to perfection in the basins of Lake Nicaragua and Managua. The milk flows at all seasons, but is best in April. A tree 18 inches in diameter, skillfully tapped, will yield about 20 gallons of milk, giving 50 pounds of rubber. The milk is usually coagulated by the addition of certain plants, the caoutchouc separating as a soft brown mass, smelling like new cheese. It is then taken out of the brown liquid, in which it was suspended, and pressed into cakes weighing about two pounds each. Sometimes the caoutchouc is allowed to separate spontaneously, which occurs after the milk has stood half a day or so, and is then left to dry for a fortnight before pressing. At other times, the milk is simply poured upon prepared ground, where the watery part is absorbed or evaporated. It is sent to market in cakes called *tortillas* or *meros*, in balls or *cabezza*, and in *bolas* formed by the natural drying of the milk in the cuts made in the trees. The last variety is especially prized.

Six or eight hundred gatherers are employed in the San Juan district of Nicaragua, and as many as two thousand in the neighborhood of Panama, where the trees are cut down to obtain the caoutchouc. Greytown, Nicaragua, is the principal port for the export of india rubber on the coast. It is collected by parties of Indians (Caribs, or half-caste Creoles), seldom by Europeans, to whom the dealers, who are also shopkeepers, advance the necessary outfit of food, clothing and apparatus for the work on condition of receiving the whole of the rubber at a fixed price. The rubber-hunters are called *uleros*, "*ulé*" being the Creole term for rubber. A party of uleros, after a final debauch at Greytown, having expended all their remaining cash, generally make a start in a canoe for one of the rivers or streams which abound on the coast, and having fixed on a convenient spot for a camp, commence operations. The



GATHERING GUTTA-PERCHA IN A MALAYAN FOREST.

captain of the expedition marks out all the trees in the neighborhood. The rubber-tree here grows to a great size, being on an average about four feet in diameter, and from twenty to thirty feet to the first branches. From all the trees in the almost impenetrable jungle hang numerous trailing parasites, lianes, etc.; from these, and especially the tough vines, are made rude ladders, which are suspended close to the trunks of the trees selected, which are now slashed by *machetes* in diagonal cuts from right to left, so as to meet in the middle and central channels, which lead into iron gutters driven in below and then again into the wooden pails. The pails are soon full of the white milk, and are emptied into larger tin pans. The milk is then passed through a sieve, and subsequently coagulated by a judicious application of the juice of a *bejuca* vine. The coagulated mass is then pressed by hand, and finally rolled out on a board with a wooden roller. The rubber has now assumed the form of a large pancake, nearly two feet in diameter and about a quarter of an inch thick, on account of which they are termed *tortillas* by the uleros. These cakes are hung over the side-poles and framework which support the *rancho* (which is erected in the woods), and allowed to dry for about a fortnight, when they are ready to be packed for delivery to the dealer.

The New Grenada product, known to the trade as Carthagenia, comes in sheets three-fourths of an inch in thickness, and is of good quality, though sometimes tarry from admixture with gum from the wood, the result of unskillful tapping. Guayaquil caoutchouc is very irregular in quality, the best kinds being of whitish color, and prepared in flakes or lumps. The poorer varieties are spongy, and saturated with a disagreeable black liquid, which stains the hands and sickens the workmen who use it. The best of the Central American brands is that known as West India, though not a product of the islands. The finest quality comes in blocks made of thin sheets, and is of great purity. Guatemala caoutchouc is the poorest. It is prepared like the West India, but is spoilt by tarry matter. The remaining caoutchouc region of America comprises the high plateau of Southern Brazil, between 18° and 12° south latitude. It affords a good quality, known as Pernambuco, obtained from several varieties of *hancornia.* These trees grow to the size of the apple-tree, with small leaves and drooping branches, which give them the appearance of the weeping birch. The milk is not much collected, the trees being much valued for their fruit, which is held in high estimation.

The principal caoutchouc tree of Asia is the *Ficus elastica,* which flourishes chiefly in Assam, Farther India, Java, Sumatra and Australia, north of the isothermal of 70° Fahrenheit. In many parts of the Assam district the trees have been destroyed by reckless tapping, and, still worse, reckless felling of them to render the operation of tapping more convenient. When properly bled in the month of August, an average tree yields about fifteen ounces of pure caoutchouc. During the cold season, from October to March, the milk is scantier, but richer than during the warmer months. That which flows from the branches is allowed to dry on the trees, that from the trunk and roots is collected in holes in the ground and in large leaves rolled funnelwise and prepared artificially. The milk is either poured into the boiling water and stirred until it is stiff enough to be handled, or it is mixed with water in a tank, and allowed to stand until the caoutchouc separates, and floats like cream on the surface. It is then boiled over a slow fire until it coagulates, when it is taken out and pressed, after which it is boiled again, pressed, dried in the sun and washed with lime. It is sent to market in baskets of split rattan, holding about 300 weight. Assam caoutchouc has a peculiar mottled appearance, the color ranging from cream color to a bright pink. It is seldom pure, the admixture of bark or sooty matter amounting, sometimes, to a third of its weight. Several years ago William Griffith, an Englishman, published a report upon the caoutchouc-tree of Assam, at the request of Captain Jenkins, the agent of the Governor-General of India, in which he says the tree is either solitary or in two or three-fold groups; is large and umbrageous, and may be distinguished from other trees at a distance of several miles by the picturesque appearance of its dense and lofty crown. The main trunk of one measured 74 feet in circumference, and the area covered by its expanded branches had a circumference of 610 feet. The height of the central tree was 100 feet. It has been estimated that there are over 43,000 such trees in the district of Chardaar, in an area of 30 miles in length and 8 in width.

Singapore caoutchouc, the product of surrounding countries—Java, Sumatra, China, Manilla, the Malay Peninsula and Penang—is chiefly from the *ficus elastica.* Some bearing the same name comes from Borneo, Sumatra and Malacca, and is the product of the vine *urceola elastica,* a climbing plant of rapid growth and great size, often attaining a length of two hundred yards, and the thickness of a man's body. The vine is usually cut into small pieces, for the convenient extraction of the milk, the flow being hastened at times by applying heat to one side of the sticks or billets. The caoutchouc is separated by the action of salt, which causes the particles to coalesce. When fresh, the Borneo caoutchouc is white, soft and spongy; the pores are generally filled with salt water and whey. When dry and old the color changes to a dull pink or red, and the quality is inferior.

The caoutchouc of Madagascar, also obtained from a vine, is of excellent quality. It is prepared by treatment of salt water, and also by artificial heat. It is largely used in France, and ranks next to the Para in price. Equatorial Africa is next in rubber-yielding vines and trees, but its resources are but slightly developed. The collection and preparation is conducted in the most slovenly manner, the caoutchouc being largely mixed with gum from the wood, which spoils the product. African caoutchouc is received in the form of flakes, round balls and tongues. It is sticky, has a bad odor, and but little elasticity. The chief districts whence it is exported are the Gaboon, Congo, Angola, Benguela and Zambesi.

According to Dr. Adriani the juice of the *ficus elastica* contains:

Water	82.30
Caoutchouc	9.57
Resin	1.58
Magnesia combined with organic acid	4.19
A substance like sugar	0.36
A substance like dextrine	2.18
	100.48

Pure caoutchouc, freshly prepared and subjected to no influence which might give it an artificial color, is white and translucent. According to Mr. Pagen we find in commerce the following varieties: 1. White, opaque, in more or less voluminous masses. 2. Leaves or irregular plates, somewhat yellowish and transparent. 3. Another kind in thick plates, or spherical, hollow or solid masses of a brownish gray color, and opaque. 4. Brown of the same form, more or less transparent, and yellowish in their sections.

Thin laminæ of caoutchouc under a microscope show irregular pores communicating with each other. It takes a long time to eliminate water from thick masses of the gum, since the exterior pores contract in drying, and thus retard the dessication of the interior. The color of commercial rubber was at first attributed to minutely divided soot derived from the smoke of the smoldering fires over which the milky juice is sometimes evaporated. Mr. Archer, however, says that the change is due to the action of oxygenated light, as he discovered by importing some in different colored bottles. If a strip of caoutchouc be cut and the edges be firmly pressed together, they will unite.

Rubber is a non-conductor of electricity, and develops the latter by friction. It melts at 248° Fah., and endures a much higher heat without further change. At 398° Fah. it begins to fume, and is converted into a viscid mass which no longer dries up. At a few degrees below 32° Fah., it contracts and becomes very hard. The characteristic property of the substance is its elasticity and extensibility. The specific gravity of the gum ranges from 0.92 to 0.94, according to purity. Caoutchouc is a hydrocarbon, and contains, in a pure state:

	URE.	FARADAY.	WILLIAMS.
Carbon	90	87.2	87.3
Hydrogen	10	12.8	12.1
	100.	100.	99.4

By destructive distillation caoutchouc yields a clear yellow liquid oil, called by Graham "caoutchine"—having no fixed boiling point, and therefore being a mixture of different volatile principles. The distillation proceeds most freely at temperatures between 350–390° Fah., and seems almost stationary at 385° Fah. India rubber resists the action of many chemical re-agents. Nitric acid aided by heat decomposes it, but hydrochloric acid does not attack it. Chlorine and sulphurous acid have no action on it. Naphtha and benzole dissolve rubber, but alcohol does not. Arhydremy ether, free from alcohol, is said by Dumas to be its best solvent. Caoutchouc dissolves completely in twenty parts of bisulphide of carbon, leaving the gum, on evaporation, transparent and elastic. Well-rectified oil of turpentine dissolves it freely.

Having noticed the discovery of india rubber, and mentioned its botanical and geographical sources, and described its physical and chemical properties, we may properly pass to an account of its manufacture. The manufacture of rubber goods may be carried on in two ways: 1, by direct mechanical treatment of the gum after simple washing; 2, by dissolving the gum in some solvent which on evaporation would leave a film on any surface over which it had been spread. By the former method, suspenders, etc., were manufactured, consisting of rubber threads protected by cotton, silk, or other material; by the latter method were made goods in which considerable surface had to be covered, such as overcoats, blankets, etc. It was soon found that goods manufactured in the above manner, especially by solution in turpentine, decomposed on exposure to warm weather, and were a total loss. The Mackintosh goods, made in England, were less liable to damage by decomposition, because the gum was protected by being spread between two cloths. Even in these goods, however, the gum was found to melt and penetrate through the meshes of the cloth in a warm climate, and they proved defective. All of these circumstances gradually led to the improvements introduced by Goodyear, and copied by Hancock.

Charles Goodyear's first patent was issued June 15th, 1844, and a re-issue was granted December 25th, 1849. In the latter, he says, with reference to india rubber: "When compounded with sulphur by the application of a high degree of heat, I obtained good results; and when compounded with sulphur and the carbonate of lead, I obtained the best results." He gives the following as the proportions which he has found to answer best: India rubber, 25; sulphur, 5; white lead, 7, parts, by weight.

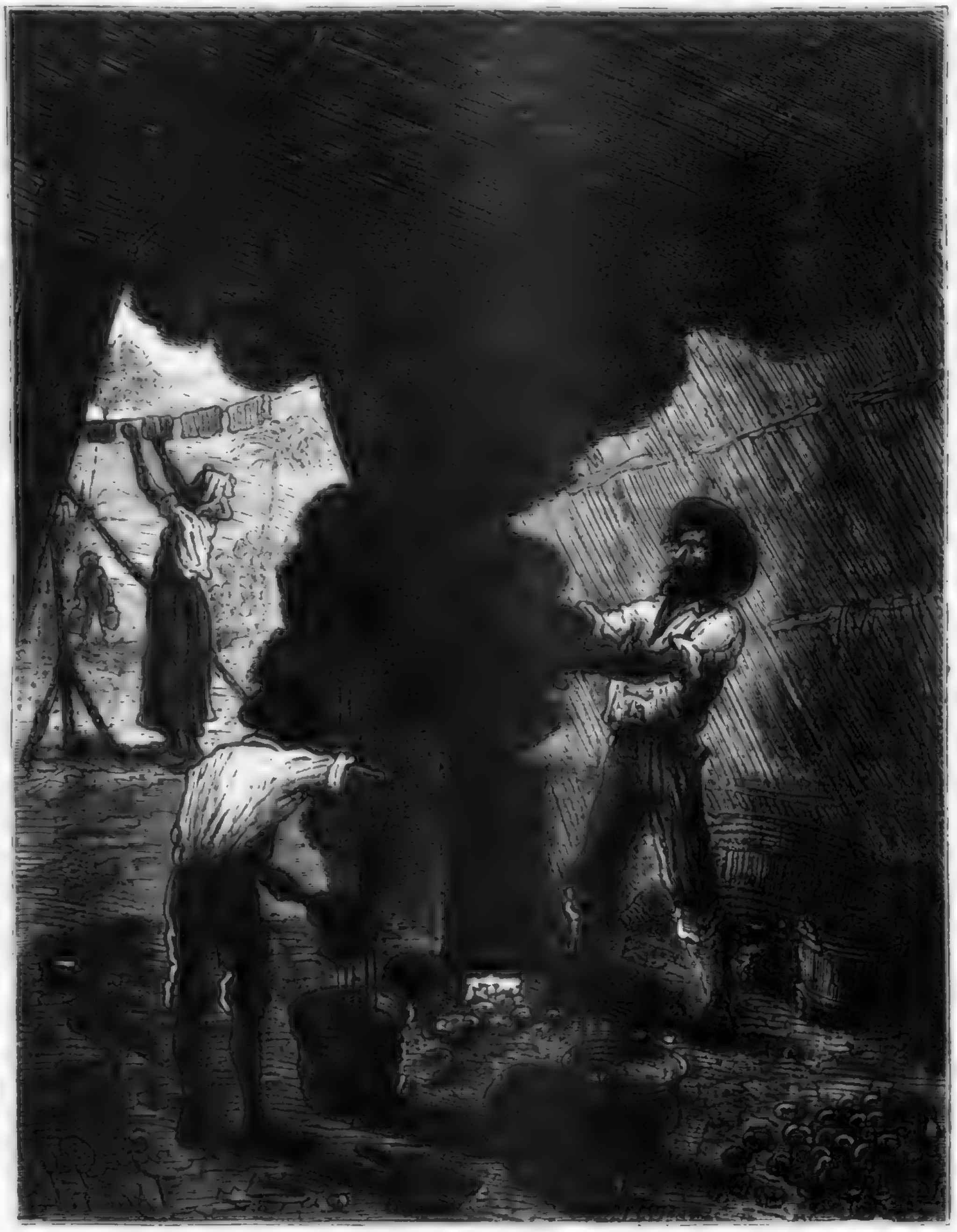
Goodyear's patent describes the methods employed for making the mixture of ingredients, but the process has undergone so many important changes since its invention, both in the preparation of the crude material and in the process of adding the sulphur, that it is scarcely worth while to devote any more space to its description.

The most approved method, and the one described in the later works on the subject, is essentially as follows: The crude material is placed in a large vat of water, which is kept boiling by the introduction of jets of steam. In a vat which will contain about three hogsheads, 200 or 300 pounds of rubber may be immersed. The clay and dirt are softened as well as the rubber, which latter swells and increases in elasticity and pliability. A mass of it, say from ten to twenty pounds, is then taken and thrown upon a pair of strong fluted cast-iron cylinders, between which it is masticated into small pieces, and washed by streams of hot water which fall upon it from a perforated horizontal pipe. It is then transferred to a machine having a pair of smooth cylinders in place of the fluted ones, and there it is exposed to an enormous pressure, which packs the pieces together in the form of a mat. These machines are called washing, masticating, and compressing machines. When the mat is sufficiently compacted and washed it is taken to a drying-room, a warm chamber heated by steam, where it is allowed to remain from four to six weeks, until it is thoroughly dry, as the slightest trace of moisture deteriorates the quality of the goods. When perfectly dry the rubber is taken to the mill-room, and passed successively through three mills. The mat retains its continuity, but the position of the fibres is changed. All of the mills are of similar construction to those previously used, except that in each machine one cylinder is made to revolve twice as rapidly as the other, in consequence of which the material is thoroughly ground and mixed. The cylinders are hollow, and are supplied with steam, which keeps them at about 220° Fah. in the first mill, and at a little lower temperature in the other two. After leaving the first mill the mixture of sulphur and white lead and other ingredients begins, by throwing them in proper proportions on the sheet while it is passing down between the heated cylinders. The mixing at first causes disintegration and the separation of the material into shreds; but union is speedily re-established, and the mass again becomes homogeneous, and will retain its pliability and elasticity after cooling. It is now ready to be transferred to cloth, by passing through further machines, called calenders, and its subsequent treatment depends upon the applications to be made of it.

One of the most important steps is the vulcanization of the rubber, by exposing it in suitable vessels to the action of steam at about 240° Fah. When rubber, previously treated as above described, is confined in a cylinder at this temperature for eight or ten hours, the true vulcanization or union of the caoutchouc with the sulphur takes place, accompanied with the disengagement of sulphuretted hydrogen gas. This is one of the most important steps of the process, as upon it, as well as upon the mixing of the ingredients, depend the strength and elasticity of the product. The heat should be raised gradually, and maintained at a determined point till the vulcanization is completed, and then should be immediately withdrawn.

In the manufacture of ebonite a much larger proportion of sulphur is used; and in the cheaper goods, when great strength is not required, various earthy substances are employed; but sulphur and rubber alone, when properly mingled and raised to the required degree of heat, produce the best article. The temperature necessary to effect the proper result varies with the proportion of the ingredients, and ranges from 250° to something over 300° Fah., according to the time employed.

Vulcanized caoutchouc, under the name of hard rubber or ebonite, has of late years been applied to a great variety of uses—among which may be mentioned optical and surgical instruments, brushes, combs, watch cases, buttons, ornaments of all kinds; but in some of these it has to compete with the new article called celluloid, and produced from gun-cotton. It is difficult to obtain accurate statistics of the amount of india rubber annually imported into the United States, and of the value of the articles manufactured from it. Approximately we may state that 20,000,000 pounds are brought into the country every year, and that goods of the value of $20,000,000 are manufactured. The business has reached equal proportions in Great Britain, and is very large in Germany and France, so that the total consumption of raw material is at present enormous, and leads to just apprehension that the supply may be exhausted, unless greater care is observed in its exportation.

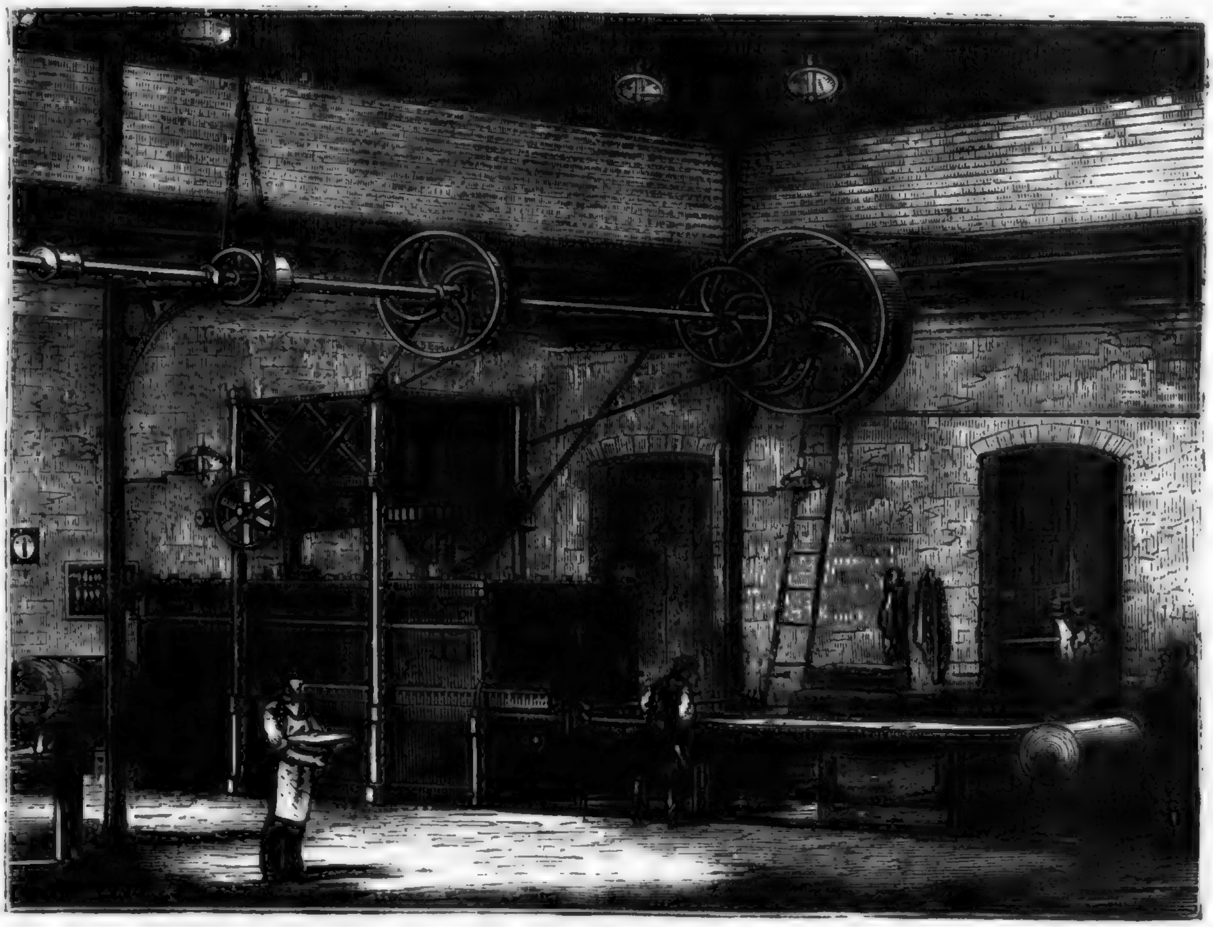


EVAPORATING CAOUTCHOUC SAP OVER NUT FIRES IN BRAZIL.

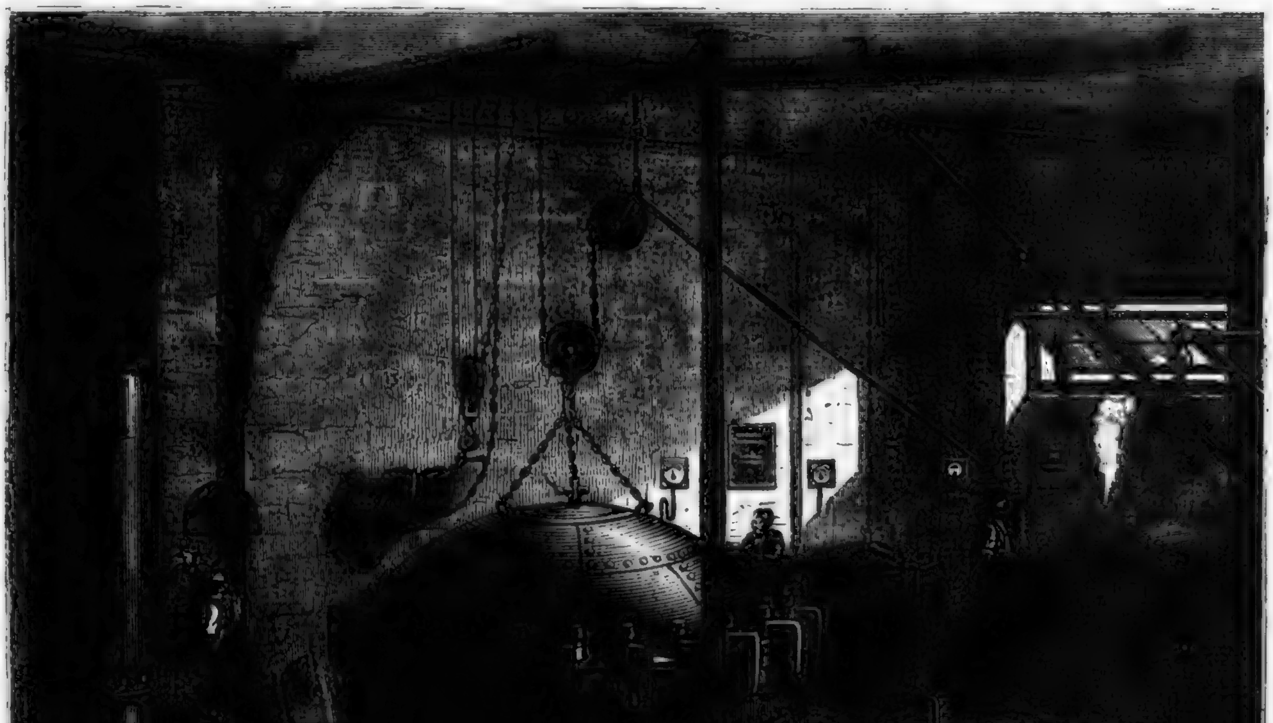
An account of india rubber would scarcely be complete without mentioning at the same time gutta-percha. Our knowledge of the latter substance is of comparatively recent date, and there is some question whether it ought not to be called gum tuban instead of gum percha. Gutta percha is the product of the Isonandra gutta, a tree belonging to the natural order *Sapotaceæ*. It is one of the largest trees of the forest in which it grows, attaining a diameter of 3 to 6 feet, and a height of 60 to 70 feet. The tree does not come to its prime in less than 80 to 100 years. The wood is of no value as timber, being peculiarly soft, fibrous and spongy. It is pale-colored, and traversed by longitudinal receptacles or reservoirs filled with the gum, forming ebony-black lines. Its fruit contains a concrete and edible oil, used by the natives with their food. The localities it particularly likes are the alluvial tracts along the foot of hills, where it flourishes luxuriantly, forming in many spots the principal portion of the jungle. It is found on the Island of Singapore and in the forests of Johose, at the extremity of the Malayan Peninsula; at Coti, on the southeast coast of Borneo, and commonly at Sarawak, where it is called *niato* by the natives. It occurs along the Malayan Peninsula of Penang, and was believed to be plentiful all over Borneo and the adjacent islands.

Gutta-percha, when quite pure, is of a grayish white color, but as brought to market it is more ordinarily found of a yellowish or reddish hue. It is nearly as hard as wood, though it can be scratched with the finger-nail. Under the microscope it presents five prismatic hues, which is not the case with caoutchouc. It is a non-conductor of electricity, the same as rubber, and by gentle friction with a silk handkerchief readily yields sparks. Its electrical properties were first observed by Faraday.

The first person to take out a patent for the use of gutta-percha to insulate submarine cables appears to have been George B. Simpson, whose application was filed January 31st, 1848. Doctor Werner Siemens, since become so celebrated in telegraph and electro-magnetic matters, used it about the same time to insulate subterranean wires. Its use in telegraphing is now indispensable, and in this application it could not be replaced by india rubber. In general, gutta-percha is so much like india rubber that it



VULCANIZATION OF RUBBER BY THE DRY PROCESS.



VULCANIZATION OF RUBBER BY THE WET PROCESS.

is said, in chemical language, to be isomeric with it. The product of its destructive distillation, and its behavior to re-agents, recalls caoutchouc in nearly every particular. The vulcanization and manufacture of gutta-percha is so analogous to the methods pursued in the treatment of india rubber, that it need not be separately described.

We have thus presented as full an account of india rubber and gutta-percha as the limits of a magazine article will allow, and have endeavored to illustrate the subject by a free use of engravings. Caoutchouc has been raised from its humble estate of a mere rubber out of pencil-marks, to the front rank among vegetable products, and without gutta-percha no message could be sent through the submarine cable; both have become indispensable articles of commerce.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Utilizing Tin Scraps.—About the last refuse article to be turned to any account would seem to be tin scraps. Leather waste and other refuse in various kinds of manufacture have been, one after another, utilized in the arts, but tin scraps have been regarded as utterly good for nothing. Attempts have been made, it is said, in France, England and other countries to extract value from them, unavailing. Two Philadelphia mechanics, William Batty and John Roe, have, however, succeeded in utilizing this cast-off material. They began their experiments a few years ago by melting down tin scraps and galvanized iron refuse, and have succeeded in producing a superior article from them. They are regularly engaged in the business, and employ sixteen or eighteen workmen. They pay three dollars per ton for all the tin scraps delivered on the premises. These are placed in a furnace and carbonized to such an extent as to make a soft iron or semi-steel. It is claimed that one ton of scraps will make a ton of metal, and by condensing the fumes in the furnace with water eighty pounds of oxide of tin is recovered. The latter article is said to be very valuable. By introducing pure carbon in a pulverized state into the metal, graphite enters into the metal, greatly improving it. The metal produced at the establishment—about three tons per day—is worked up on the premises into semi-steel grate bars, sad-irons, street-car boxes, etc.

How Girls are Made Straight.—The Hindoo girls are graceful and exquisitely formed. From their earliest childhood they are accustomed to carry burdens on their heads. The water for family use is always brought by the girls in earthen jars, carefully poised in this way. The exercise is said to strengthen the muscles of the back, while the chest is thrown forward. No crooked backs are seen in Hindostan. Dr. H. Spry says this exercise of carrying small vessels of water on the head might be advantageously introduced into boarding-schools and private families, and that it might entirely supersede the present machinery of dumb bells, backboard, skipping-ropes, etc. The young ladies ought to be taught to carry the jar as the Hindoo women do, without ever touching it with their hands. The same practice of carrying water leads precisely to the same results in the South of Italy as in India. A Neapolitan female peasant will carry on her head a vessel full of water to the very brim over a rough road and not spill a drop of it, and the acquisition of this art or knack gives her the same erect and elastic gait.

Effect of Chloroform on Plants.—MM. Claude Bernard and Rabuteau have obtained some remarkable results from their experiments as to the action of anæsthetics on plants. They find that the vapor of chloroform and of ordinary ether retards the germination of seeds; bromide of ethyl and bromide of amyl having a similar effect. Grass-seeds exposed for thirty-seven days to the vapor of bromide of ethyl or of amyl germinated, under proper conditions, in two days. Experiments were also tried upon various plants in progress of growth. Growing cress after an exposure of two hours to an atmosphere saturated with vapor of bromide of ethyl became feeble, the leaves hanging down. After remaining in this enervated condition for two days it began to revive, but manifested less vigor of growth as compared with other plants of the same age. Acetate of ethyl is less powerful in its action; cress lives after an exposure of three hours to its vapor, though an exposure of six hours kills it. It is highly interesting to note that anæsthetics exert the same kind of influence upon plants as upon animals.

Curious Optical Phenomena.—M. Treve is quoted as the authority for certain odd phenomena of optics and of vision. He mentions the circumstance that the flame of a lamp seems brighter, and that a vertical shaft, a post, or a mast is seen more distinctly through a vertical than through a horizontal slit. On the other hand, he finds that a house, a landscape, or the face of the sun or moon is more clearly perceived through a horizontal aperture. He has noticed similar differences in photographs, according as the light passes from the object to the plate through a vertical or horizontal opening. He accounts for these varying effects by the action of diffused light.

Iridium.—In order to obtain iridium in a convenient form for making pen-points, the molten metal is poured on an iron plate, when the workman immediately strikes it with a heavy iron, thereby flattening it out into a slab of about one thirty-secondth of an inch in thickness. This slab is broken up into small pieces, which are then ground into the proper shape. The grinding is accomplished as follows: A copper wheel, technically called a lap, about twelve inches in diameter and half an inch in thickness, revolving about three thousand revolutions per minute, is covered with fine emery corundum mixed with oil. The emery imbeds itself into the copper, forming a rough and sharp surface. When the object to be ground is too small to hold in the hand, it is soldered on a piece of brass, which, after the grinding, is dissolved in nitric acid, leaving the iridium free. One ounce of iridium yields from five thousand to ten thousand pen-points.

A French physiologist, M. Gley, has made some delicate experiments on himself with regard to the effects of attention and intellectual work on cerebral circulation. His results confirm those of M. Mosso, and he has added some new observations. He finds that the rhythm of the heart through intellectual work is slightly accelerated; and this increase seems in direct ratio of the intensity of the attention. Thus the pulse was more frequent when the author studied geometry, with which he had little familiarity, than when he studied philosophy, of which he had a good knowledge. While the heart-rhythm is accelerated the carotid artery is dilated during cerebral work, and the carotidian pulse becomes dicrotic. But the radial pulse becomes smaller and less ample. The phenomena of congestion observed in the brain persist a certain time after cerebral activity.

Flexible Ivory.—Ivory, which is in its normal state so hard and rigid, can nevertheless be softened artificially by the following process: It is to be first immersed in a solution of pure phosphoric acid of specific gravity 1·3 until it loses, or partially loses, its opacity, and becomes translucent. It is then washed in clean cold water and dried, when it will be found as flexible as leather; but it speedily hardens on exposure to dry air. Dipping it in hot water will, however, soon restore its pliancy and softness. Another method consists in plunging the ivory into a mixture of three ounces of nitric acid and fifteen ounces of water, and leaving it a-steep for three or four days, during which it softens.

A Float Clock.—The ordinary clock is actuated by the descent of a weight, and regulated by the beats of a seconds pendulum; but both these functions are combined in a new time-keeper invented by M. Antoine, of Paris. The works are operated by means of a float, which descends gradually as the liquid in which it is flooded is allowed to drain away. The descent is perfectly regular, and as there is no pendulum required, the clock has the advantage of being noiseless. It is, in fact, an indicating clepsydra of the most improved pattern. Where the clock-face is illuminated by a flame, the oil of the lamp is utilized as the supporting liquid.

A Remarkable natural phenomenon is reported from Cs. Gorbo (Szolnok-Dobaka Comitat, Hungary). On June 27th the Buznau Mountain, situated close to the village of Paptelke, suddenly broke in two. The fissure measures 30 to 40 metres in breadth, 25 to 30 metres in depth, and 400 to 500 metres in length. Some of the houses in Paptelke also show cracks, so that the whole seems to have been the effect of an earthquake. A landslip took place at the same time, and a field with an apple-tree in the middle of it has moved about 10 metres nearer to the village. Great excitement prevails in the neighborhood.

Cooking by Electricity.—A surprise is in store for the scientific world. An ingenious Frenchman, M. Salignac, fired with the ambition to outdo his fellow-countryman M. Mouchot's feat of cooking food by sunshine, proposes, so it is said, to fit up an electrical cooking range, with the object of providing a variety of dishes cooked by the heat generated from the electric current. That an electric current is capable of producing an intense degree of heat is, of course, well known; but whether this heat can be turned to anything like the same practical account as the light remains yet to be proved.

An interesting discovery has been made in one of the limestone quarries of Stromberg (Rhenish Prussia). In a small cave, such as occur frequently in the calcareous rock, the skeleton of a cave-bear was found. To judge from the thickness and length of the bones the animal must have measured at least 2½ or 3 metres in length and 2 metres in height. The teeth, of which sixteen were found, are of enormous size. Discoveries of this kind, however, are by no means rare in this neighborhood, nor, indeed, in limestone caves generally.

Carving Glass.—It is generally a troublesome process to cut holes and lines in glass; but a German firm, Messrs. Richter & Co., of Chemuitz, have produced a very serviceable glass-cutter by impregnating small German silver disks with fragments of diamond. When fitted to a rapidly-rotating tool these grating surfaces abrade their way through glass or porcelain in a few seconds, and any desired pattern can be readily engraved, while the wear-and-tear of the disk itself is very slight indeed.

Everyone knows that the very feeblest currents produce audible sounds in the telephone, which is more sensitive than any galvanometer to feeble currents. M. Pellat lately declared that the heat necessary to warm a kilogramme of water one degree would, if converted properly into the energy of electric currents, suffice to produce in a telephone an audible sound for ten thousand years continuously.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Is a mushroom city built with toads' tools?

Did any of the Canaanites ever carry a cane o' nights?

Some of our notable men are not able to pay their debts.

What kind of blasting powder is used to explode an idea?

How can they say an owl is wise when it hoots at everything?

Even if a man has two lawns he generally wants a lawn mower.

If you refuse your wife the silks she will be sure to get the sulks.

Man wants but little here below, but he generally wants enough.

Why is the letter "g" like the sun? Because it is the centre of light.

The impecunious man who married an heiress always spoke of her as a capital wife.

When does a sculptor make provision for the future? When he is planning a head.

The red flag is a signal of danger. If you doubt it, wave one in the face of a mad bull.

The "books in the running brooks" rightly come under the head of current literature.

Second-class.—A satirical inn-keeper advertises his house as "the only second-class hotel in the world."

There is said to be a jolly old dog—a setter—in London, who is nearly eighty years old. He is a type-setter.

It rains alike on the just and the unjust—on the just mainly, because the unjust have borrowed their umbrellas.

In Portugal a widow cannot marry if she is over fifty years of age; but who ever heard of a widow as old as that?

"If people were to be vaccinated with common sense," says Mayor Grace, "thousands of them wouldn't 'take.'"

Like the dog in the manger, the nose is above kissing, and is always ready to interfere with the kissing of others.

Texas has four newspapers edited by women. How is it that there is so much more crime there than elsewhere?

He asked her for her hand and got her paws—by the coat-collar, and he was gone where the woodworm whineth.

"Does poultry pay?" asked a stranger of a city dealer. "Of course," was the reply: "even the little chickens shell out."

Sammy Spriggins, a prospective heir, thinks he would rather read his uncle's last will than his own new Revised Testament.

Social etiquette among the Indians is confined to one trait. They never let a caller go away hungry, if it takes the last dog.

Coffins are now made out of paper. We have seen a good many papers which could thus be made of some use in the world.

Orange-blossoms, says a disappointed one, are the ironical symbols of marriage; the blossoms are white, the fruit is yellow.

A clergyman said that he addressed his congregation of ladies and gentlemen as brethren, because the brethren embraced the ladies.

A monkey, it is said, will not drink whisky after it has once muddled his brain. Isn't this a conclusive refutation of the Darwinian theory?

He drank his beer and laid down a vest-button for a sixpence; the waiter handed it back, saying he had no small change, being out of shirt-buttons.

A Welshman claimed that nobody could truthfully deny that his countrymen are men of letters, "for," said he, "just see how many of them we get into one word."

Speaking of one of his works to a critic, a dramatic author said, with the consciousness of modest worth: "It has had many imitators." "Yes," replied the critic, "especially beforehand."

The editor of a New York paper, in reply to a Pittsburgh editor, who contended that an "immense fortune" was not likely to give happiness, offers to settle the question by having it tested in his own person.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

Pulled from the breast, squeezed from the bottle,
Stomachs will sour and milk will curdle;
Baby's hallelujah all that night,
Household bumping heads in awful fright.
Don't deny, 'twas thus with Victoria.
Night was hideous without Castoria;
When colic left for peaceful slumber,
All said their prayers and slept like thunder.

The Brush light—When a lazy barber's boy dusts your clothes.

The hardest work a man can do is to try and get along without work.

If you make a speech be sure that your speech is out before the audience is.

The word was indigent, but the printer made it indignant, and also the author.

Reception dresses are so scant it is reasonable that they are called figured silks.

The doctor treats us when we are ill, but then we should not accuse him of ill-treatment.

Why is a bookbinder like charity? Because he very often covers a multitude of faults.

A student on being asked, "Who was Esau?" replied: "Esau was a man who wrote fables, and sold his copyright for a mess of potash."

Receipt for becoming æsthetic: One dictionary of art terms, three oil paintings, and a job lot of old crockery ware. Mix. No brains required.

A four-year-old child, visiting, saw bellows used to blow an open fire, and informed her mother that "they shovel wind into the fire at Aunt Augusta's."

A French journal lately published a telegram from its London correspondent, in which "Mr. Blue-Book" is stated to have made a speech to which Lord Granville replied.

Indignation will find the breast of every artist when we state that two men were arrested in a lumber-yard the other day, because they were suspected of a design on wood.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says suicide is rapidly increasing in England. It is not surprising. Mrs. Woodhull is lecturing there, and five alleged comic weeklies are published in London.

J. Billings, philosopher, remarks that "the road to ruin is always kept in good repair." Yes, and he might have added that the devil always gives "special rates" to all that patronize his road.

A timid dramatic critic, speaking of Sarah Bernhardt, remarked: "If I had the ill-luck to offend her, I shouldn't feel safe even with my door locked. I should want to plug up the keyhole."

Smithsby, who is an easy drinker, by mistake swallowed a glass of water yesterday, but the timely arrival of a physician with a stomach-pump saved his life. It was not an intentional attempt at suicide.

Cure for the Gout.—"What's a good cure for the gout," asked Nobbs. "Buttermilk," answered Dobbs. "How simple! I'll try it. How is it to be taken?" exclaimed Nobbs. "Five gallons a day for ten years," replied Dobbs.

When Mrs. B—— started for Paris she said to her aunt, a practical lady: "I shall bring you back a shawl. Now, what color would you like?" The aunt replied, after reflection: "Black and white, my child; your poor uncle is so sick."

A young man residing in Keen
Kissed his sweetheart behind a large screen;
  He made too much noise
  And was heard by some boys,
Who informed the girl's pa—which was mean.

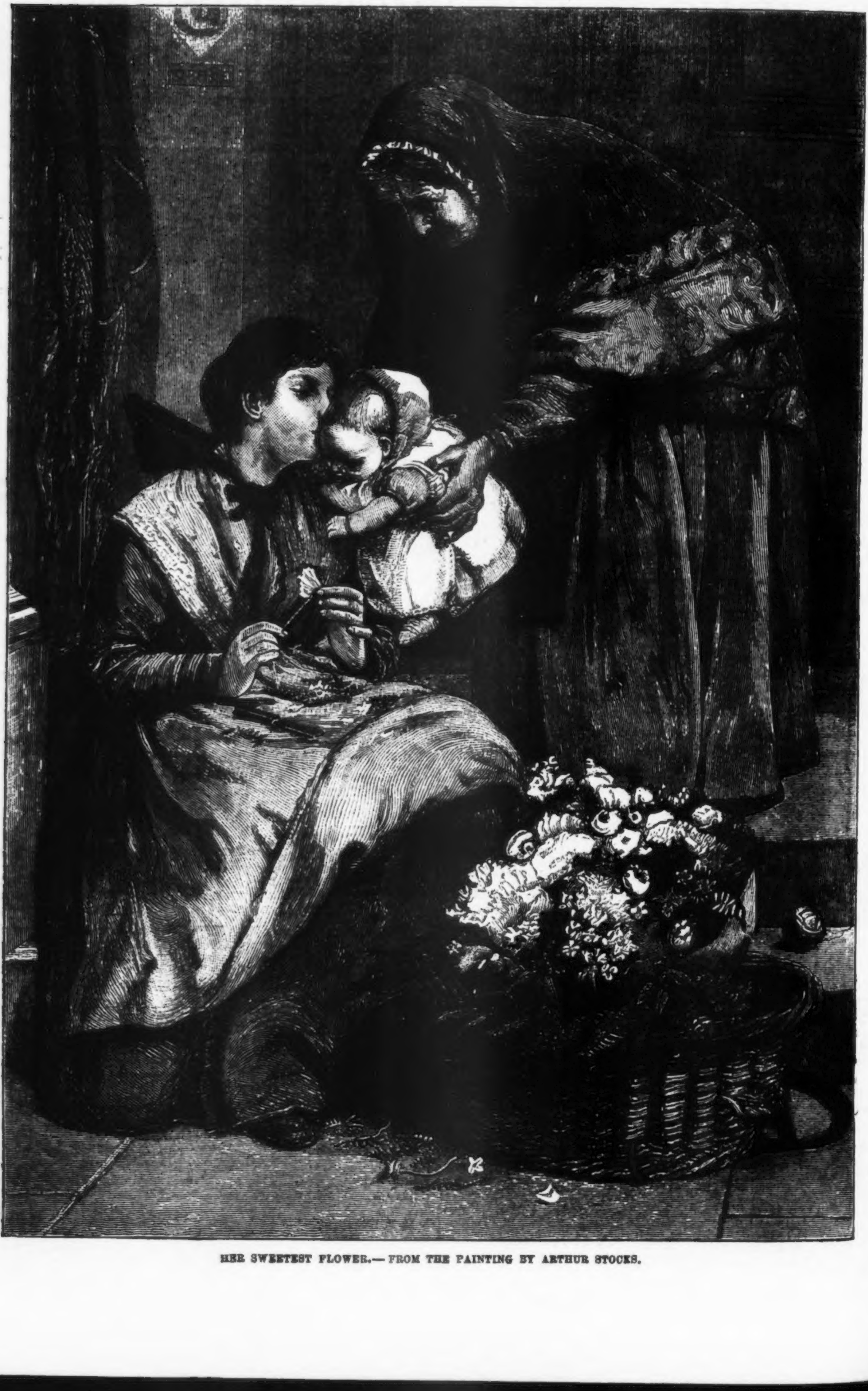
I have lately been reading that if a man eats certain kinds of food he can do twice the amount of work that he can on ordinary diet. That isn't the thing at all; what I want are victuals which will make me do half the work I now do, not to make me exert myself and do twice as much.

"The last time I saw Miss X.," said a nobleman, speaking of a well-known actress to a witty dramatist, "was at a morning performance; and she had grown so stout that she almost filled the box." "Oh, that's nothing!" said the ready playwright. "There was a time when she filled the theatre."

An amusing blunder was once made by a dyer, who received of a farmer four flannel shirts to be dyed a fast-gray color, instead of which he dyed them blue. On wearing the garments the color came out of them, so that, as the farmer curiously expressed it, he "looked like a red Indian"; and as it cost him several shillings in baths to turn himself into a white man again, he sued the dyer and obtained damages.

Hostess: "We're going down to supper, Mr. Mirabel. Let me introduce you to Miss Chalmers." *Mr. Mirabel:* "A—pardon me—is that the tall young lady standing by your husband?" *Hostess:* "Yes. She's the most charming girl I know." *Mr. Mirabel:* "I've no doubt; but—a—she affects aniline dyes, don't you know. I weally couldn't go down to suppah with a young lady who wears mauve trimmings in her skirt and magenta wibbons in her hair!"

A young man is giving himself up to the agreeable occupation of ridiculing his uncle. "Confound it! what does the old guy dye his hair in that preposterous fashion for?" is his remark just as his venerable relative enters the room. "Sir," says the uncle, in a voice conveying the idea of codicils and alterations in wills, "if men of my age are compelled to dye, it is because men of your age, sir, have no respect for gray hairs!"



HER SWEETEST FLOWER.—FROM THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR STOCKS.